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MIDDLE TEMPLE TABLE TALK.

Faithfully yours
W B Thorpe

Swan Electric Engraving Co

CHEAP EDITION.

MIDDLE TEMPLE TABLE TALK:

WITH SOME TALK ABOUT THE TABLE ITSELF.

BY

W. G. THORPE, F.S.A.,

A BARRISTER OF THE SOCIETY,
AUTHOR OF "THE STILL LIFE OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE."

"'Twas social wit, which, never kindling strife,
Blazed in the small sweet courtesies of Life."

LONDON:
HUTCHINSON & CO.,
34, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1895.

FOREWORD.

READERS of my former book have invariably concluded their letters to me with "Give us some more." I hope they may find this practical reply equally amusing. But I trust no more of them will sit up all night to finish it: three tell me they did so in the case of the last volume—two of them married men, too.

The greater part of this book is, of necessity, desultory and disconnected, but the first two chapters are framed differently.

The first records the survival of Templar Knights' ceremonies in our Middle Temple Hall, due to the incoming Law Students taking over the staff and establishment, as well as the house, of the dissolved Order.

The title of the second is misleading, inasmuch as it emphasizes one very contestable suggestion and leaves out of view two impor-

tant positions, now formulated, it would seem, for the first time, yet both so simple and easy that the wonder is why they have never before been pointed out.

Coming first to the epitaph, I know that Moseley prints it from Milton's papers; he may also have been the channel through which it reached the Editors of the 2nd Folio.

But my objections to this apparently plain case are numerous.

1. Milton at twenty-two could not have written it, though he certainly could have done so thirty years later. It is the work of an older, graver man.

2. The writer talks of "*my* Shakespeare," and "*our* wonder and astonishment"; there is a flavour of personal knowledge about it. Milton was but four years old when Shakespeare withdrew from London, and eight when he died.

3. Milton was a Puritan, to whom a play-actor was pollution: would he look upon the man who drank down the Bidford people as having "hallowed" bones? Would not some of the epithets in Prynne's "Histrio-Mastix" be more in his mouth?

4. The epitaph is fresh, unstudied—in fact, a burst of feeling, as if its object were just dead, and the question of a fitting monument were being debated.

Unless the question of a monument was being discussed in plague-stricken Cambridge in 1630, it is hard to conceive how the epitaph came to be written then, on a man deceased fourteen years before. What started Milton on it?

It is uphill work, however, and I regret the accidental prominence given to the point; but I cannot but think that I have some foundation on which to go, and that the coincidence of the last lines with those of Bacon upon Henry VII. is noteworthy.

It is curious, too, that the absence of a play upon this monarch's reign should be made up by Bacon's History—"this monument of his fame," as he calls it—as if he did not wish him to be unlike the other Henries.

The first of the other positions is the collaboration between Bacon and the Lord Chamberlain's Company of Players—in which Shakespeare was actor-manager for a whole

quarter of a century, first at Gray's Inn Hall and afterwards at our Middle Temple Hall—which seems hitherto to have been strangely overlooked. The considerations which directly follow from it are of great importance.

The second is that the concealment of whatever share Bacon took in the plays is due to the abject fear in which he stood of his mother, and, to make this plain, the genesis of the first of them shall be briefly set out here.

1. Lady Ann Bacon was a "good" but most tyrannical woman, who demanded from her two sons, even when grown men, slavish obedience. She would even drop in at Francis' chambers and carry him off to Mr. Travers' lecture (otherwise preachment) at the Temple (Spedding's Life of Bacon, vol. i., p. 31, and pp. 113, 116).

2. Gray's Inn had performed no revels for three or four years previous to 1594. In that year they determined to get up a pageant of great splendour.

3. Lady Ann heard of it, as likely to be performed before the Queen, which it in fact was on the next Shrove Tuesday afterwards.

4. On December 5th, 1594, she wrote her

son Anthony: "I trust they will not mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel at Gray's Inn. Who were sometimes counted first, God grant they wane not daily and deserve to be named last" (Spedding, i. 325). (This was a shot at Francis anent the old Travers days, and all the harder because he had spent three years in Paris!)

5. But the lady was too late: the pageant had been written, and *by Francis* (Mr. Spedding insists—vol. i., p. 342—that the six long speeches "carry his signature in every sentence"). The players were rehearsing a play translated from Plautus *by some one*, who must needs be a fine scholar to bring out all the subtle touches and points. Moreover the Templars had been formally invited, and were coming in state.

6. Hence the thing could not stop, for all the mothers of all the Bacons. But there was no fear of her, or any of her set, attending it: so the authorship of both masque and play could be kept dark. (We may remark here that, in the pamphlet which tells us all this, the name of Bacon does not once appear.)

7. That masque, by the way, has much of the music of *Midsummer Night's Dream* (this

struck Mr. Fleay—Life of Shakespeare, p. 178); philosophers discuss magnetism and the possibility of fishes hearing; and the "last songe" (p. 74) is :—

"The hours of sleepy night decay apace,
And now warme beds are fitter than this place:
All time is longe that is unwilling spent,
But hours are minutes, when they yield content.
The gathered flowers, we love, that bear sweet scent,
But loathe them, their sweet odours being spent.
It is a life is never ill
To lye and sleep in roses still.

"The rarer pleasure is, it is more sweet,
And frends ar kindest when they seldome meet.
Who would not heare the nightingale still singe
Or who grew ever weary of the springe?
The day must have her night, the springe her fall;
All is divided, none is lorde of all.
It were a most delightfull thinge
To live in a perpetuall springe."

Nor can I omit one line from the dancing song (p. 70):—

"Musicke is the soule of measure, speeding both in equal grace";

and the burden which closes it :—

"Sprightly, sprightly, move your paces,
Nimbly changing measure-graces;
Lively mounted, high aspire,
For Joy is only found in fyer."

The mountebanks' songs on pp. 60-63 are as of Autolycus himself.

Here is the chorus to them :—

"What is't you lacke? what would you buy?
What is it that you neede?
Come to me, gallants, taste and buy;
Heer's that will do the deede."

Much of the description of their wares is hardly reading fit "pueris virginibusque."

All these, be it observed, are in a masque which contains six long speeches unmistakably written by Bacon.

The tract is called "Gesta Grayorum," probably written by some member at the time, but not published till 1688. It is to be found in Nichol's "Progresses," vol. ii.

The poetry is Campion's, and was published with his name in 1602. He was a physician, poet, and composer of music, writing many masques. Camden, in 1615, gives him, in his list of poets, the place number six of the age, Shakespeare being tenth. It is odd how he could have been so long overlooked, as

"Still his name of high account,
And still his verse hath charms,"

for he has a whole page to himself in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Let us note here that Bacon himself was a poet of no mean order; he is also enrolled in Stowe's list of "our moderne and excellent poets, which worthily flourish in their own workes, and *all in my own knowledge*, according to their priorities." Here follow twenty-eight names, of which Bacon stands as eighth, Shakespeare ranks thirteenth, Ben Jonson eighteenth, and Meares twentieth. Poet is playwright.

This list is to be found in Halliwell's "Outlines," vol. ii., p. 155.

In 1587 Bacon had partly devised the dumb shows in a masque played before the Queen, Campion acting.

Campion was a member of Gray's Inn—hence in touch with Bacon; he wrote an epigram on this very masque in 1595. Peele in 1593 addresses him: "Thou that richly clothest conceit with well-made words." He addressed two epigrams to Bacon, using the word as to his writings, "Mens stupet."

8. The masque could be, and was, hidden away for nearly a century; but the play was performed, not by the gentlemen of the Inn,

but by professional actors, and the "true originall copies" made for their use were given to the world. All that could possibly be done was to father it upon some one else, and who so likely as the "Jack Factotum" of the Company, himself a poet? But the name of the author was certainly not announced—nor the title of the play itself; it certainly does not come from Plautus, and actually received its name from the circumstance that there was a terrible rumpus that evening, and that the Templars took themselves off in a great huff, whence that night got the name for long after of "The Night of Errors." The play got the name among the actors of *Errors*; and when Meares included it by that name in his list of Shakespeare's plays in 1598, Shakespeare cared so little about the bantling he sponsored that he did not trouble himself to give it a fresh one. It stands there as *Errors*. All our informant says about it is: "A Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus, his Menæchmus) was played by the players."

This was the genesis of Shakespeare's plays, and as Lady Ann Bacon lived till 1610, any system which her life controlled could

not be changed for sixteen years from this period, after which time, oddly enough, no more of the quarto plays were published, though Shakespeare had plenty of money for the printer, and doubtless a demand as well.

But yet one word more about this play of *Errors*. Mr. Halliwell tells us ("Outlines," vol. i., p. 290) that all Shakespeare's plays were first submitted to the Master of the Revels (a court official), who had absolute discretion as to excision and alteration—powers certain to be fully exercised when a classical scholar was producing a Latin play before Templars and classical students. To avoid sharp criticism and make plain the subtle situations in another tongue, Bacon would probably re-write the version three or four times over, *unless indeed it were his own work, as must have been the idea of producing it.* (See P.S.) Here comes in a curious piece of early evidence. Rowe, Shakespeare's biographer in 1709 (quoted Halliwell, i. 290) openly doubts whether Shakespeare knew enough Latin to read Plautus in the original, adding that no translation into English existed at the period of its production.

Let us put in short compass the genesis of the plays :—

1. Francis Bacon fond of masques.
2. Lady Ann Bacon his mother, having great power over him.
3. Gray's Inn gets up a masque in 1594.
4. Lady Ann hears of it on December 5th, and demurs strongly.
5. But too late : masque and (probably) play written by Francis—both in rehearsal —music and songs by Campion—heavy expense incurred, and Templars coming in state.
6. The thing must go on, but the masque can be allowed to drop (as it was for a century) and the play fathered upon one of the actors.

Now this is the whole story, except we consider here, as lawyers will do, *the conduct of the parties*—especially Shakespeare, as to the ownership of his plays.

He was a man of business, energetic to earn, prudent to keep. In ten years from his coming to London to hold horses, he was able to buy New Place, the best house in Stratford.

Now all other players—Greene, Jonson,

Marlowe, etc.—published their works with their names appended.

Shakespeare only produced in his lifetime eighteen out of the thirty-six of the 1st Folio.

He allowed spurious plays to be published as his, careless seemingly as to the injury weak imitations might do to his real works.

Thus the *Yorkshire Tragedy* was performed by his Company and registered as his at Stationers' Hall; *Pericles* twice surreptitiously published.

But his will is even more extraordinary in its silence as to these plays. He never refers to these potential sources of profit; he gives legacies to Hemmings, Burbage, and Condell, who either should have had the MSS. or known where they were, yet not a word of the plays. We know Hemmings and Condell had not got them, and had to collect and print actors' parts and prompters' copies; but where were the bulky MSS.?

All this is perfectly consistent with Shakespeare having the use and performance of them during the life of Lady Ann Bacon, and after the occurrence of her death ceasing to care anything about them; or could the MSS. have

been claimed back? Shakespeare could deny nothing to so valuable a patron as Bacon.

Remember that all the contemporary passages brought together by Mr. Halliwell, save Meares', praise Shakespeare's *poems*, and not his *plays*. Why? The plays are infinitely superior!

We may briefly sum up the evidence in another way.

From 1587 to 1613 Bacon is in working connection with Shakespeare's Company, and has four special adjuncts at his command: to wit—

1. A poet reckoned superior to Shakespeare.
2. A first-class musician and musical director —both these in Campion.
3. The best troupe of actors in London.
4. Shakespeare himself as Factotum.

After 1610—his mother's death—Bacon gives masques openly in his own name, not concealing it, as in 1594.

It is true Shakespeare had the same four adjuncts, and we are brought straight once more to the question, "Which of the two men is the most likely?" embodying in the reply the remembrance of Bacon's need for secrecy, and also Shakespeare's indifference, both in life and death, as to anything but the present

profit to be got by performing them; and his having lost touch with the original MSS.

Yet one note more. Voluminous as is Bacon's correspondence, no letter exists referring to either masques or plays—though he wrote an essay on them in his youth, and presented them at his own cost when past middle age—save that draft of a letter to Carre which started me upon this inquiry. All others have perished, as if of design and for some purpose of concealment. Could he have destroyed the MSS. of the plays also?

If I have had in this argument to deepen the shadows which so many events of Bacon's life unhappily cast, it is from no want of love, reverence, and honour to one who must ever stand most eminent among God's grandest gift to His creatures—GREAT MEN.

W. G. THORPE.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE,
LARKHALL RISE, S.W.
March 17th, 1894.

P.S.—It was a common thing for Gray's Inn men to translate and act classical plays. In 1566 Gascoyne had done so with Euripides' *Jocasta.*

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Many years ago, during the Treasurership of Mr. Milward, Q.C., *Twelfth Night* was read by Mr. Brandram in the Middle Temple Hall, wherein it was first produced on January 5th, 1602, by the Lord Chamberlain's

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Company of Players, of which Shakespeare was one of the managers, taking also an actor's part. The Inn had therein followed suit to Gray's Inn, in whose Hall in 1594 had been produced for the first time the *Comedy of Errors*. At that time, and for a quarter of a century in all, the Master of the Revels there was the illustrious Bacon. The Inns of Court availed themselves of the London Theatre Companies in the production of all their pageants and shows, and one of the most welcome of the guests of our Inn, if indeed he had not been actively engaged in the production of the play from the first, would be the Furnisher of the Sports from Holborn. Let us consider this more at length, and under a somewhat peculiar title: Did Bacon write Shakespeare's Epitaph? 41

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MIDDLE TEMPLE TABLE TALK.

CHAPTER I.

The finest town view in London—Other town views—Exterior of the Middle Temple Hall—Interior of it—Purposes it once served—Purposes it at present serves—The Hall dressing for dinner—Arrangement of it—Peculiar Association of Members—Formation of Messes—The origin of "Commons"—Suppression of the Knights Templars—Continuation of Templars' Commons in Middle Temple Hall—The Manciple—His catering—The call to Mess—The Pannier—"Attention"—Entry of the procession—The Grace—"Is it the original one?"—The Mace withdraws—The dinner—Traces of the Commons food—Power of the Benchers—A Bencher cannot complete his dinner singly—Grand Day—Readers' feasts—Great Grand Day—Call Day—The suspense—The Revels—Pranks inside the Hall—Pranks outside the Hall—The captured Bobby—"I've a good mind to kill you"—The end of it all—Shields in Hall—Hall put to a new purpose—Its great benefit to humanity.

THE old Hall of the Middle Temple is one of the best-known structures in London. Most of the few other ancient edifices of this kind form part of a row of buildings from which they are in no way isolated, and are

hence crowded up and blocked in by masses of brick-and-mortar, wherein their form, size, and individuality are lost. Far different is this present subject of ours, with its imposing mass standing out clear upon three of its sides: on the south a pleasant and historic garden, on the north and west open spaces where the loiterer loves to linger 'mid the greenery of the trees, the shade of their branches, and the cool downfall of the long, straight jet of water, whose musical plashing has as soothing a sound now, as had the falls of the headlong Anio on the worn-out nerves of Virgil's Mæcenas. Benches are there, in which the idler—but twenty steps removed from the roar of Fleet Street, the tumult of the Strand, and longing to rest his tired eyes upon Nature's graceful curves and lines of beauty; eyes which have been strained by the "shoe-sole" ornament of the hideous Law Courts—can linger, in calm and placid repose of mind, and enjoy at leisure the finest town view in London.

There are other fine town views in London. He who stands at the foot of the Serpentine when the sun is setting on a fine evening in autumn, sometimes falls in with an after-glow which, for colour, variety, and change, as the orange pulses of quivering light shoot out their passing radiance, is but little if at all inferior to the sundowns in a mountainous country,

or the rapturous glories of tropical sunset in a Ceylon hill-valley.

He, again, who stands at the base of the Foreign Office, and looks westward down the ornamental water in St. James's Park, has, save in a thick November fog, at all times a view of unparalleled beauty, so admirably do island foreground, umbrageous elms, and gleaming water-sheen make up a picture that seems never to have been painted or even photographed; sharing, in this respect of ignorement, the view from the top windows of the said Foreign Office, the Hankey Mansions, or the roofs of Piccadilly houses which overlook the Parks,—a view that is almost a revelation, as the eye ranges over the sea of green tree-tops, out of which, as from a garden lake, rise up the familiar landmarks of Victoria Clock and Abbey Towers.

But our surroundings at the Middle Temple Hall transcend the views we have named, by reason of the colourings supplied by the adjacent features. By some subtle and irresistible law, Nature rarely fails, if time be given her, to bring in the Beautiful, however unpromising the original materials may have been. Trees obey a hidden impulse, and, pushing out rounded masses of foliage, block out an unsightly projection; ivy makes beautiful the ugliest wall ever built, while bricks tone down

in colour, and throw in the soft brown glow which, like Nature herself, harmonizes with everything.

The wayfarer sees the mass of the Hall on his left, the Library on his right; his eye rests midway on the cool green slopes and prim lawns of the historic Middle Temple garden, wherein were acted the opening scenes of the Wars of the Roses, while there is a background of planes which flourish as if proud to form a background to such an un-citylike vista.

So much for the surroundings of the Hall, free and open to every one, except on the first day of each month, when the gates are closed against all comers lest by prescription the public should acquire a right of way (which, by the way, a Royal Charter of Edward III. actually gave them), ingress, however, being accorded to all applicants who ask for it, and thus acknowledge the Inn's claim. We are now to see another side of the question—another, not *the* other, as common error will have it. Every question that is ever mooted has at least seven, according to the several persons having interest in it. For instance, the parties on each side are two; their respective supporters (unless differing *inter se*, in which case more terms come in) are two more; the Public, as having some slight say in the matter in the present, are one; Posterity, as

representing the reversionary interest, a sixth; and last of all comes the Real Truth. Which may possibly, but so rarely as to be practically out of the hunt, inosculate with one of the six foregoing at one or two points.

We are going to deal with the inside of the Middle Temple Hall; how there came to be dinners there at all, and why there are dinners there still.

The interior of the Hall is unknown to very few,—its noble proportions, its well-adjusted shape, its grand, high-pitched roof losing itself in obscurity, its noble Elizabethan windows through which stream from the quarries, rich with cognizances of men great in their generation, lights that die away upon carven screen and panelled walls, with armorial shields upon them whose colours have been attuned by time and age, the true and great leveller, to tones of perfect harmony.

Such is what the ordinary visitor sees. Let it be our attempt to show him the inner view: how the grand old Hall warms to its task when put to its pristine use of the assemblage of its Members within its walls; how it unbends to welcome them, and like a fond mother receiving sons at a family festival, smiles with a sunshiny greeting upon all, young and old, Judges or Students, who meet together within her walls in a renewal of filial affection.

This is the social side of our Middle Temple life; a state of things only possible now in a place where it has grown up for centuries, and which no other Inn of Court or famous old College can parallel; so many and so diverse are the traditions and strands which go to make up the cable of Middle Temple life.

Let us consider how this comes about. It will begin to come fitly in as we describe our venerable mother dressing for dinner; a process which none of the public see, and but few of her own family. There was a time, if not for her at all events for her predecessor, when Members lived in Hall, slept on rushes or straw, ate their meals there, and passed the evening with the assistance of the wine-flask and the dice-box, the contents of which latter, to judge from specimens found which had fallen through the joints of the floor, were mostly cogged.

A memory of this state of things is kept up by the key which each Bencher receives after his "coming up" to the Bench, so that, day or night, he can at pleasure find entrance to the Great Hall of his Society. The very word Hall, Tabernacle, or Tent is found in the "morning of the Times," brought westward by Turanian nomads in the ceaseless march of humanity towards the setting sun; a word almost as universal as "sack," which is the

same in all languages, and which is the first idea which follows upon that of property—a thing to carry it about in and keep it safe.

But all this has passed away, and the old Templar Common Life is now reduced to four terms of about three weeks each: for the rest of the year the Hall remains practically unused.

But in these nights of Term a light dimly burns in one or two of the huge gaseliers, and as dinner draws on the aspect of the Hall changes. The great pictures, famous as they are, put on a different aspect and seem to come down and form part of the Company of which many of them were Members, and of which all have formed part. The grand Vandyke of Charles I., the dirt of generations cleaned off it, and all traces removed of the terrible gash in its canvas inflicted by the infamously bad packing of the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857, brings down the sickly smile which that weakest of monarchs possessed; his sons and grandchildren smile or frown according to their natures; the lady whose countenance recalls the sobriquet of "Brandy Nan" accorded to her by her loving subjects; while "King Elizabeth" looks her character as that of the greatest ruler (save one, and he not here) who ever steered the bark of England's Greatness.

At 5.15 the doors open for the admission of Members, and early birds come in soon after to secure their seats, "bag-a-mess" as it is called, by turning the fork at right angles. On Grand and other crowded nights, this is a point of importance, and as on one occasion there came of it an epigram—an art now, to all appearance, for ever lost, "*certainly among lawyers*"—that same may be recorded here. A Member came hurriedly in to secure the coveted seat next the wall for the well-known Mr. Burleigh Muir, provoking from a bystander this Latin jingle :—

"Furcas vertit super mensam
Mentem habet apprehensam
Vult tenere persecuram
Sedem Muiri juxta murum,"

which, by the way, goes very well in French :—

"La siege de Muir est aupres du mur
Il veut en tenir secure."

In English, however, the only point of resemblance between Mr. Muir and a wall is the difficulty his opponent finds in "getting over him." So the joke which holds good in the Romance languages comes out baldly in Anglo-Saxon, thus :—

"He turns the fork to make it sure
The wall seat shall belong to Muir."

In all cases, priority of seat depends on

seniority of call to the Bar, but contests for precedence are not so frequent as in past years at the side-tables; the Seniority Rule, however, being really enforced at the Ancients' Mess, where dine every night the eight Senior Barristers present. As this table receives a course or two extra and a possible chance, if only a single Bencher is present, of wine and dessert with him in the Parliament Chamber afterwards, the seats at it are looked after; in fact, regular *habitués* check off each new arrival of a Senior as he comes in, to calculate their own chance. This is before grace is said. But here again comes in our subtle, all-pervading Sacramental element. Seniority, all-powerful at first, fades away and becomes dead after grace has been said. The veriest junior who has stood there at the commencement of the prayer of consecration in the shape of grace, cannot be ousted by even the venerable Sir Thomas Topham, whose call dates from November 1836, fifty-eight years ago, and who recently claimed his seat at the Ancients' Table. Meantime the Hall has been fast filling, chiefly by Students in their sleeveless gowns—the Barristers, who are in much smaller numbers, appear later on—the Messes are being made up, in some cases by men who always dine together, as it is only after grace has been said that the Inn officials fill up vacancies.

And here comes in once more the Sacramental idea which underlies so many Middle Temple customs. We shall later on explain why. In the other Inns of Court, Barristers dine together, and sit in order of seniority. In the Middle Temple alone the veil of partition does not exist—the wall is broken down by the idea of brotherhood. Both classes, Masters and Apprentices, dine together, and the Captain of the Mess is often a Student, with Barristers occupying lower places.

The system works well—in fact, without it this book never could have been written. Under any other *régime*, interchange of thought is impossible; it may even be that two men personally on bad terms may have to eat their Commons cheek by jowl, to the great upset of digestion.

In our system, the Messes are continually changing; and men with fresh experiences, novel habits of thought, mix up with the old stagers of the Inn, to their mutual advantage. At the Benchers' table, for instance, a laugh is rarely heard; they each know all the others' old jokes, and as a rule dodge any attempt to bring them in. At the Ancients' table a joke, new or old, is never let off, and Dulness holds undisturbed her ancient melancholy reign. But the Side Messes may comprise a clever Junior, an Irish Student full

of mother wit, a Clergyman who has chucked his orders for very weariness of them, an Indian Civil Servant making use of his furlough to take the Bar degree, or a smart Colonial; and these, the ice once broken, keep the ball in the air. Stories from all parts of the world come in and fit together; and not unfrequently, when the cloth is removed, the wine all gone, and nothing to stay for but a little intellectual tournament, the merry chance companions sit together till the time of closing the Hall arrives.

The ceremonies of the dinner encourage such *bonhomie*; the idea of the common dish and the common cup, of which the Loving Cup is still the memorial and exponent, is kept up by the rule that at the first glass of wine the Members bow to each other and are at once introduced. It is the same idea of fellowship that prevails in the Ancient Hebrew Wedding. Just one or two exceptions have been known to this; there have been sons of peers who have attended the dinners, without presence at which they could not be called to the Bar, and have sat out the meal in silence, neither eating nor doing more than dumbly raise the glass and bow. But their parents were notorious economists, and had starved their sons' education to the extent of twopence per week.

We have now reached the point where the

tables are furnished with guests in their gowns or wedding garments, without which the dinner goes for nothing; and nothing is wanted but the presence of the Superiors to speak the words of blessing, after which the viands will be put upon the tables, and the feast begin.

But before this happens, let us consider why this dinner was ever eaten at all, and how long it has been held on the spot where it is now. The spot has always been the same, though the Hall in which it first commenced has gone the way of all things; yet one material fragment of it still remains in an old oak door, which at one time led from the Hall to the garden, and which is now set up in the main corridor, but, unhappily, in so bad a light, that its quaintness and old-world fashion do not attract the notice it deserves. Our dinner is the old midday meal of the Knights Templars, started on this spot somewhere about 1185, and continued without change for seven hundred years, down to our own time. And so little are the customs changed that we have fish on all Fridays, not in Lent only, just as they did.

On the suppression of the Templars, the Knights, as appears from the Close Rolls of the early part of Edward II., were boarded out amongst various convents on a pension of £4 per annum,—a liberal allowance when a sheep cost threepence and an ox two shillings.

The domestics and retainers of the dissolved Order continued to live together in common life in their old habitation, subsisting on pensions from the Crown.

The Students of the Law seem to have originally come to the Temple as the lessees of the Earl of Lancaster, about 1320. The Order had been suppressed and its lands forfeited to the Crown some years previously, but there remained on the spot its old retainers, and the Crown granted pensions to these on condition of their continuing to perform their old duties. Not being Members of the Order, they were not included in its proscription; hence when the Lawyers came they found a set of experienced servants, masters of their duties, and sadly in want of masters for themselves. The new-comers found the nest warm and the common table in daily work just as it is now.

The present two Societies were originally one, and used in common the Halls of the Knights and Serjens: these last were gentlemen admitted into the fraternity, and could even rise to be preceptors. In memory of their past unity, the Benchers of one Inn even now dine yearly in the other.

Chaucer, about 1362, gives us in the prologue of the "Canterbury Tales" the following description of the Manciple or Purveyor of

Provisions to Commons; which must have been orderly furnished and comfortably worked, as the Prior of the Hospitallers and Chaplain of the Temple Church dine there:—

"A gentil Mancipel was there of the Temple
Of whom Achatours might taken ensample
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille;
For whether that he paid by toke or taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was aye before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a full fayre grace
That suiche a lewed manne's wit shall pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lerned men?
Of maisters had he more than thrice ten
That were of law expert and curious,
Of which there were a dozien in that hous
Worthy to ben Stewards of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Engle lond,
To maken him live by his propre good
In honor detteless; but if he were wod,
Or live as scarsly as him list desire,
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe,
And yet the Manciple sette her aller cappe."

(His wages in the time of Henry IV. were thirty-six shillings and eightpence per year.) From all this it is evident that the Lawyers were the lessees of the Earl of Lancaster, and that they had their purveyor of provisions and were then keeping commons or dinners in the Hall from 1315. The professors of Civil Law subsequently associated themselves under the style of Doctors Commons.

The observances would keep themselves up, as the nest was warm. But there was an especial reason for observing the old forms in the Hall of the Serjens, now that of the Middle Temple. The Crown had granted away the Templars' old house and the Hall of their Knights, to their scorned and hated foes, the Knights Hospitallers, and the mourners for and sympathisers with the trodden-down and ousted Templars betook themselves to the Serjens' Hall. Be it remembered these were all admitted Templars, and as bitterly resentful about their downfall, and at the persons who profited by it, as religious people always are. The Hospitallers, three years later, got possession of this Hall also, but the vanquished would more than ever keep up every Temple observance they possibly could, and hand it down in dumb protest as a matter of hereditary duty. To this we owe the preservation of the curious customs and ceremonies practised by these Serjens six centuries ago, and which are, in many vital points, as complete and as traceable as when the last Grand Master bravely died his death of shameful and long-protracted torture. The Lawyers took the system over *en bloc*, for the double reason that it saved money to go into a state of things in working order, and saved the bother of turning the

present occupiers out; and, moreover, they would gain many recruits from the novices and junior Members remaining. The system was pretty much the same as it is now; the Mess had a purveyor or caterer who provided table, food, and cooking, and was soundly abused by all the Members on any or no occasion.

We have no record of what this officer set before the Members at that time—it could only have been salted meat; but some three hundred years later we find the charge for a Barrister's "diet" was two shillings and sixpence per week, say fifteen shillings of our money, and this covered dinner and supper, save on Tuesdays and Fridays, when the meat was withheld. Breakfast, doubtless at first a crust and a horn of small beer (it got to be pheasant and Malmsey in the Restoration), was probably included. The meat was almost invariably loins of mutton produced from the salting-tubs in the basement, with perhaps a salad when in season. Otherwise, bread brought by the pannier-man from Westminster, was the only vegetable. French wine at two shillings per gallon would be there; and beer, in which the Inn always was great, was provided in green earthenware drinking-pots, passed round from hand to hand like the pewter now. These were expressly made for the Society at a pottery near Staines, and were used in the

memory of men living as late as last year; as well as the wooden trenchers, which retained in the knife-cuts the perennial grease. Both seem to have gone out about sixty years since, though even now two of the Inn servitors are called "Wash-pots."

To return to the eatables. Members who took cheese paid for it weekly to the butler, and once in the year he served them with calves' heads at breakfast, at a cost of one shilling each. Breakfasting seems, however, to have got discouraged, for in the time of James I. this *bonne-bouche* was made the subject of a dinner, without the slightest forecast of its future connection with the untimely end of his then Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I.

Of course, the Inn found all the furnishing of commons,—"coles" for their cooking, pewter vessels, table-"linnen," etc., service at the tables; but not a word about table cutlery. The cook who cut would have his own imposing knife, but how about the smaller ones to attack the chunk of meat cut off for the Mess of four? and as to appeals against any possible unfairness in which, we shall shortly come to the still existing and still acted-on remedy. At the beginning, or some period of the seven hundred year course, the case-knife and fork of each member would be all he had

to eat with—barring fingers, of course, which are not to be thought about; but when they would cease, and the now obsolete two-pronged steel fork supply their place, is not in evidence.

But one preamble to dinner has yet to be noticed—the summons to dinner by the sound of the horn; a custom certainly dating from Templar times, when the war-horn was used alike for peaceful commons in the Hall as for setting the watch on the tented field and sounding the onslaught on the Saracen. Indeed, the original form of the trumpet itself is only a horn perforated at the tip, just as in our present example, which is made out of a sea-horse tooth, much carved in low relief, and said to be three hundred years old. Everywhere else, save in one instance, this form of summons has died away; it remains in use only in this Inn, and in Queen's College, Oxford (the Black Prince's College), where also survives the Procession of the Boar's Head.

The Pannier or Bread-man (the name survives in Panyer Alley) had first to fetch the bread for dinner from Westminster, and then to go through all the Courts of the Inn to sound the horn for men to come and eat it. Our predecessors had stout stomachs, for its sound is more like to give what is commonly called a "belly-ache" than an appetite. When this is done the Pannier-man moves off to

Hall to light up the great chandeliers, the heat of which must have by this time turned into touchwood the great beams of the roof. The clock strikes, and there is heard the cry of "Dinner!" The head porter takes up the mace and betakes him to the corridor outside the Parliament Chamber, where are waiting such Benchers as propose to "keep their term," a condition precedent to their filling the offices of Reader and Treasurer; the qualifying attendance is said to be three nights each term, and the Benchers are charged seven shillings and sixpence apiece for each of the three dinners, whether they eat them or not.

At all the other Inns of Court the Benchers file in from a side-door to their respective seats, and withdraw in similar fashion. Here alone is the world-old and ancient usage of the Benchers circling the Hall in the course of the dinner, and that too in the way of the sun, as if to show that attendance on the fraternal and sacramental meal is also their daily path of duty, just as is his. The procession is headed by the Mace, the curtailed Battle-axe, emblem of power to instantly punish, like the consular *fasces* of old. Before entering the Hall, the Mace strikes a heavy blow on the floor, as if from a lance-butt, to call to attention the assemblage. The Members at once take their places and "dress" shoulder to shoulder,

and the Mace moves on, leading the procession to the dais; which, however, it does not cross, but halts below. The Benchers, pacing along, according to ancient Templar rule, two-and-two, mount the dais, "parade" in line, facing the Mace and looking down the Hall. Then, with the Benchers still at attention, the head porter takes a wooden mallet, and strikes with it three distinct blows upon a table as with a lance-butt, representing, soldier-fashion and symbolically, the Invocation of the Trinity. The military part over, the religious portion follows; as to which the ancient use appears to have been varied, probably in Reformation times. The Grace in question is certainly nearly four hundred years old, and is read by the Treasurer or his deputy, unless no Bencher be present, in which case the priesthood of the original users reasserts itself in Grace being read by the Senior Barrister or Brother present. It needs a superior to read it; though it is not an act of authority, but of fraternity. The Grace itself is a Lutheran "tisch bot," somewhat varied from the form in which it appears in a black-letter Elizabethan Prayer Book of 1581, in my possession. A friend breaks in here and protests against its being ascribed to Luther, saying it *follows directly after Knocks* (Knox). But there is an amusing little alteration in the Return Thanks portion, which makes it usable

by all denominations, even to Mussulman and Hindoo, running thus:

"God save *His* Church";

leaving it to each reader to settle for himself which of them all that Church may happen to be, in his own opinion. It is sometimes unfairly fudged by an Established Churchman's saying "*this*"; Roman Catholics, on the other hand, strongly emphasise "*His*."

It is more probable that the original Templar Grace is still preserved in the Inner Temple Hall, where "Benedictus benedicat" calls down the blessing, "Benedicite benedicto" recalls the thanks that are due. It fits in better than does ours between the invocations to the Trinity, which, "struck" before and after our meal, hedge it in as sacramental.

But the idea still runs on—the place, the food, the partakers, have all been consecrated by the prayer and the ceremony; all are brethren, the secular arm of authority is out of place, and the Mace at once withdraws, while the meal is eaten in peace. And so utterly has authority yielded place to brotherhood, that any Member who considers himself aggrieved as to the quality of his portion or drink, can at once appeal, not to the butler, who provided it, but to the Treasurer himself, who is bound at once to taste it, and if the complaint be well founded

to supply a fresh portion; the idea being that all eat the same meat and all drink the same drink, and that the superior can at once taste and compare the food given to his brother with that which he is himself consuming. The present form of complaining of a joint or a bottle is to send it up by the waiter with the private card of the Captain of the Mess, who, in old days, would have had to take it up himself. But the acting Treasurer is bound to do him justice personally. The youngest novice or lay brother, had the right to ask the oldest Knight present for redress if he thought his "commons" (the word speaks volumes) below the mark of those of the high table. No one in those days would have thought it possible that that high table could ever, as it does now, appropriate to its own use the oysters which a benevolent and beneficent Member (may he rest in peace!) left for the benefit of the whole Body of Members, who do not now even get the shells!

That in the old days silence prevailed in the Hall is clear from the title of "Parliament" (or speaking-chamber) given to the drawing-room, now also monopolised by the Bench. In place of conversation, two of the Benchers read out for the general benefit legal commentaries; the Readers survive, and twice a year preside in Hall, but their instruction is more agreeably replaced by an addition to the

dinner in the shape of a bottle of champagne and a loving cup.

Our dinner itself consists of fish or soup on alternate days, of joints (of which there is usually a choice), a tart of either gooseberry, rhubarb, or apple, according to the season, bread, cheese, and butter, and a napkin withal.

We may here notice that the Mace remains outside the Hall until, the dinner being finished and Grace about to be said, it is especially summoned to strike the three mysterious knocks and inaugurate the saying of Grace. Our liquors are port, sherry, hock, champagne, claret, burgundy or moselle; and if a second quality of wine be applied for, two bottles are given in place of one; the selection being by vote, in which the Captain has a casting suffrage in cases of equality. Beer is served in large cans fashioned exactly like the old black jack, is of admirable quality and condition, cool, fresh, and sparkling, and in quantity unlimited.

On nights when a new Bencher takes his first communion with us by dining in Hall, the loving cup, or "cup of blessing," is passed round as the tie of brotherhood with him in his new capacity as Ruling Councillor. On Grand Night—those occasions, one in each term, on which strangers are invited—an extra dish of fowl or duck, and an extra sweet, are given, as in monastic days. And on these nights and

the birthday of the Prince of Wales, the toast of the Queen is given, but without any speeches.

The Benchers have, however, the power of putting out of communion by expulsion or disbarral; there was a time when they sent five Barristers to the Fleet prison as an additional penalty, but until lately the putting out of communion was sometimes carried out at the dinner itself. When a Bencher of the Inn became a Judge during the time of Term, or Commons (the effect of which was to make him a Member of Serjeant's Inn, and disqualify him for his own), he dined for the last time at the dais in the usual way; but at the close of the meal he rose and left the Hall between heartily-shouted good-byes: as he neared the great door it swung open for his exit, and as it closed on him the bell in the tower overhead tolled solemnly as for a parting soul! He had gone from among us! he was no longer of us! toll the passing knell.

The last occasion of this kind took place when Sir George Honyman was raised to the Bench. As Serjeant's Inn has perished, and a judge on appointment no longer resigns his Inn, this ancient form of "Send Off" has gone for ever.

And we here note another old sacramental

custom which our present Benchers are endeavouring to do away with; on which subject the resentment felt by Members, took such open and unmistakable form as to have caused some little stir and excitement last year. Whenever there are less than two Benchers dining at the high table (the Templars' order is to dine two by two, but a second member might turn up in the course of dinner), it is the custom for the solitary diner, directly he has left the Hall, to invite the eight Senior Members sitting at the Ancients' Table to take wine and dessert with him in the Parliament Chamber; for this reason, though the gentleman himself in these days does not know it, that one recipient only does not make a communion. During the whole of dinner-time a colleague might have entered and, even at the last moment, supplied the void; but this has not occurred, and the Bencher's act of bounden duty and service, according to his sacramentum, the Roman soldier's oath, has to be perfected by calling to him the nearest Members to eat and drink with him; they accordingly are invited, and leave the Hall in procession, to find awaiting them in the Parliament Chamber the best wine the Inn cellars hold, with dessert. Coffee and liqueur at eight o'clock close the *camaraderie*; the only instance, by the way, in which Benchers and Members now forgather,

as there used to be a rule that no one should speak to a Bencher in the Hall unless first addressed by him; indeed, a fussy superior made one Member's backbone ache, several years ago, by correcting him sharply for infringing it. But this practice is wished to be done away with on the alleged ground that a perky guest once heckled a Bencher upon details on the finances of the Inn, over his tawny port. That Bencher made some confused answer which the Press man picked up and published. Hence, the Benchers are said to have framed a rota among themselves to ensure that there should never be a "Bencher Solus" at dinner any more. But last year one of the told-off twins did not turn up to time, and the invitation, after some hesitation, had to be given. The pause was noticed. The Captain of the Ancients' Mess, Mr. Peterson, an old and respected Member of the Calcutta Bar, and whose name stands connected with the largest fee ever given to an English barrister, over £20,000, briefly consulted his juniors, and sniffed. When the messenger arrived, the old champion of independence, who, together with the late Lord Macaulay, had been burned in effigy in Calcutta for his championship of Indian ryots against indigo planters, courteously declined the invitation. It had never occurred before, and a kind of creep passed over the

Members when the messenger returned by the way he had come, and with no one following in his steps.

There remains to notice the extra days in Hall; the Prince of Wales' birthday, and the two Readers' feasts yearly, all three marked out prominently by an extra bottle of champagne, and also the loving cup. At the first of these H.R.H.'s health is proposed, on the other days the Readers take the chief place in Hall. Grand Day has already been noticed; the distinguished visitors are much cheered as they pass between the narrow file of shouting and clapping Members; in fact, they sometimes have difficulty in making their way, so closely do the ranks press forward in greeting the honoured guests of the House.

It may be noted, however, that on Great Grand Day, *i.e.*, that which occurs in the June term, a faint survival still remains of the Templar custom under which the fragments of the feast were given to the poor. It is a very high feast indeed, and the mace-bearer, on that day only, wears his breastplate of silver embossed with the Lamb and Flag. After the Hall has been cleared of guests and Members, the Inn Warders and servants have supper in it off the remains of the dinner previously served up.

There remains Call Day, itself a survival of

the past existing only in this Inn. At the three other Colleges of the Legal University the neophytes are admitted into Society in the Benchers' private room, the ceremony consisting in drinking a glass of wine, itself a form of solemn contract for life, as we see in the precedent of a Hebrew marriage ceremony. But we, in this Inn of memories, do everything in the face of the congregation. The candidates, wearing forensic habit for the first time, are marshalled in procession according to their Inn-seniority, and follow the head porter with the Mace, which precedes them then for the first time in their lives. The Postulants are then conducted to a room adjoining that in which the Benchers are assembled and supposed to be finally scrutinising their qualifications; not by any means a mere form, as on one occasion a gentleman was rejected at the last moment, at that time a loss to him of time and money, though now an appeal lies to all the Judges against refusal of call. Another candidate was for some time in peril because he had cut his throat in a fit of mental aberration; but the Benchers thought he might not do it again in this country, and hence forbore to do it for him in India.

After doing nothing for an intensely stupid quarter of an hour, the door is opened and they join on to the end of the procession of

Benchers which the Mace is now leading. They walk thus up the Hall; but while the Benchers ascend the dais and parade, the novices form a parallel line on the Hall floor. The two lines of petitioners and petitioned, Masters and Apprentices, thus facing each other, the Under Treasurer or Scribe of the Inn calls out each name separately as a form of request for admission. Silence gives consent. The leading Student steps forward and, by signing the Scribe's book, a most insignificant-looking affair, becomes enrolled. When all have signed, a few well-chosen words from the Treasurer replace the charge once given to new Knights by the Grand Master or his Deputy, ; and then, both ranks still standing, comes the grand act of admission itself, until which is accomplished the ceremonies are not completed.

Three knocks are given as an invocation of the Most High ; the Prayer of Consecration is heard ; and then the ranks break up, the new Members dining in their wigs and gowns, which they are not to take off until the Communion Feast is over. The legal ceremonial has to be accomplished the following day in the Hall of the Supreme Court, where, dressed in his habit, the newly-made Barrister signs the Roll of the Bar of England and has begun his career.

Then, until the last few years, came revels, perfectly understandable in the days when long vigils, fasting, watching of armour, mortification, prayer, and penitence, had been gone through as passports to a military organisation, and the longed-for relief and reaction were sought for in uproariousness. Just as the Senior Templars did, so now the Benchers withdraw to their own apartment, giving up the use of the Hall not only to Members generally, but also to the invited friends of the newly-called, who are now granted the privilege, to be enjoyed once, but which they are never to enjoy again—that of the society of father, brother, cousin, or school-fellow, sitting side by side with them, in a farewell to the world, amongst that new brotherhood which henceforth for them is to replace the ties of kin.

The analogy is very complete, and it is hard, when we see how closely it articulates together even now, after six hundred years, not to believe that some of the Templars, novices or squires (as to the Crown's dealing with whom the Close rolls are silent), did not join that fraternity of Law Students for whom their lodging in Holborn had got too small, and who settled themselves afresh into the still warm nest, which, when we come to look into particulars, has brought down to our own era so many memories seven hundred years old.

But the modern Grand Night was a survival of tremendous strength. It was a curious kind of sight: a brilliantly lighted hall, filled with men enjoying themselves almost like so many boys again, while from each table, on which were well-arranged desserts, proceeded some different kind of unearthly row. While a health was being proposed the Speaker had possession of the audience; but it was no uncommon thing to see two or three on their legs at once. At another table was a song with chorus, taken up by neighbours *con amore*; a third table had a recitation, usually much marred by cat-calls, hisses, cheers, cock-crowings, hootings, etc.; while, when the man had tired out patience, oranges, nuts, apples, biscuits, and other small missiles were pelted at him. On one especially rackety night I was at a side-table where sat a Barrister skilled in projecting peeled almonds from between his finger and thumb; and his practice at an elderly bald-head in the centre of the Hall was accurate. The victim, struck on the back of his head a dozen times in five minutes, raised his hand, not as before to rub his cranium, but to seize an orange and hurl it at his tormentor with such hearty good-will as, if it had hit him, would have done some damage. It was, however, aimed a trifle high, and only hit the coat-of-arms of Sir Lawrence

Peel, just above the head of the man aimed at. The thud and the squash would have startled most people, but the man in question simply looked up and said, "Orange Peel in the right place for once!" and diverted his attention to another bald-head lower down the Hall. Meantime, some one had started the Marseillaise, and the whole body commenced singing it with tremendous effect, in the midst of which the head porter walked up the Hall and beckoned for silence, as if about to say, "Eleven o'clock, closing-time, gentlemen," a position at all times fearfully contested. At last, however, he roared out something else: "Gentlemen, the Benchers request you to make a little less noise." This capped the whole thing; pandemonium broke loose worse than ever, and after doing my best to encourage and inspirit three capital rounds of a fight between an Irish Member and his fellow-countryman visitor, differing over the Home Rule question, and settling it in eminently National fashion, I left the scene of this curious survival, now dead beyond recall. This was so recently as 1883.

Nor were the pranks confined to the *inside* of the Hall. The two Societies of the Temple ostensibly preserve order by means of their own Warders, and the City police force are

supposed to patrol their Courts merely as deputies of the authorities there. Being extra parochial, this runs from the times of the old parish constable, and there is on the part of the Members a sense as of immunity from being interfered with by all but their own officials, just as actually obtains now in German Universities, where matriculation exempts students from all police jurisdiction, which is reserved to their own governing body.

Hence, when on a bright, moonlit Grand Night in the June term, some skylarking went on outside Hall, the City policeman on duty intervened, got chaffed, then angry, and finally lost his temper so far as to arrest a student. Back flew the fiery message into Hall; the constable had wisely made for Fleet Street (though he would probably have found the gate shut against him when he got there), and with his struggling captive had got as far as Brick Court when the rescuing column overtook them. The captive was freed. Bobby, after a fierce struggle, was seized by legs and wings, his face turned downwards, and with truncheon and helmet borne before him to the tune of "Rule, Britannia!" taken back into Hall and laid on his back on a table.

He was then told that he had insulted the Inn and must drink its health in a bottle of champagne by way of amends, which he ex-

pressed his perfect willingness to do if he sat up to it, during which time the immunities of the Temple from bobbishness were expounded to him by a "very, very far gone" student, in very broad Scotch. He was then put right-side up and escorted back to his Inspector, who had announced his intention of storming the Hall to recover his man; with the effect of the old Guardsmen who mainly form our Warders drawing themselves together meaningly in a quiet, determined way. The return of the wanderer prevented a row of the very first magnitude, such as will occur when police and soldiers have a misunderstanding, and the soldiers are defending the home they are proud to belong to.

After storm comes calm, and such was the case at one Call party which had for its President a peculiarly thick-headed, self-asserting, stuck-up, Metropolitan Police Magistrate, no longer on the Bench. There were, perhaps, ten other parties in full blast at the same time, most of the men quite satisfied if they heard, or did not hear, what was afoot at their own symposium. Within six feet of them, on an empty table lower down, stood two students giving an exhibition of boxing with bare knuckles, which presented every appearance of developing into hard hitting, and was being nursed towards

that result by sympathising lookers-on. Suddenly a note was presented to the several Captains of the three largest Messes, which the meek bearer, a student and sober, was in each case requested to "read out and be —— to you." It ran thus: "As Mr. —— of —— Police Court is about to make a speech, silence at the adjoining tables is requested." Each Captain glared quietly; passing from chair to chair as gingerly as on the foot-boards of a train in motion, he coasted safely round to the other Captains, and for a wonder got safe back. Then the silence was absolute.

The Beak evidently felt flattered with the result of his intimation, and, rising up to speak, bowed gracefully round him. Then pandemonium broke loose again, and the Hall re-echoed about as big a row as could be made in it, which continued until the orator danced with rage and shook his fist. When he sat down a lull came for very want of breath, and there appeared the big Hall porter, six feet four inches high, dragging up by the collar of his coat a small Barrister of five feet two inches, till he reached the centre of the Hall. Then the porter spoke in his deepest and most drunken voice: "By ——, I have a good mind to kill him!" The threat was distinctly heard in the unnatural hush, and a rush for rescue was at once

made—a very staggering one. It was the old, old story. The head porter's wife was young and pretty; she was waiting to receive the men's gowns as they came out of Hall, a task she might certainly have left on such a rackety night to one of the many assistants; the husband was apparently out of sight (really behind a door looking through the hinges); the Barrister was stupid, and, but for the head porter's desire to administer punishment publicly, might have got seriously damaged.

But the end of this somewhat out-of-date Saturnalia came very suddenly, and in the course of three years became as dead as Queen Anne herself. A priggish Bencher, now deceased, who did not smoke, and who while he lived had made his County Court to be abhorred of all men, was seized with a fidget as to the Hall catching fire; and in this case he had evidence to go upon, a thing which rarely occurred in any of his decisions from the Bench. Members resented the ukase against smoking, all the more because H.R.H. came to dine with us, *pendente lite*, and lighted his own cigar, just as if there were no Bench order against it. Call parties in Hall ceased, and though Mr. Justice Day, who dearly loves the ways of old, got up an admirable substitute for it during his Treasurership in 1890, the example has not since been followed.

One more little-noticed feature of the fittings of our Hall may be mentioned. Matthew Paris tells us that it was the Templars' practice to suspend round the Hall their shields-of-arms, and each new Reader has for some three centuries followed this example.

The beauty of our Middle Temple Hall is much enhanced by the light which glances off these gilt-framed shields on which are emblazoned the armorial bearings of the Members who for nearly three hundred years have filled the positions of Lent and Autumnal Readers. So much has the number mounted up that the difficulty is where to place the new arrivals; and they have now to be placed behind the Benchers' dinner-table, where they are practically invisible.

Considering the large numbers of successful lawyers who have sprung from nothing, it is wonderful where all the blazonings and mottoes have come from. Some indeed meet the difficulty by showing a blank escutcheon with nothing charged, while two exhibit fancy heraldry. One gentleman bears on his shield one shoe only—presumably he wore a wooden leg; while Mr. Soullar, Q.C., has a pair of soles as seen by the pavement, if it has eyes; alluding, it is said, to his having been originally a cobbler; not, by the way, so humble a calling in the land of wooden clogs as it

appears at first blush of it to leather-wearing Southrons.

The Benchers' Corridor contains some curious prints of the Temple in past centuries, and a plaster bust of the illustrious Havelock, once a student here.

Here, too, one can inspect a picture of the Benchers of the Inn as they were some ten years back, with H.R.H. in the chair, immortalised in a picture painted for posterity. Those Members are said to have paid £8 apiece for the insertion of their portraits, but the artist has so manipulated the likenesses that, even for the age in which they lived, a key with names has had to be placed by the side. It makes, however, a pretty and interesting picture, and the corridor, which is top-lighted, is the pleasantest place in the Inn buildings. Prominent there, however, is the Lesson of Life—"Be not high-minded, but fear." There is hung up in it a framed vote of thanks to the Bench for the use of its Hall by the International Prison Congress, signed by its then President, Mr. G. W. Hastings, late M.P., and now a practical student of the question as a convict under five years' penal servitude.

And the Hall has been lately put once more to its pristine and proper use by the provision of lunch from one to three. It

seems to be good, cheap, and well served, and a glass of the unequalled Inn beer costs but a penny.

As the long-talked-of idea of building a new Common Room in Garden Court seems to have died away, there remains a hope, that, under the more liberal system of ideas which may be expected as a natural reaction from the present system of government by fathers, sons, brothers-in-law, old pupils, and the mutual co-optation in general, which at present obtains and daily gets worse, some attempt may be made to open the Hall for longer hours, to put in newspapers, and thus enable Members to enjoy their inheritance; not that it does not even now serve a noble purpose. As it is, the grand old place does play a leading and elevating part in the Education of Man. It practically destroys Caste. There, and there only, in growing numbers, do Christian, Mussulman, Buddhist, Brahmin, Hindoo, Parsee, Chinaman, Sikh, Jat, Japanese, Burman, Negro, and the votaries of the mysteries of Voodhoo, not only sit down together in harmony, but eat in peace of the same food and under the same religious invocation of the FATHER OF ALL.

It is but little, you may say, and the lump large; but the little ferment that is to transmute and re-vivify the whole mass is composed of

the future leaders of the people to whom they return, and those in very truth THE FAMILIES OF ALL MANKIND, THE PROFESSORS OF ALL THE FAITHS in which THE ETERNAL is approached by His creatures.

CHAPTER II.

Many years ago, during the Treasurership of Mr. Milward, Q.C., "Twelfth Night" was read by Mr. Brandram in the Middle Temple Hall, wherein it was first produced on January 5th, 1602, by the Lord Chamberlain's Company of Players, of which Shakespeare was one of the managers, taking also an actor's part. The Inn had therein followed suit to Gray's Inn, in whose Hall in 1594 had been produced for the first time the "Comedy of Errors." At that time, and for a quarter of a century in all, the Master of the Revels there was the illustrious Bacon. The Inns of Court availed themselves of the London Theatre Companies in the production of all their pageants and shows, and one of the most welcome of the guests of our Inn, if indeed he had not been actively engaged in the production of the play from the first, would be the Furnisher of the Sports from Holborn. Let us consider this more at length, and under a somewhat peculiar title:—

DID BACON WRITE SHAKESPEARE'S EPITAPH?

PEOPLE in search of a pleasant little shock to the nerves may find a little healthy excitement in joining the "Bacon" Society, which meets periodically at the houses of its chief members, with (at least in the case which I was privileged to attend) a very substantial champagne supper as a wind up to the investigation.

If it be considered that the Society's first

postulate is, that all real evidence as to the authorship of the plays was designedly suppressed from the very beginning, by a Master of Statecraft, skilled in plot and counterplot where men's lives and fortunes were the stakes; and, further, that the concealment of the authorship of a few dramas patronised chiefly by the dissolute among the higher classes, and attended only by the poor ones, though in their thousands, was a matter of very easy accomplishment,—Mrs. Henry Pott has an excellent chance of getting her case heard if she will only give it fair play, and not prejudice herself by the use of such words as "Shaxper" and "the Stratford man," "deer-stealing vagabond," "horse-holder outside the stage door," etc. Nor need the lady, whose zeal and courage are undoubted, press forward as another personal disparagement that very early story about the retired manager's having died as the result of a drinking bout with Drayton and Ben Jonson in April 1616. Not only does that story rest on the authority of the Vicar of Stratford, at a time too when drunkenness was not a criminal offence, but it is *prima facie* by no means improbable. On the contrary, it is more probable than not. Such contests lasted centuries after Shakespeare's time; the days of the Restoration are full of them; there is the example of that pious monarch known to her then loving

subjects as "Brandy Nan," who alienated the bounty which bears her name from the State (it was a handy little sum of £14,000 a year) the morning after a heavy boose, as atonement for her kick over the traces. It was a cheap form of penitence which cost her nothing, and party Tory spirit kept the little transfer out of sight when the Queen next came to Parliament for money to pay her £2,000,000 of debt. Later on, there were the Mansion House swillings, when men brought their night-caps in their pockets and put them on after dinner, and when pages would creep under the table and loosen the neck-cloths of those for whom the heavy wet had been too much. Then there were the Prince Regent and his brothers and all their society, half-gallon men at least; in fact, heavy drinking has only now gone out of fashion under the gentle, decency-loving sway of an almost pattern monarch. Nay, more, a book that never can die, a book always fresh whenever one takes it up, "Pickwick," absolutely reeks of brandy and water, and this in the year 1838! Ten years later than this, I myself remember the standing contest between Dundee and Glasgow being fought over again at Dunoon on the Clyde; the champions were not of the pot-house order, but an Admiral and a large Glaswegian ship-owner. The ordeal

was as to the greatest number of tumblers of whisky-punch which either side could consume in a long autumn afternoon, between a one-o'clock dinner and supper. Each man went as he pleased, with a friend of his opponent's tallying the mutchkins, but in the end the record remained unchanged. The "Glaskie body" found room inside for 22, which should be 5½ pints of whisky, but he was beaten by the Dundee man, who, as usual, scored 24, or six pints of alcohol—three quarts! three-quarters of a gallon!! 4½ bottles!!! Here it was not "one" party who died of the bout, as in Shakespeare's case, but both. The child of the Clyde was dying when they removed him from the carpet on which he had fallen; the son of the Dee died, at the hotel to which he was removed, within a week.

Now all this is nearly three centuries after Shakespeare is said to have seen "the other two men under the table." It was no disgrace in 1848; it could hardly have been one in 1616.

Shakespeare's bout with the Bidford village has very good evidence to back it. He walked leisurely over the hill, met the local champions, on whose names he made rhymes which have come down to us, sat down with them, saw them all under the table, and, like the bagman's uncle in "Pickwick," helped himself to a final glass and strolled away home. But the cold

air caused the fumes of the spirit to mount to his brain, just as with the bagman's uncle referred to. He fell down, and passed the summer night under a crab tree, which subsequently bore the name of Shakespeare's Canopy, till it was cut down some ninety years ago. Shakespeare was a wealthy and well-known man, and this alone caused an incident to be locally ear-marked which in a meaner man would have been thought nothing of.

Now let us see if Mrs. Pott and her hardly-driven Society have overlooked any evidence which slipped out immediately after Bacon's death in 1625, when the close watch hitherto kept, and the reason for it, were alike removed, and which may throw any light on the subject, —say, by showing the same idea (and that a classical one) couched in similar words upon an identical subject at about the same period; occurring too, practically simultaneously, in one book of which Bacon was the admitted author, and another edited by the literary executors of Shakespeare.

Not till Bacon's death was it possible to make this contrast. He was good at keeping his own secrets. The skill with which his wife's unknown, but unpardonable, offence against him was concealed from the world, though she survived him by a quarter of a century; the secrecy with which the double life

he himself led was kept from the knowledge of his most puritanical, and tyrannical too, of mothers, warrant our assuming that he could keep an authorship secret of a very small kind, at least as closely as did Sir Walter Scott, who went the unheard-of length of quoting in his novels, and that with commendation, from his own "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Sir Walter's own secret, too, remained dark till he himself let it out.

We shall endeavour, later on, to strengthen the Bacon Society's case (with the reason why) for this reticence, and it will be found a simple enough solution, through many points of which the equation they make up will pass. But let us place this fresh evidence, if such it be, in the field.

In Bacon's Life of Henry VII., published in 1622, pages 247 and 248, there appears as the concluding sentence an epitaph upon that king; and in the second folio of Shakespeare, published in 1632, appears the "epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet Mr. William Shakespeare."

Both passages have as their author's last thought, and as their closing lines, the reflection that a man is more richly sepulchred in a written monument of his fame, than in any material tomb, however sumptuous or even regal it may be. The idea is Horace's:—

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,"

and therefore familiar to a scholar with a fine ear for rhythm and swing. Such learning was common enough among the courtiers of "King Elizabeth," and the example of George Buchanan had kept it alive in the reign of Scotch "Jamie."

Let us see how it is worked out in these two books, published within ten years of each other.

"The Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet Mr. William Shakespeare" (2nd, 3rd, and 4th folios).

"What needs my Shakespeare for his Hallowed Bones?
A pyramid of earth in piled stones,
Or that his mortal relics should be hid
Beneath some starre-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
Why needs the World such witness of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lasting monument,
And so sepulchered in such state dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

Bacon, "Henry VII.," pp. 247-8, conclusion.

"*He lyeth buried at* Westminster *in one of the Statelyest and Daintiest Monuments of* Europe *both for the* Chappell, *and for the* Sepulcher. *So that hee dwelleth more richly* Dead, *in the* Monument *of his* Tombe, *than he did* Alive *in* Richmond, *or any of his* Palaces. *I could wish he did the like, in this* Monument *of his* Fame."

Now this epitaph dates itself to a nicety; it is a burst of warm, heart-felt affection for a friend, thrown off just after Shakespeare's burial, and before the precise shape of the present monument at Stratford, the only one of his own time which exists, had been decided on; nay, at the time while it was being debated among friends and admirers of his genius.

Let us spot two phrases in the epitaph—"my Shakespeare" and "our wonder and astonishment." They are perfectly natural ones; but, as to this epitaph for a man whose social talents made so firm a mark in the memory of his epitaphist, that he could keep it by him for the next sixteen years, why came these lines, full as they are of almost Miltonian music, to be left out of the first edition of 1623 and yet appear in the second edition of 1632? Surely there must have been some cause for the omission of this tribute of an affectionate friend of such commanding genius, from the first folio, which had ceased to exist when the second saw the light! Ben Jonson's rugged tribute could be prefixed, but why should this still grander one be left out? During that nine years between 1623 and 1632 the restraint, whatever it was, vanished. Why?

I may say at once here, that I propose to adduce ground to prove incontestably that not only were Bacon and Shakespeare known to

each other, but were in constant hand-grip for a quarter of a century; associated in large enterprises, involving the transfer of large sums of money; mutually in need of each other; and boon companions as well, in some of those drinking parties which formed the sole amusement of that day, and in one of which, if the Stratford Rector's account be true—and it has never been questioned until lately—the younger of the two died.

To go on with our microscoping the epitaph —let us look closely into its composition—the writer must have been a man in years, and of grave and sober habits of thought, to have imagined and given utterance to such grand organ music—resembling Milton's "Lycidas" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam," where also, after long lapse of years, the loss of a personal friend, one's other self, is bewailed. Moreover the writer had first learned to use his pen in pre-Jacobean days, from his using the word "starre-y-pointing," the "y" prefix being in common use about the middle of the sixteenth century and dying out before its close.

The upshot therefore seems, so far, to be this: that the writer of the epitaph was a scholar with the classics at his fingers' ends, courtier, man of taste, personal friend and appreciator of Shakespeare's wit, and brought up in traditions of the middle of Elizabeth's

reign at latest. All of which would imply familiar knowledge of that poet of whom it is written :—

> "Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
> And, without method, wins us into sense;
> Can, like a friend, familiarly convey
> The truest doctrines in the easiest way,
> Yet judged with coolness though he sang with fire";

and this knowledge could hardly have been acquired by a youth who, having learned at a grammar school small Latin and less Greek, was bound apprentice to a butcher when thirteen years old.

Now Bacon was not only double-sided or many-sided, but he was also double-lived. He occupied chambers in Gray's Inn, and lived there the life of a man about town, sufficiently rackety in those days. He was fond of practical jokes, like any medical Bob Sawyer. He made no move towards marriage till he was forty, and then only with the wealthy virago Lady Hatton. He did not actually marry till he was forty-three, and then with the daughter of a City Alderman, of whose wealth he speaks in appreciative terms, as if that was the magnet to matrimony rather than the lady. His relations with all females, and that in this most dissolute age, are shrouded in darkness as impenetrable as the offence which his wife had

committed, and for which he deprived her of every shilling, a sentence she meekly submitted to—a pretty sure proof of its truth, for she survived him twenty-five years, and never seems to have claimed even her dower out of the lands he left to strangers.

Bacon was the son of a Puritan mother of the strictest sect, who ruled her children, even when grown up, with a rod of iron; could, would, and did call upon both her sons, when grown men, for a continual report on their actions, as if they were children standing by her knee; could, would, and did send up her servant Peter from Gorhambury to look them up in chambers; could, would, and did rate them like beaten hounds for the shortcomings which, with all their care, they could not conceal from her (and Peter). This had its natural result—the weakening of the fibre of both men. Perhaps it was as much to maternal crushing out of all mental independence, as to the consciousness of awkward secrets that might at any moment come to light, that the great and glaring meannesses of all Bacon's life are due, —such as his squirming to the Court; his accepting money from Essex, whom he was afterwards to hound to death, and even further to defame in memory, for a bribe from the Court; his servility to Southampton; his tampering with the judges in the interest of the

Crown in Peacham's case, whom he personally questioned, while the old clergyman of seventy was undergoing the torture of the rack.

Nor was this all—he could fawn upon the miscreant Carre, and spend what amounts to £11,000 of our own money, when that murderer of Sir Thomas Overbury was married to the adulterous divorced wife of the son of that Earl of Essex, whom he had first fawned on and afterwards consigned to axe and block. This large outlay was made too by a man who knew the value of money, and whose extravagance upon some object or other, and that for jewellery, had caused his arrest, and his being carried to a sponging house for £300, in 1598.

When Carre's cup of iniquity was full, and Criminal Justice brought upon him and his wife sentence of death for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury by poison while a prisoner in the Tower, the assassins were pardoned by their not improbable accomplice James I., who was mixed up in it somehow. The criminals were subjected by the Great Judge of us all to the most terrible sentence that surely ever was pronounced: left to themselves, to reside together in a lonely Manor House, their love turned into hatred, without intercourse or correspondence with each other, and existing thus till extreme old age brought the order of release.

And yet, such is the subtle irony that runs

through our lives, the sole daughter of these convicted murderers was to become the mother of Lord William Russell, and to unite together in her own mind the remembrance of her mother's vices and crimes, with all that is beautiful in our idea of womanhood, exemplified in her son's wife, the Lady Rachel.

Were it not to throw light upon the utter absence of all manliness when an end was to be gained, the further incidents of Bacon's absolute prostration before the king's next favourite might not be necessary. Sir John Villiers, Buckingham's brother, had carried off the wealthy daughter of ex-Lord Chief Justice Coke. The father had pursued and recovered the lady, and sought to keep her and her large fortune from the adventurer. Bacon had taken the father's side, until such time as Buckingham threatened him with the king's resentment. Then, haste was made to undo everything; proceedings in the Star Chamber withdrawn; Lady Coke informed that the very fount of equity to which all others could resort for redress would not assist her; and, as Buckingham continued obdurate, grovelling personal self-abasement was resorted to. On two successive days the highest civil functionary in the kingdom, the most eminent man of letters in the world, repaired to Buckingham's house and was denied admission to him. Yet

the Lord High Chancellor of England, with the Great Seal of England by his side, remained in the ante-room amongst foot-boys, seated on an old wooden box, until at length the upstart admitted him to get rid of him. When this at length happened, Bacon flung himself on the floor, and vowed never to rise again until he was forgiven.

After this, the "greatest, brightest, wisest of mankind" fixed himself like a leech to Buckingham, and once more prostituted Justice to secure to his patron monopolies, lucrative to his relations and his creatures, but ruinous and vexatious to the body of the people. He even went the length of committing several persons to prison for infringing those patents. On the utter and grovelling submission to his fate, when the end of all things, and downfall, came, we need not linger; but we have here thrown on the screen the image of a mind, from which maternal tyranny had removed every spark of independence, and, so to speak, backbone.

Yet how he loved that mother! During life, her harsh commands were carefully obeyed and listened to; when the stroke of death approached her, the son's letter betrays almost inconsolable grief; and when her coffin had gone to the vault at the little church within the ambit of Roman Verulam, her son had no thought but to be buried in her grave.

As to his public life, there could be no concealment from her; but his private life—though his uncle, Lord Burleigh, could refuse him promotion on the direct ground of his "vanities"—could, to a very great extent, be hidden; only too willing as such a high-minded and noble woman would be to avert her eyes from, and close her ears to, the proceedings of a Court as dissolute as was that of the first Stuart.

Puritan enough in all other respects, Lady Ann Bacon's pet horror was stage-plays, and the perverseness of human nature drew her son in that very direction. He took it out under the cover of those sumptuous and costly masques, which seem to have cost as much to mount as did that celebrated *Babil and Baboche*—put on the stage at a cost of £35,000 by a nobleman, in order that one particular lady might act the leading part.

We know that Bacon took a very prominent part in these spectacles; he was for twenty-five years Master of Revels at Gray's Inn; which went in for that kind of thing, and employed the Lord Chamberlain's Company of Actors to produce Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* there in 1594. He stood in such a position with regard to pageants that he could approach the three other Inns of Court with a view of presenting a masque by the

Members of all four Inns jointly, on the occasion of the marriage of Carre with the infamous Lady Frances Howard in 1613.

But this last was a little too much; even from the Attorney-General and head of the Bar. Lawyers had a kind of shrewd forecast that within a year from that time bride and bridegroom would be lying in the Tower under sentence of death for murder; hence Bacon got the pageant up at his own expense, £2,000, some £12,000 of our money. It was a beautiful masque, and the Gray's Inn people re-presented it some few years back under its old name of *The Masque of Flowers*, but not, of course, at such a cost, though they availed themselves of similar channels for its production. Now £12,000 of our money is a good deal, and it would have to be distributed amongst a great many people, through trustworthy hands accustomed to deal with such persons; and it is necessary to consider, as the Irishmen say, "How the money came to go."

These pageants required, for their being successfully carried out, a large quantity of men and material. Among the requisites were scenery, musicians, dresses, mechanical traps and other appliances, stage machinery and fittings, with men capable of erecting and working them, lights and lamp-trimmers—all of which existed then as now, in working order

in the London theatres, and in them alone. Moreover, when all these had been provided and set up, they would be so much dead stock without an acting manager and his assistants to superintend rehearsals, teach a speaker how to manage his voice, organise the dances, arrange the processions, and drill into keeping step and time, lines of volunteers, very jealous of precedence among themselves, and much too high in rank to be advanced in proficiency by being roundly sworn at—a form of coaching not even yet unknown (so they say) in scenic training in our own time. All these qualities existed in Shakespeare, whom Greene in 1598 calls "an absolute factotum."

Now these essentials did exist in Bacon's time, and in such good working order as to be able to get gentlemen of Gray's Inn "letter-perfect" in three weeks from the start. That good working tuition could only be due to there being constant employment for it; and all this would require a large expenditure of money, which must come from the hands of the Master of the Revels, in this case, for a quarter of a century, Bacon. In the case of *The Masque of Flowers* he found the money out of his own pocket.

Could these arrangements have been made without contact between paymaster and "factotum" managers? Could Bacon, in the pro-

duction of a masque which cost him £12,000, have avoided being in constant consultation, nay, more (in his desire to procure good-will and avoid friction), personal friendship, even hand-grip, with the several managers who ran the playhouses? We know indeed that one, and he not of the cleanest living among them, Ben Jonson, was a personal friend of Bacon's as well as Shakespeare's, that he was present as such in the distinguished circle assembled at York House on the Lord Chancellor's sixtieth birthday, and wrote an ode upon it, still extant. This being so, if Bacon could entertain as a guest at his table an actor who had once been a bricklayer, and was never in the best of feather, how could he fail to know the actor-manager of one of the great theatres of the day, a man come from a family higher in social rank, and with money in his purse, as his purchases of land and theatre-building go to prove? Could Bacon have avoided knowing the "absolute factotum" Shakespeare intimately? have possibly escaped being in constant touch with him during the getting up of these pageants? and still more when money had to be paid for them, and it was necessary to see that it passed into right hands? Does there exist in some lumber-room of Gray's Inn, perhaps stowed away under the roof, any bundles of old accounts which show how the masques

were paid for, and who received the money for the salaries? The Civil War proved fatal to much MS. of that kind, but in these days of patient search after small matters, some one might surely enter on a research that might bring to light a seventh autograph of Shakespeare; though as none of the existing six (or five?) are in the least alike, it might confuse the question further by showing that practice had not made Shakespeare perfect in signing his name. We further know that Shakespeare got a great deal of money from somewhere, for he had a great deal of it to invest. In 1597—ten years from the time when he came to London and began to earn money by holding horses outside the theatre doors—he had saved enough to buy New Place, one of the best mansions in Stratford. The Inns of Court have always been good paymasters.

Let us take the evidence a little more categorically. Bacon supervised the Gray's Inn people when getting up a masque for their Inn revels in 1586, and in the production of the *Comedy of Errors* in 1594; he produced the *Masque of Flowers* there at Carre's wedding in 1613, so that for twenty-seven years he was continuously engaged in getting up these pageants. Shakespeare came to town somewhere about 1586. Now the great Company of Players to which Shakespeare belonged, and which worked

three theatres, was called the Lord Chamberlain's Company. Shakespeare had followed this troupe up from Stratford, and continued a member of it till 1612 or more. That this Company was made use of for the production of masques, and that it did this very well, is clear from the following letter, which Mr. Spedding holds to have been addressed to Carre by Bacon just before the marriage in December 1613 (Spedding's "Life of Bacon," vol. iv., p. 389). Mr. Spedding connects Bacon with Carre by means of a cringing letter published by him, in which Bacon, earlier in this year, begs for the Chiefship of the Court of Wards, and which Bacon didn't get. Now here is this letter of December 1613 to Carre verbatim :—

"It may please your good Lordship—I am sorry the joint Mask from the four Innes of Court faileth, wherein I conceive there is no other ground of that event but impossibility. Nevertheless it falleth out that at this time Gray's Inn is well furnished of gallant young gentlemen; your Lordship may be pleasd to know that rather than this occasion shall pass without some demonstration from the Innes of Court there is a dozen gentlemen of Gray's Inn that out of the honor they bear to your Lordship and my Lord Chamberlain to whom at their last mask they were so much bounden, will be ready to furnish a mask, wishing it were

in their power to perform it according to their minds.—FR. BACON." *

Now the Lord Chamberlain's players were the best in London. They received a fresh Royal Charter on the accession of James I., and Shakespeare was identified as acting manager with this Company, walked in the Royal Procession from the Tower to Westminster, and even found money to build Blackfriars Theatre for it.

But there is one point still further. Could any of these player-folk, to whom the very name of "Bacon" meant money, and large sums of it to be distributed in employment, refuse to carry out any little private matter which he might wish arranged on the quiet? The spirit of the times was distinctly against upsetting employers' arrangements when a lady was in the case; but as there were no female actors then, would not this guide the itching palm into other directions? "Write me this lampoon, and put it out in your own name!" was a behest faithfully carried out, in Charles II.'s time at all events, and there were plenty of men who publicly held themselves out for such work. "Alter this pamphlet for me," "Put this song into the 'true originall copie'

* The Lord Chamberlain was the Earl of Suffolk, father of the bride, and in intimate touch with Carre as a matter of course.

of the text," or "Bring out for me this play, which, in my position, I dare not own." There was no disgrace in it—not, as we sorrowfully know, that Bacon cared much for *that*. He might at his age, and in his then impecunious personal position, explain to a boon companion (in 1594): "My mother leads me life enough as it is, and she will be ten times worse if she knows that I attend stage-plays, which she abominates the very name of—if she knew I wrote any she would be ungovernable. The letter I got last week, about a thing not half as bad as this, was nasty enough. She lives but a few hours' ride off, and sends her man Peter to look me up twice a week. She would never let him leave my chambers at all if she knew that it was I who had turned that new Italian novel, which you can't read, into *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Now, like a good fellow, mount this, and bring it out for me and call it your own. I will take care you sha'n't lose by it."

We know that something like this did actually occur when the *Comedy of Errors* was first represented at Gray's Inn Hall under the direct supervision of Bacon as Master of Revels there in 1594. The *Comedy of Errors* is a classical subject, general plan and details alike taken from Plautus, an author with whom

Bacon was certainly more familiar than Shakespeare, who knew "small Latin and less Greek"; he would not be an author studied at Stratford grammar school. Lady Ann Bacon lived seven years longer, and by the time she died the practice would have become too much a matter of course to be easily changed —the Company, and Shakespeare too, both stubbornly resisting an alteration in what had worked well enough so far.

Such a position, it is submitted, is perfectly natural, possible, and not improbable; would satisfy all the curves of the equation, and reconcile as well, the admitted inferiority of the poems to the plays; would answer the never-ending difficulty of how it happens that a man who could not write his own name six consecutive times alike, could put on paper such a mass of "copy" as the plays, even if written but once over, which is hardly likely, would necessitate; it would even solve a difficulty raised by the Rev. James Bell. At the time I write, it is wished to claim Shakespeare as a prophet! History is but philosophy teaching by example! Who could draw her lessons from so many sources as the philosopher who, in the course of one afternoon, while ill at ease, could dictate from memory to his secretary three hundred apophthegms embodying the fruits of history? and who could so well

reason from the past to the future as the philosopher who wrote Bacon's Essays?

We have but one more matter to bring in in order to square with this theory—Shakespeare's known and admitted "Wit." That it existed is clear from Ben Jonson's lines,

"Oh could you but have *seen* his Wit."

Now on this point all his contemporaries are clear, and there can be no doubt that Shakespeare did enjoy, in an especial degree, that power of bringing two utterly incongruous ideas into one focus with a ludicrous result, which is one of the greatest amenities of life, and a very attractive accomplishment to its possessor. Men of all kinds vouch for this wit of Shakespeare's: Marlowe, killed in a tavern brawl; and Dekker, who choked himself by eating too quickly a crust when starving. And the word "wit" itself has always meant allusion more to spoken, than written humour, even down to the days of Dryden and the Devil Tavern. A witty fellow meant a man of verbal sallies. Nay, more, it was "wit over the wine-cup," and this is where those lower in the social grade would have their one chance of hearing it. Men, however clever and quick, *swore* over their work—they were too busy to *make jokes* over it. That was reserved for the evening and night, when,

work wholly over, the social bowl—the cup, the "Sherris Sack"—would call out all their latent brilliancy. (What might that brilliancy then perchance have been, had that most blessed of all monks, who first put sugar into Sillery Wine, invented Champagne a century or so earlier!) If this be so, we have an idea where Bacon might have heard and enjoyed the Actor-Manager's sallies—in the sanded parlour of the tavern next the Globe, or in a conference begun upon business, and subsequently adjourned to Bacon's chambers in Gray's Inn.

Bacon's own wit, if we can credit Jonson, was both playful and lambent. Bacon knew Jonson so intimately as to ask him to his house among a circle of distinguished friends on his sixtieth birthday. Could he in those days have known Jonson intimately without a drinking bout? Whoever wrote *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* could not have either sketched or filled in Falstaff without being able to carry a good deal of liquor, and being moreover fond of the process, both publicly and in the privacy of home or chambers; and in these evenings in Gray's Inn, where moneys were paid on account of acted masques, or arrangements talked over about those to come, other little business about mounting a play could be quickly put in hand. Both Bacon and Shakespeare were reticent men—Bacon very likely

never told a secret even to himself. Shakespeare's London and Stratford lives are mysteries apparently as unsolvable at the time he lived them as they are now. From 1587 to 1592 our knowledge of him is a blank. Bacon's married life was not a happy one, but with all his public friction and the glare of light which fell naturally upon one so prominent alike by his pride of place and by his authorship of the Essays (which had been reprinted within six months from issue, and at once translated into French, German, and Italian), the newsmonger could not penetrate the door of that house. His married life is as sealed to us as Shakespeare's.

Years would roll on: with the cessation of the production of masques, close contact would to some extent cease; death had severed the bond of common interest at Bacon's sixtieth birthday festival; though the presence of Ben Jonson, previously remarked, would seem to show that the intimacy with players had not been wholly discontinued: they still were honoured guests.

But so capacious and retentive a memory, such as has rarely been given to one so distinguished among the sons of men, would keep in its stores the aromatic recollection of one who had assisted in intellectual pleasures which few could enjoy so well. The memory of the

death of a congenial spirit, if even some years had passed by, would brighten up again, especially when the working machinery of his mind had to be altered, and the thinking faculties and speech necessary for an advocate, replaced in favour of those exercised by a judge with its constantly supervening silence. But Shakespeare's death occurred somewhat suddenly on April 24th, 1616, and Bacon received the Great Seal in that same year.

To him, as with one who missed and mourned another Great Wit of his period, death gave an opportunity of embodying the recollection of a voice that was still, in a consecration of grief by words. WORDS! say rather jewels of thought, as bright and sparkling as those other gems which nature prepares in silence and solitude wherein alone can work her sublime forces, the deep things of God; bright, gleaming coruscations of light, dazzling the eyes of men for all time to come, in monarch's crown or emperor's diadem.

Nor does the parallel end here. Both radiancies, whether of thought or crystallisation, possess a cold chaste beauty of their own, lending itself, as need may be, to those circumstances of constant change, wherein alone outwardly reveals itself the Great Law of Life,—whether turban of Mighty Conqueror, a "hammer of God," as Attila called himself; necklet of young

princess innocently entering on the thorny and anxious path inseparable from a crown; or trophy of the valour of her armies on the breast of a Sovereign, whose long life of active goodness dies gracefully down toward that further shore where, across the dark blue sea, gleams in calm reposeful beauty the True "Vision of Peace."

With all these, jewels of mind and matter alike willingly and harmoniously blend themselves. The thoughts which found expression on the death of Selwyn must have been in Francis Bacon's mind, for it grasped everything. Let us dream for a moment that he had given those thoughts expression; and in memory of Shakespeare (who was a much more decent member of society than the man who taught Wilberforce to use the dice-box) handed them down to us in such a threnody as this:—

"If, this gay favourite lost, they yet can live,
A tear to (Shakespeare) let the Muses give,
With rapid kindness teach oblivion's pall
O'er the sunk foibles of the man to fall,
And fondly dictate to a faithful Muse
The prime distinction of the friend they lose;
'Twas Social Wit, which, never kindling strife,
Blazed in the small sweet courtesies of life;
Those little sapphires round the diamond shone,
Lending soft radiance to the richer stone."

We have yet to consider how the other epitaph, which is in some sort a leading factor in this inquiry, only comes to light in the second

folio of 1632. Shakespeare, we know, died, if not suddenly, yet on short notice—Suppose this epitaph to be a sudden expression of quickly rising grief from a self-enclosed mind! when some such intimate as Ben Jonson, fresh from the scene of that unhappy excess, possibly from the grave-side on that 25th April, came to tell the news to the man who never had a friend. The words read like a sudden burst of feeling, all the stronger because given vent to by so secret a nature. The lines, written down on the spot, were to be handed to friends who were even then busy considering what form of monument would best befit such a man. It was safe to hand them to Ben Jonson, whose old pledge of secrecy had been kept faithfully for thirty years; Jonson and he were in close touch, this secret of the authorship being perhaps one bond between them, a secret now more impossible than ever to reveal, because Bacon had become Lord Chancellor.

We know that Jonson was loyal to Bacon: an honoured guest at York House while at its zenith, the poet at its nadir had employed his pen to defend the great man when prostrated under his terrible downfall.

Jonson would hand these lines over to Hemmings and Condell, then just beginning, as Shakespeare's literary executors, to get together the "true originall copies" for publication as

a whole. They would receive them, but could make no use of them: not only had Bacon's secret still to be kept during his life, but he was a disgraced man whose influence was gone, and whose eulogy would be an injury, not a help, to a book, the success of which, to judge from the preface and the continually repeated "Buy, buy" in it, was a source of great anxiety to the editors. The only patrons worth anything were the two court favourites to whom the book was dedicated.

No! Ben Jonson's rugged rhymes, which have some flavour of haste about them as it is, must head the book; only with the second edition, when its illustrious author's restraint on publication was removed by his death, could the affection of Ben Jonson for that author and the subject of his lament give it to the world, and even then anonymously: Bacon's praise was at that time no recommendation.

Lastly, the verses in one respect speak for themselves. No man of that age, and few in any other (except Milton), was capable of writing them. The author, whoever he was, we know from Ben Jonson's testimony, had *seen* Shakespeare's wit—otherwise been in his company, and listened to the words which fell from his mouth. Now Milton was born in 1608, was nine years old when Shakespeare died, and fifteen years old when Ben Jonson's

lines were published in 1623. There could have been for him no "seeing" Shakespeare's wit—even had not his first poetical effusions been translations from the Psalms, compositions hardly consistent with such company or surroundings as those in which the "wit" would have shone to the best advantage.

I much regret to add, that the refusal of the Treasurer of the Middle Temple to give me personal access to the Inn Records of this period, has prevented my searching them for any further light they might throw upon this most interesting subject in its present phase.

THE ARGUMENT PUT SHORTLY.

The Inns of Court had recourse to the London theatres for assistance in their masques and pageants.

Bacon was Master of the Revels at Gray's Inn from 1594 up to 1613, and recognised by the other Inns as chief authority in such matters.

Bacon produced the *Comedy of Errors* at Gray's Inn in 1594—its first performance; the performers being the Lord Chamberlain's Company, in which Shakespeare was Manager and Actor—nay, more, "Absolute Factotum."

In 1602 the same Company performed *Twelfth Night* in the Middle Temple Hall, Shakespeare managing and acting.

In 1613 the same Company performed the *Masque of Flowers* at Gray's Inn, at a cost of £12,000 (in our money), at Bacon's sole expense, he expressing the appreciation in which they were held at Gray's Inn.

Hence for nineteen years Bacon was in touch with Shakespeare and the Company of which he was Manager and Factotum, consulting him constantly, and paying him large sums of money for men and materials.

Lady Ann Bacon—her influence over her son, and the restraint thereby placed on him, so long as she lived, to keep secret his connection with the stage, most of all as to authorship.

Inherent improbability that so versatile an author would have read any play or masque through without his fingers itching to alter it.

Bacon in "Henry VII.," and Shakespeare, quoted largely and verbatim from Holinshed. Could Gray's Inn Library, or Bacon's own, have produced the book for them both?

On Shakespeare's death Bacon is consulted as to the form of a monument.

He writes certain lines, which remain with Shakespeare's family or literary executors.

They are not published in the first folio of 1623, Bacon having been disgraced two years previously and his praise no recommendation, but are given to the world after his death had softened down animosities.

CHAPTER III.

Yawning and Yarning—The Butterfly at Niagara—Russian introductions—The Archdeacon's epitaph—Comin Thro' the Rye—Un-Canny-Lee—Dock and its Counsel—Difference between "or" and "and" in a will—The Nemesis of Law—Sir Joseph Paxton's rise—The start in life of Joseph Hume, M.P.—The difference between "and" and "or" in a way—Bishop Samuel Wilberforce—How he liked turtle soup—What he said when he got too little—What he said when he got too much—An Episcopal Presbyterian Service—An Archiepiscopal Presbyterian Service—Bishops' joy at the Primate's recovery—The unpresentable present—Catching crabs and nearly being caught doing it—The Criminal Chairman of Quarter Sessions—Does Providence work in rhythmic periods?—Helston Corporators and the Argyle Rooms—One's chance comes at unknown times—"D—d if I didn't think so"—Messrs. Coutts' shabby customer—Overend and Gurney's "bullion" drawer—Matthew Marshall a Malmesbury—Taking a lion by the mane—Hammering a bear's muzzle—The Rarey-fied zebra—Lord Overstone's mistake—Archbishop Thomson's great sorrow in life—Professor Freeman preaching to the Parson—How to evict a trespasser—Our Vicar lessening his work in the lessons—The two shortest epitaphs—Scenes in a village church—Always "Crosse"—"He's tored his breeches"—Dartmoor Prison and our "innocent man"—Our haunt in the "fifties"—The end of the old College Fellow—"Kissing my sisters"—"Look who your neighbours are before you settle down at the Derby"—Photophone carrics naughty words—The Genesis of the Unionist Party—Courtesy in Clubs, how to create it—Marquis and saveloy—Ducal gets-up.

YAWNING and Yarning are the most catching of all human ailments. The microbes are communicated by mere sight—pass in, in fact, by photophone; they incubate directly on contact—diffuse with alarming rapidity—are neither checked nor subjugated by any known remedies, and end their career only by dying out from pure exhaustion.

Let any one, for instance, possessing that little list towards mischief which, if not original sin itself, is at all events congenital, go to the Church of St. Wapshot-with-the-Wooden-Leg when the eloquent Canon Nearrer is to fill the pulpit, and place himself well forward in the church. In due course the clear melodious voice will, with well-modulated tones, approach the long-led-up-to pathetic part of the oration. This shall be, for instance, the Butterfly at Niagara—the joyous, heedless flight of that universally accepted type of the Human Soul towards the black chasm over which in thundering surges dash down the overflow waters of half a continent—the toy-like insect's unthinking flight over the "Hell of Waters where they howl and hiss"—its onward course enfeebled, nay, arrested, by dampened wings—the spectator's fear for its safety—his heart-thrilling doubt as to whether struggles so faint and puny can avail aught against the maddening swirl of the tempests raging round it—then

the lull! the pause!! the sudden break in the cloud, the dawn of hope, the gladdening spread of the glorious sun-glint—the last struggle for life—and "Oh, joy, joy! my friends! the never hoped for deliverance!" At this moment let the listener, who has heard it all before, indulge himself with a good yawn. Ere his mouth is closed, a young lady's hand is attempting to conceal that she is following suit; at the other end of the bench portly papa, who wants his lunch, has gaped terribly; in no time at all it has reached the school-children, with whom it is always dormant; and the sorely pained preacher, his sweet smile converted into a sickly one, has marked with choked-down fury the distorted features of the meekest of all his curates, trying not only not to yawn, but also not to let the Rector see him stifling it.

Equally catching is story-telling. Adam in Paradise could not have half got through his first story to Eve, or Ayesha, or Zöe, for all three names are hers, before the gentle new-born intellect was pondering how she could best cap it. Assyrian tablets record for us the yarns of five thousand years before our era—the Turin Book of the Dead at 2000 B.C. keeps alive for us a pretty little novel—Homer and Herodotus kept the ball of tittle-tattle going and so on to the present day of penny novels and society journals.

In our Temple dinners, one idea naturally arises when the head porter hands round to each Mess a form on which each Member signs his name, for the purpose of making up the attendance books of the Students, who keep their term in this way. Now a man's name is a matter on which he is "jealous." He never utters it for any purpose without a mental wrench; he can catch its sound, even when pronounced in a whisper, a long way off. Here, however, it is shyly written down and shame-facedly handed back — Englishmen having not yet recognised the value of the Russian system under which, when two strangers meet, they mutually introduce themselves. "I am Stepan Buritzoff, Ruski, and I am Orthodox"; "I am Ruffin Pitrouski, Noble, Catholic, and I am a Pole"; and so on until a new-comer arrives, and the process is again repeated by the three. This is at present confined to the land where strawberry jam is put into tea—both constituents damaged according to our notions, alike, though the natives think otherwise.

But in our Messes each man knows the name of his messmates, and though he says nothing, probably he, like the parrot, thinks the more—it may be as to what joke or jingle is crackable upon one of them.

I was long under the impression that my

own name was unhittable but a correspondent has corrected me. It is in connection with an Archdeacon of Bristol, who, some thirty years since, informed a Committee of the House of Lords that "he could not tell how it came to pass, but he always thought a Churchman was *honester* than a Dissenter." Vials of wrath were his portion for this, and it might be a Liberationist who wrote his epitaph:—

> "In preach and speech he vexed us sore,
> And slanders at his hands we bore;
> Beneath this stone there lies a corpse,
> Which we're not sorry's Tommy Thorpe's."

I once knew a gentleman who owned to me that his name was a positive pain to him. He was an accomplished man, had written a book on butterflies, was Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, and his name was Rye—a name apparently as blameless as Flower, Oates, or Rice, but not so in its owner's eyes.

"My son is Maste-*ry*, my daughter Mise-*ry*, my mother Mumme-*ry*; I myself am Myste-*ry*; surrounding me are Begga-*ry*, Snobbe-*ry*, Foole-*ry*, Poltroone-*ry*; lying in wait on me are Knave-*ry*, Robbe-*ry*, and Burgla-*ry*. Lee is bad enough, where, by varying the incidence of an accent, its owner may come in without torturing undu-*ly* the form of speech, for the appellatives Rash-*ly*, Ug-*ly*, Noisi-*ly*, Clumsi-*ly*, Greedi-*ly*, Beggar-*ly*, Scoundrel-*ly*, and so forth

for a dozen more; but it is not nearly so bad as my name, for my speech may be curso-*ry*, my object in life devil-*ry*. We are doomed from our birth up; whatever comes to me goes a-*wry*, and my unhappy children are born with *wry* necks, and our name itself impels people to take a 'rise' out of us."

The Solicitor's career for which he was educated, admitted, and even had fair prospects in, would be a perpetual blister under circumstances which made Knave-*ry*, Rogue-*ry*, Perju-*ry*, brickbats present and ready to the hand of the dullest of opponents, in Court and out of it, and that without going far out of the common parlance of life. He became resigned to it. He accepted the disqualification meekly, was not altogether uncheerful generally, but his health was weak and he died young.

My own name has, however, of late received rehabilitation in the person of its much slandered Chief Justice Sir William Thorpe, to whom my Lord Campbell dealt out very hard measure. "Plain John" left out of view that the illustrious Bacon had been condemned on a similar charge of taking bribes; that Lord Chancellor Macclesfield was convicted of it in 1725; and had his Lordship's book gone into a second edition and been published after 1864, it must have in-

cluded the name of the first Lord Westbury, compelled to resign the Marble Chair for a similar cause.

The King, Edward III., restored Sir William Thorpe to high office, and his shield-of-arms has lately been put up in one of the windows of the Great Hall in the High Court of Justice.

It is rare that a fault in early life destroys a man's professional career, but it did so in the case of Mr. Charles Phillips, the celebrated defender of Courvoisier, who personally pledged himself for the innocence of his client, and rested his appeal to the jury for acquittal on his own private assurance of this; unexpected circumstances coming to light just before the jury retired, which led to the conclusion that Mr. Phillips had challenged his client on the point and knew he was guilty. The brilliant advocate was then on the high-road to a judgeship, but lost favour with the public at once, and therefore with the Solicitors, eventually retiring as a Chief Commissioner in Bankruptcy.

Since that time Counsel will not risk an interview with a criminal in his cell, and receives his confidences, usually great and transparent lies, over the dock-rail. A somewhat similar line of conduct adopted by Sir Fitzroy Kelly in the defence of Tawell the Quaker,

prejudiced him greatly for long afterwards, but it eventually died away.

The chief matters that stick in the public gizzard are money transactions. A Lord Chancellor may job to such an extent as to get a name for it, but so far as he confines himself to nepotism and eschews making appointments upon which money changes hands, little open notice is taken of it. Nor does the public much concern itself with the niceties of wills, and the effect upon the devolution of £100,000 or so, by the presence or absence of a simple conjunction, as in the case of Hymers' College, Hull.

The testator, of humble though respectable extraction, is said by one account to have gained his start in life by the Duke of Cleveland coming suddenly upon him (then a gardener's boy in his service) studying conic sections during dinner hour, having learned the three R's from an upper gardener. He had originally been poultry-boy, but by civility had got promoted, buying his books by doing odd jobs for the neighbours, for which they gave him a trifle. The story runs on that the Duke sent him to Sedbergh School, from whence he obtained a sizarship at St. John's College, Cambridge, took a very high degree, and thus found everything easy sailing up to the tutorship and Presidency of

the College. He wrote some mathematical books, which yielded him £1,000, lived most penuriously, and as the profits of the tutorship rolled up began to buy house property in Cambridge. A new source of profitable investment accrued in 1839 by an acquaintance with George Hudson, Railway King, and then Chairman of the Eastern Counties Railway, who put money in the way of the College Don, to be subsequently returned with ample interest when poverty came on him in France, and Hymers went in person to visit and relieve him. In due time the great Johnian living of Brandesburton fell in—700 souls and £1,000 a year for looking after them, which, by the way, Hymers mainly carried out by giving packets of tea and sugar to the old women, being not a success in the parochial line, nor much consorting with his clerical brethren. He was even heard to speak disparagingly of the Rural Dean, and did not attend his meetings.

The change jarred, and the College Don would fain have undone the bargain and gone back to his beautiful rooms in St. John's New Court, overlooking "The Wilderness," as the Fellows' Garden is called.

But the terms were made too hard for him, and the old man vegetated on, saving pennies on cheque stamps, keeping his banker's balance at the minimum the manager would stand, and

living on £200 a year. All the balance of income was piled up to buy land, and he practised the dangerous economy of drafting his own conveyances: and even engrossing them himself—this last as well as any Law Stationer could do it. Then he tempted the Legal Themis, and Nemesis too, by making his own Will, and there the offended Divinities had him on toast. The document which disposed of £200,000 was written on a rough piece of paper torn out of the end of a book, and if there *be* a heaven for Lawyers, there must have been joy there when the beautiful technical point involved came up for consideration. It looked as if the offended spirit of English law had let the defaulter go on upon his depraved and unnatural course, until he, in due season, reached the point where she could gather in all the money he had robbed her of for all those years at one single swoop.

The Will, perfectly correctly drawn, signed, and witnessed, left all his relations out in the cold where he had kept them during his life: and bequeathed all his realty and personalty to the Corporation of Hull, to found "AND" endow a College in their town, to be called after himself—"Hymers' College."

Had he but written "found OR endow," the Municipality had a decayed grammar school to which the bequest-in-block would have

fitted on. But the fatal conjunction "AND" brought in the Mortmain Act, and the whole Will was bad altogether, every line of it.

Naturally enough the testator's family availed themselves of the help which is always forthcoming when there is money to pay for it, the respectable Solicitor; they firmly grasped their happy chance—the Corporation was powerless, for the testator had never before done a foolish thing in his life, so far as could be found out. The family, under these circumstances, agreed to a compromise by which they gave up £50,000, insisting on its being considered as their personal donation, so that a part of the testator's pet scheme was carried out, and Hymers' College, Hull, has just been opened to educate, let us hope, many more simple-minded, hard-headed Yorkshiremen (Hymers' burr was a caution to hear), to spread widely the good results of its founder's perseverance, industry, and thrift—his sole qualifications, for he was not by any means a brilliant man.

This type of man is not uncommon among the Johnian Dons, for Dr. Parkinson, also tutor there, died the other day worth £150,000; but he took care to have his will made professionally.

Nor is Dr. Hymers' start in life, if the newspaper account above given be true, abnormal.

A young Scotch gardener once plucked a peach, placed it on a vine leaf, and presented it to the Lord of Chatsworth with such courtier-like grace as to become Sir Joseph Paxton, Architect of the Crystal Palace. Joey Hume's rise was due to the father of the late Lord Panmure—not, however, on the "take-care-of-Dowb" side of the family character, but owing to a fit of drunken mischief. A poor widow had a crockery stall at Brechin Fair opposite the big hotel in the Market Place. The young lairds had dined well and early, and had exhausted pretty nearly all amusements practicable by day, while night was "lang a-coming" for a different kind of kick-up. Mr. Maule of Panmure and his friends had swept up the whole available stock of coppers in "the haill toun," warmed them up on the fire shovels, and thrown them at their hottest among the crowd. The coins were then passing over the whisky-shop counters, and until they could be got together again and returned, fun was getting low and things becoming dull. Suddenly some one remarked the clean neat crockery stall over the way, with the decent widow-woman and her white-headed, bare-legged bairn who tended it. Further search found out, that outside the door were the empty plates and dishes which had been used at table, waiting removal downstairs, and in

less time than it takes to write it the unwashed pottery was poured in a perpetual hail-storm on the earthenware as yet unused. Such pranks were, unhappily, too frequent, and the poor widow sat down, threw her apron over her head, and began to cry her heart out over the loss of all her living. The men were good-hearted at the bottom, and had not expected such an end of the frolic as that. Ample money compensation at once followed, the widow's stock was replenished, and her son educated and started in life, where, after a successful career in business, he became M.P. and went into the Economist line of business.

But not only to will-makers is the difference between "AND" and "OR" a material matter; this was realised to an unpleasant extent by a north-country millionaire who domiciled himself in South London, desiring to go to the South of France for the winter. Disliking his own society, of which he had had enough, he advertised for a gentleman "AND" lady to accompany him—well-bred, accustomed to good society, lively, young, agreeable, accomplished, and all the rest of it. The wicked compositor set up "OR" for "AND," and the press-reader did not notice the mistake. The postal authorities had, in consequence, to put on an extra postman for the house, and subsequently to supply him with a hand-cart, this

last rendered necessary by the quantity of photographs of females in all states, all sizes, and all lengths. The rash man fled the country, but did not change his name, so that he still remains exposed to offers of congenial society from the fairer sex. He can understand the feelings of the author who in his distress recalled a press error in the 119th Psalm, "Printers have persecuted me without a cause" —not Princes, as the Psalmist had indicated.

Our Mess waiter has just put down the soup tureen on our table with a bang, and its contents have washed over; a napkin covers up the stain left on the cloth, but the circumstance brings to mind some incidents in the life of Bishop S. Wilberforce, whilome of Winchester. He was especially fond of turtle soup, and always liked a second supply, resenting any attempt to deprive him of it. In fact, on one occasion at Lambeth Palace the Bishop's second service was overlooked, and when he asked for it the supply proved to have been exhausted—"there was no more." The great Churchman bore his sufferings, apparently with true spiritual meekness at the time, but upon reaching his lodgings in Pall Mall, he wrote at once to Mrs. Tait in order that she might know that her natural thoughtfulness for the comfort of her guests had not been carried

out as completely as she could have desired, owing to the neglect of her household. It was said to be difficult to give the Bishop too much of his favourite delicacy, yet on one occasion he absolutely got much more than he liked of it. At a great banquet at Muffin-Makers' Hall the waiter serving him was jostled by a colleague; the plate tipped on one side, the glutinous contents, with patches of luscious green fat intermixed, trickled down the Bishop's coat and waistcoat, and "even ran down to the skirts of his apron." Silence was impossible. Like the late Laureate's new-made widow, "He must speak or he will die." But the Prelate was a wonderful man, and reserved his thoughts for his diary (a document which will some day, it is to be hoped, see the light, as the extracts given in his Life lead to a craving for more). The Bishop merely said, "Will no layman present say the word appropriate for such an occasion?" Had such layman so relieved the spiritual person in his strait, there would probably have recurred some such incident as that when the Brighton Pullman train was hung up for twenty minutes outside Victoria Station on the day of the opening of the Imperial Institute. A gentleman let fall in a low voice that naughty little word, and a lady in the corner said, under her breath, "Thank you."

One of the strongest points in the Bishop's

character was his nimbleness at getting himself out of "holes," which, as he was exceedingly unctuous and gushing, and spoke right off from a few headings jotted down the moment before, were not unfrequent. To see the man as he wound up a meeting,

> "Joyful in trust, exulting in hope,
> Washing his hands with invisible soap
> And imperceptible water,"

was to know that he could thus account for his name: "They call me Soapy Sam because I am always in hot water and always come out with clean hands." The bold stroke, at a time when the Archbishop of Canterbury was seriously indisposed, of conducting the whole Morning Service, sermon included, in a Presbyterian Established Church in Scotland, where he was staying at a country house close by—vested too in his proper episcopal habit of apron, shorts, silk stockings, and gaiters—was allowed to pass unchallenged on his pleading that the prayer itself was only an expansion of the English Church Litany; and this too by one of the most sacerdotal of all Prelates; while Archbishop Thomson, who, like the pieman at Mr. Jaggers', was "in a general way anythink" when profit to himself loomed large ahead, got smartly mauled in the Church papers and elsewhere for repeating the bold bid, immediately he

succeeded the Bishop as a visitor. (Whale and thresher don't get on together, and the Bishop had nimbly secured the earlier turn.) Time was pressing then, as there had not as yet occurred that happy change in the condition of the Primate of all England which was to relieve, and then to remove, for *too* long a time to come, the dread fears which filled the breasts of his Suffragans as to the loss of their father in Israel. How odd it is, by the way, that both Mrs. Tait and Mrs. Booth should have been each described (from their respective pulpits only) as mothers in that same, making them a kind of sisters after a fashion! And the present occupant of Lambeth must have gone on a similar idea, when he looked in upon General Booth in Queen Victoria Street in a friendly way, and proposed that amalgamation of their respective organisations, which would have been as funny as the Jews' forgathering with the Roman Catholics was the other day. How quiet, moreover, his Grace has kept about that unlucky little move! and the General, too, does not make so much of that acknowledgment of his strength—an Archbishop coming to him cap in hand, and saying "Let's hitch teams together"—as he might do. Possibly he didn't like it either!

The antithesis between Bishop Wilberforce at a missionary or diocesan meeting, and the

same Bishop when the engine got off the line outside London Bridge Station, so that he had to take his own bag and walk in—for which he demanded compensation; between the Churchman who pleaded for the restoration to the Church of all taken from her, and had yet invested his savings in the purchase of tithe rent-charge to the tune of £600 a year; between the pulpit advocate of the virtue of humility, and the Prelate who would not travel in the same carriage with his own servant, the only first-class being full,—all show that men are no better in shovel hats and aprons than in any other dress. The sacerdotalism he fostered at Cuddesdon came bitterly home to him when his children 'verted to Rome—a not uncommon comment nowadays on the way a Bishop governs his own house, and practically demonstrates in the eyes of those round him the acting value of his own form of worship. How many Bishops' sons have in late years gone over to a form of belief which forces them, in almost every act, to publicly hold up the fathers who begot them as impostors of the deepest dye!

Of another Church dignitary's son, similarly bred, the story is told that he once asked some friends of his old regiment to dine with him at his cottage at Dorking. As his life had lately been a mystery, all accepted; the drawing-room was vacant, but female occupancy

patent. The door opened; there appeared a lady-like, admirably dressed little blonde, who apologised for her husband's being late, as he was dressing. All kept their countenances and shook hands with the hostess, whom they all knew well enough, till it came to a big "Heavy," who was struck dumb, until he by a pull at his moustache brought himself to attention, and then he simply said, "SHOES, by Jove!" (only it wasn't Jove, you know), by which name the little lady had gone in her somewhat notorious St. John's Wood days under Kate Hamilton.

Of course a great deal depends on picking one's self up quick, or having it done for one. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, when in Ceylon, was magnificently entertained by De Soyza, the great Singhalese millionaire. The Duke naturally admired the magnificent silver service of native manufacture set before him, and innocently said so. In a burst of loyalty the Kandyan Chief, whose head-comb sparkled with diamonds, pearls, and sapphires, offered it to the son of his Empress, and H.R.H. unthinkingly accepted it—but did not delay the *Galatea's* starting to wait for its being packed up, probably thinking the matter at an end. It did, however, reach the *Galatea* just as her anchor was tripped, but the Governor had been at the last moment

apprised of the mistake, and had at once sent off an Aide-de-Camp to remind the Duke that he was an officer in command of a Queen's ship, and hence could receive no presents except for the purpose of handing them over to H.M. Government. H.R.H. at once warmly thanked his Excellency for the timely reminder, and the ship was delayed until the costly present, worth £2,000 or more, was sent back to shore in the craft which had brought it, and which had been detained to carry it back by the order of the Governor's A.D.C.

It is not uninteresting to remember by-gone close-shaves, and the appearance at Mess of the son of a well-known Stipendary Magistrate, reminded me of a very near one of my own in which that most respected Beak had borne a prominent part. It occurred in the Isle of Man, on a boating excursion from Douglas to the Calf, and might have had serious results to the whole of the party, had we not observed the eleventh commandment and taken care they didn't catch us. The sail was long and stupid, and for very weariness, and to see what was inside it, we pulled up and emptied one lobster pot. We had tasted the apple, and, as a result, we did the like to all we came to. Only when the boat was half full, and some of the creatures got pinching

our legs, did our boatmen inform us that this was the highest offence known against the Manx Constitution, as being the most easily committed, and robbing the largest number of people; moreover, that the sails which we saw putting out from each tiny creek were impelled by avengers full of wrath and quick to punish. There was a panic. Our men saw their chance, and for a most stupendous amount (forty shillings apiece) the oarsmen promised to get us safe ashore. But the difficulty was our cargo: it must not stop in the boat, or conviction would reach crew as well as passengers; no one could be asked to buy it, or the whole thing would be known at once; for some reason or other the easy way of starting it all overboard could not be adopted. So we were carried ashore on the men's shoulders, and the plunder turned loose in the hotel vestibule, to the great consternation of the ladies. However, we were not sent to jail, as we had had a good chance of being.

These fine-run things, however, do not always work out so smooth, and a painful instance of it occurred lately. It is said that Mr. G. W. Hastings, lately M.P. for Worcestershire, but now doing five years' penal servitude as a fraudulent trustee, would have had the £10,000 he was "short" in his trust accounts made up by subscription among the

party if he would only have resigned his seat. He refused, and prepared for flight; previous to which, however, he had, as his last act as Chairman of Worcestershire Quarter Sessions, to welcome the new Recorder, Mr. Amphlett, Q.C., who had, but the week before, advised that a warrant should be issued for his arrest. The new Recorder's feelings must have been funny on receiving a warm welcome from such a Chairman of his own profession and his own Inn; but hardly so trying as the orator's own subsequently, when, having been Legislator, Jurist, and Chairman of a Criminal Court, he has come to personally experience and work out on himself the speculations of the International Congress upon Prison Discipline, upon which, held in London in this very Middle Temple Hall of ours, he was Chairman. Fate has its dreadful ironies. His next appearance in Worcester was not to fill a high judicial place, or to express warm and genial compliments to a colleague with whom he was for the first time in touch, but to undergo his examination in Bankruptcy; taken down, too, in convict dress, and with a pitying crowd awaiting the arrival of the train, with its well-known Member now in felon garb and his attendant warders. One reads such things in novels, but the agony of it, as Keats has tersely put it, "was never told in rhyme." Only let us hope, with

the over-sensitive author of "In a drear-nighted December," that in this case there has been "numbéd sense to steal it."

It is very rare to absolutely fix upon any determinate instances in which cause and effect observe periodic and rhythmic law, but I may here quote one which outwardly appears to be such an occasion, the period of three years to a day exactly corresponding between a wrongful act and the death of its author. It occurred in a country village, the parties being a person who had let a house, and his tenant, the latter being, although presumably of gentle birth, drunken, dissolute, and bad in most of the relations of life. It chanced that the former took a house for the summer in the same village, and that on the eve of his departure the latter, with the help of some village ruffians, made a riot in front of his residence—to the great alarm of a quiet, peaceful family. It was September 11th, 1882—the second Monday in the month, and the day before the family was leaving; and on these three dates turns the whole connection, if such there be. Police Court proceedings followed, at which the offender not only suborned, but himself committed outrageous perjury—failing, however, to save the persons in the dock from heavy fines.

On September 11th, 1885, three years to a

day, the offender, who had removed some miles off, was struck with paralysis and became speechless; three days afterwards (being the second Monday in the month) he died, and my friend accidentally calling at the house where all this had occurred, to take leave before returning to town on the next day, learned the news of the death on the very spot. The number "three" thus appears in the years which intervened, and also the days of speechlessness between seizure and death, and the spot itself comes in to clench it.

Of course the person who had suffered did not presume to recognise in these singular parallels, retribution for anything done to himself, but did consider it as a punishment by Providence for the perjury which, in that part of the country, is indigenous and thought little of. It is noted here with a view to elicit any further instances there may be of "the wheels of God grinding" exactly within a fixed period of integral figures, and that cycle the mystic number "three."

Horace was pleased to observe that change of scene did not alter people's tempers, but things have changed much since his day, as locality *does* involve alterations of mind, speech, and habit, even among the class which habitually keeps these unruly members under the strictest

control—to wit, "religious persons." Such, for instance, as the meek, devoted Missionary when, glowing with zeal, he leaves the platform on which he has taken his farewell of England for at least the next three years—until, in fact, the big house and the pony-carriage in China have got tiresome and a change is required. For all does not go on out there as peacefully as the letters to Societies at home lead the ladies to infer. Miss Bird, in her Travels in Persia, records the words of an elderly clergyman presiding over a Mission there: "The greatest hindrances to Missionary work are Missionaries themselves"—so ceaseless and never-ending are the squabbles and petty jealousies about nothing, which keep the little communities in hot water. This applies to all the 'Doxies, and a deceased cousin of mine, once a Sister of the Dames Anglaises in Paris, had nothing to relate to my aunt, and even myself, when we visited her at the Convent grille, but petty spites suffered and inflicted. Few travellers who call at Mission Stations fail to comment upon the unhappy "Missionary manners" which chill a visitor who calls upon a countryman established in the land; while not unfrequently an itching palm has brought about such a result as obtains in the P. & O. Company, where the Captain may be seen reading the Sunday prayers, and the doctor the Sunday lessons, with

many a clergyman looking on idle. If any of these gentlemen *volunteer* to take the service, everything is made easy for them; otherwise the practice is as stated, it being found that clergymen who are asked to officiate sometimes send in a claim for reduction of passage money, on the ground that they have acted as Chaplain during the voyage. Yes! surrounding circumstances not only alter cases, but men as well. The late Mr. Adolphus Young, formerly M.P. for Helston, used to tell in the smoking-room a delightful story of some members of the Corporation of that ancient borough. It was his custom annually to invite the Mayor and some selected Corporators to pass a week with him in London, where he entertained them sumptuously. But one evening the guests were all fidgety and wanted to be off early, so much so that the host sent his butler after them to see where so large a party had gone to. The man returned. "Sir, they're all at the Argyle Rooms." So Mr. Young followed them there, and found the greater portion paired off in conversation, but not in counsel, with the Nymphs of the place. He was, however, soon put at his ease as regarded the hurry they had been in to leave his dinner-table, as the Mayor, an old man of eighty, long since deceased, left off his conversation with a damsel of eighteen to tell him they had only come there "to see

what it was like." Not a few clergymen, with black ties replacing their white ones, have been detected ripening their experience in a similar way; "how could they preach powerfully against vice which they had not personally seen displayed in its most alluring form?"

Among the many novel subjects which the presence of so many Indian visitors brings up at table, snakes and insect worries do not often turn up; but a visitor from Ceylon told us one with a humorous aspect. He was staying up in the hills, where creeping things cannot be kept out of the bungalows, and in the rapidly declining tropic twilight, when dressing for dinner, sat down on his bed to put on his lower garment. However, he quickly jumped up again, with a howl of anguish, and his hands applied to his sitting apparatus. He had sat down on a tarantula, and that very venomous spider had made his fangs meet in him so that he was very ill for three days afterwards.

It is to be hoped that Naturalists who study snakes will try to settle the question as to whether the killing a Cobra Capella brings about the arrival of others to avenge its death. One account from an Indian military station speaks of the desertion of a house from this cause, some eighteen being killed in the compound and making for it. Another story comes

from Ceylon, of a builder's native foreman who had killed one, being beset by others to such an extent that he had to quit his employment and remove to another part of the island. Singhalese themselves seem to look out for such a vendetta, as they never kill a "Naga," as they term it, but place it in a basket and set it afloat on some river, making boatmen upon the stream wary how they pick up such a piece of flotsam and jetsam. The Cobra itself always gets out of the way if it can, and never begins a conflict; in fact, Dr. Davey, who had once resided in the house where I stayed in Cinnamon Gardens, would catch one by the tail as it was slipping into its hole in the giant white ant-hills which abound there, and run his other hand up till it reached behind the hood, where the doctor enjoyed the hiss, sounding like a hot iron plunged in hot water. A snake hiss has a gruesome sound, and I had the advantage, when in Ceylon, of hearing the music of half a dozen death serpents close to my ear. A collection had been formed to be sent to the Zoo, and on raising the ear to the wire which covered the box, not only could the sibil be heard, but the reptile's hot breath, and even its forked and clammy tongue, could be felt. The swirly hiss of the most dangerous of Indian Thanatophids, the "Daboia," was thrilling.

At the Bar, as everywhere else, a man's chance comes to him if he has the wit to recognise and lay hold of it, but it comes like death, at various times in life. Over forty years ago I met in Ceylon an Australian on his way home who told this story of how he had grasped its skirts. His name was Philcox, his story the old one of having gone out to Australia with a few thousands which he forthwith invested in sheep-farming and lost every penny of it. Let it be remembered this was in 1851, before the gold had been found, or Australian tallow driven Russian out of the market. His fate was the usual one, where men without a knowledge of how to make threehalfpence into twopence undertake trade, without knowing that saving means success, that the man who has fewest wants becomes richest in the long run. A few years found him with a wife, six children, a heavy debt to the bank, and half-a-crown in coin, which last, being a conscientious man, he handed over to his wife, considering that "Poor devil, she would want it more than he did." He went down to Melbourne, where the only opening for him was to go about the country and dun people for the debts they owed the bank, receiving commission on what he recovered. Being a business man and "woke-up" a good deal by his own experience, he soon found that, though money was not to

be had from the debtors, things were to be got which might be made very valuable. Among other things Equities of Redemption upon Melbourne house property were to be had for a song. My informant picked up some in good situations, and soon found he could place them to good profit; the process went on until he was able to hold some, of course the best, for himself; and as a result he was at that time very comfortably off, and taking a run home to England for a change. His first idea when he landed was to have a rump-steak pudding at the "Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet Street, as he vowed they could not make such things in Australia. If he retained his investments in Collins Street he would have been a marvellously rich man in a very few years' time from then.

We have occasionally Navy men who join us, and it is curious to notice the way in which they speak of their ship and her behaviour, as if she were a sentient being.

I remember an incident in which a ship, deserted by her crew, made a gallant and nearly successful attempt to save herself. It was a vessel called the *Glen Lee*, homeward bound from Madras with cotton and hides. She got dismasted in the "roaring forties," and though no leak was sprung, and she kept as tight as a drum, the captain and

crew abandoned her, and were taken off by a passing vessel. The gallant craft then navigated herself, and was boarded by vessel after vessel, who reported her "making no water"; but the visitors were either too timid or too weak-handed to rig up a jury rudder and keep her head homeward, of which journey she had already run off two hundred miles on her own account. The underwriters despatched a powerful tug to the spot where she had been seen last, but only to find and run down a trail of burnt cotton and wreckage. It is difficult to think but that the poor ship had tried to save herself, just as an animal would do.

Our Members who attend in Hall are not as a rule regular attendants in the Temple Church, so few stories of clerical mishaps during service drift our way, but one has been told which is natural and not unlikely to have really occurred.

The long-winded prayer for the two legislative bodies was once the occasion of a strange aberration of thought in the curate of a country church, where the vicar's garden surrounded one side of the sacred edifice, and was indeed visible from the reading-desk. The congregation noticed the reader's voice gradually slackening, and his face turn to the windows with increasing interest. The fact

was that the cook was pulling rhubarb and had got to some tough stalks, necessitating a good long hold and a long lean-back to get them up. The curate was watching the operation, and wondering what would come of it. Hence he went on: "more especially for the High Court of Parliament—under our most—religious—and gracious——" "D——d if I didn't think so!" The stalk had yielded to a powerful pull, the woman had gone back and turned right over.

Few men in these days come to the Bar after having been long concerned in City life, and yet a brilliant precedent existed in the late Lord Bramwell; and my friend Mr. W. Willis, Q.C., has found both fame and fortune, and a seat in Parliament, after a start in life in Old Change. Hence few stories of City life circulate at Mess; though what heaps of good tales must lie hid in the annals of the old private banks, waiting for such an unveiler as my friend Mr. Hilton Price, with his "History of Childs'"! Yet there must be both sadness as well as mirth in the telling of them. It is within the memory of this generation that junior partners in both Messrs. Coutts and Messrs. Hoares, not content to wait for the princely incomes which must naturally come to them with seniority, having, too, the best

obtainable information and advice at their command, lost fortunes in the Stock Exchange, and had to be discarded, not only when at the gates, but within the enchanted walls of "Thomas Tiddler, Hys Ground."

Why has no historian of Messrs. Coutts arisen to tell the all-absorbing tale of how money makes money, and also (as a member of the great house in New Court told a friend of mine) that there is only one thing more difficult than making money, and that is how to keep it? When that chronicler does arise here is a contribution for him, of date seventy years back.

There was an old Indian miser called Swinhoe. He had made his money by having few wants, and leaving many of these unsatisfied. So parsimonious was he that he never paid for any tea, but went about in the bazaar getting samples to taste. All his savings went home to Coutts', and when he himself reached England he went there at once. They knew his handwriting well enough, but would have nothing to say to the shabby old man who gave them the well-known name to whose credit there showed so goodly a balance in their ledger; indeed, they repulsed him from the counter; and then he meekly asked if he might draw a little cheque for £2 10*s.* 0*d.*, as he required a little money. The cheque was tossed over to him, more to get rid of

him than with any serious purpose of honouring it; the old man painfully filled it up and presented it for payment. The cashier glanced at it; recognised the handwriting as that which had a quarter of a million sterling below it in balance of current account, as well as half a million Consols invested for it by the firm; rushed away to Mr. Coutts himself, and said, "He's come, sir; won't you come and have a look at him?" It was then Mr. Coutts' turn to bow and beg his millionaire customer to step into the parlour.

And when will that box be opened which contains the certificate of the marriage of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert? It was deposited there by the great Duke of Wellington, and his refusal to part with it procured for him the undying hostility of the King's last mistress, Lady Conyngham.

Lord Macaulay was a customer of my old friends Messrs. Williams, Deacon, & Co., and to them he paid over the £20,000 which Messrs. Longmans sent him as the first instalment of profits of his History of England. The largest cheque I ever heard of was for three millions sterling, paid to the London and County Bank by the Indian Council for the purchase of an Indian Railway.

I was a customer of Overend, Gurney, & Co., and knew my way about their parlour. Among other things, I was able to identify that famous drawer which old Sam Gurney—the man who made the money which his successors fooled away—was said to call his "bullion" drawer. *It contained the forgeries*, and with them the liberty (not so long before, the lives as well), of a good many well-thought-of people. Fauntleroy had been hanged for it so late as 1824. In fact, judicious forgery was then regarded as a means of procuring temporary loans to tide over an emergency, as at that time the bills could all be taken up before due, and others substituted in their place.

Early in the fifties, however, the Bank of England had refused to allow any bills to be taken up before maturity, so that no forgery could be taken out and replaced. Once inside the Old Lady's bill cases, bills must be presented to their ostensible acceptors, who must therefore perforce discover that their names had been made use of without their consent; most bills at that time got round to Threadneedle Street, so this fresh source of producing capital had to dry up. But I had an amusing adventure with one bill at that very bank. All my Indian remittances were made in the form of six months' drafts drawn by the Oriental Bank Corporation and accepted by the Union

Bank of London, and this double bank guarantee made my paper rather liked. So I was surprised when I got a mysterious note from Overend's: "Friend Thorpe, will thee call on us at once?" My puzzlement was greater when I got there, as Edmund Gurney, acting head of the firm, handed me one of these very bills for some £400, which the Bank of England would not pay, although due. It was endorsed to W. G. Thorpe, Esq., but the Threadneedle Street cashier chose to read the "Esq." as "Junior," and refused to cash it as wrongly endorsed. I said something very inappropriate for Quaker ears, but Mr. Gurney astonished me by handing me the bill (all the security he had): "Friend Thorpe, thee take that bill to the Bank of England; it is understood thee either sets it right, or gives us thy cheque in bank hours." This extraordinary piece of confidence made me even more angry. I went at once to the Bank, forced my way from official to official till I found myself in the sanctum of Matthew Marshall, Chief Cashier, whom I there and then called a "Malmesbury."

This was the name of the then Foreign Secretary, and was at the time rather ringing about the town in consequence of a joke of Shirley Brooks' in *Punch*. The Peer in question had declined to produce in the House of Lords the exact text of an official telegram, lest foreign

Powers should by such means get to read our cipher. *Punch* indignantly commented :—

> "Not know our cipher? They know it full well
> In Berlin, Vienna, and Paris—
> For its name it is James Howard Harris."

However, my storm blew itself out, and I was back at Overend's in twenty minutes with the bill marked for payment. "Thank thee, friend Thorpe; I knew thee'd soon set it right."

Confidence such as that with people who were known, was not uncommon in those days, but I fear that dealing on a man's word without writing is now almost as extinct as the Dodo, and bargains by telephone not considered worth much without a signature.

Another memory of this time is a quiet Sunday at the Zoo. There was nobody about, and I had a long talk with the then head keeper Coxhead, renowned to all time there for an act of quiet courage and cold blood: it was done some fifty years ago, but will bear re-telling.

They had just taken in a new lion, whose character and disposition were as yet mysteries, likewise his tricks. He was put into a cage, secured, it hardly seems credible to say, by a common ordinary "tower" or door-bolt work-

ing horizontally; and one fine May morning, Coxhead, then a young hand, making his rounds, found the beast had been fidgeting about, shot the bolt back, and walked out through the open door. It could not have been done long, as his Majesty was opposite his own cage and sniffing about uneasily, possibly as much scared at the position as was his keeper; who, however, seized the animal by the mane, and with the help of sundry punches of his knee forced the lion back into its cage, shot the bolt, and then fainted right off, from the force of the reaction.

Presence of mind in such cases is valuable to keepers as well as to the public, and my friend the late M. Huard told me a story of the same kind, of which he knew the truth.

It occurred in Belgium in a travelling menagerie, one cage of which contained, in separate compartments, a tiger and a bear. During the night the owner was aroused by an "Animal Bedlam broke loose," and, getting up to see what it was, found that the tiger had been sharpening his claws on the wooden partition and torn most of it down; only to discover on the other side of it, not freedom, but the bear, who was sitting in a corner swearing ferociously; the tiger meanwhile growling deeply, and all the rest of the

animals expressing their ideas according to their various vocal forms of expression.

The owner at once entered the cage and proceeded to nail up the partition, without interference from either occupant, who continued their mutual abuse. As he feared the tiger more than the bear, he did the work from Bruin's side. The work finished in a rough way, he passed the hammer back through the bars and proceeded to let himself out. But the bear stood up on end and barred the way, doing this three times, till the owner was convinced that he meant mischief and not play. So he called for the hammer back, told the men to be handy in opening the door and shutting it the moment he got out, and then went towards it for a fourth time. Again the beast stood up and barred the way, only to receive a blow on the snout with the full force of the hammer. Up went the paws at once to the injured member, the door opened, the man went out, but the three men had to do all they knew to keep the door shut and the animal in, such was the rush the bear made. Luckily the irons had been heated, and his nose could be touched with them.

The zebra at that time at the Zoo was the one on which Rarey had performed his hanky-panky tricks. The animal got rather tired of it in time, and after allowing his leg to be tied

up, and himself to be thrown down and practised on, got up and listened attentively to the subsequent lecture on him, until the Professor in the course of his demonstration came in a direct line with his tail. Then he threw out his hind legs, launched out too with such force that had his enemy been six inches nearer, the nature and quality of his brains would have been examinable.

The striped one had attained his end: he was nevermore demonstrated on, but pointed out as a brilliant instance of the success of the treatment, on whom no further experiment was necessary.

I occasionally used to fall in with the late Lord Overstone, who got to the City from Carlton Gardens by first riding round the Park, dismounting at Westminster Bridge, and then taking the penny boat to London Bridge, by way of an airing before business. He was bitterly opposed to Joint Stock Banking at its first outset, and, when the London and Westminster Bank commenced its building next door to him in Lothbury, would go on the ground and carefully inspect the way in which they were putting in the foundations. The workmen did not like it, and after a time asked him what he came to look at, receiving the answer: "I want to see that they are put in

soundly, as the place will soon belong to me." The boot, however, was on the other leg, for the London and Westminster swallowed up his premises, instead of being themselves devoured by Jones, Loyd, & Co.

All narrow squeaks are of human interest; here is one of the nastiest I ever had to meet.

I had Indian correspondents to whom I used to forward goods sold them by other people, including a firm in Glasgow now extinct. The parcels were usually small and came at irregular intervals, so I made no provision for insuring them—indeed, they came south by all routes. About this time the Saturday half-holiday was just being commenced; no fixed rule had been adopted, and offices were kept open or closed according to individuals own pleasure. So on one December Saturday I ran down to Brighton and had a pleasant though stormy time, little thinking that £2,000 for which I might possibly be liable was then on board a ship called *The Rapid*, which was "rapidly" sinking down into the "Cross Sand" at Yarmouth. On my return to town on Monday morning I found an advice of the shipment of the amount named, and a telegram from the Glaskie bodies—"Of course you have insured?" Of course I hadn't, knowing nothing of the

goods coming nor how much to insure for. However I might stand myself, the goods were plainly at the risk of the Indian people, who owed me so much that I was practically deeply concerned in a loss of that size. Down I went to Yarmouth on a winter's night to look after the goods on behalf of whomsoever might ultimately have to pay the piper, and luckily went to the wrong hotel; all the other parties, who had planned a little game for my benefit, being at the other. Everything turned on the time this precious letter of advice was delivered at my office, whether before the hour when Lloyds closed or not, though of course I was not bound to be always in to attend to it. The seductive forms in which that information was fished for were most amusing, until it took the form of sending a Solicitor to pump me, which manœuvre wound up in the very rapid withdrawal of that legal gent, so soon as I grasped the intense impudence of the move. There was much bandying about of so heavy a loss, but while the dispute was raging the Indian consignees settled the matter by going bankrupt. How much of my own £5,000 loss by them was due to this Yarmouth business I never cared to work out, still less as to who was the unintentional cause of the mischief.

These questions of casuistry are very seductive. I have known Lord Coleridge, in his

silveriest tones, lay it down that, if a person be asked a question by another person who has not the right to put it, the individual interrogated was held by some people (he was careful to guard himself as not one of the number) to be justified in giving a reply which would put upon the facts the complexion the answerer wished placed upon them, without regard to what neutral persons might consider their truthful or real aspect.

Not many years afterwards I asked an opinion about this liability of a little-known but very eminent man in his way—old Wolff the corn-cutter of Leadenhall Street, who piled up £100,000 in half a century of work wholly given up to chiropody.

He was a kind of Father Confessor in his way, and after Archbishop Thomson's failure to convert him from Judaism to Christianity, stopped by the hint "If your Grace will go on talking I shall cut you," the Lord of Bishopthorpe frequently laid bare his troubles to the old man, calling as he did at 8 a.m., just when the Prelate was thinking of getting up.

The Archbishop opened out to Wolff, as he did to every one else, the great sorrow of his life. It was the injustice and wrong under which he suffered in that, while his brethren of Canterbury, London, Winchester, etc., had town houses, he of York had none, but must

perforce go to an hotel when summoned to town for public duty in Parliament. He considered this as nothing less than a "National Disgrace," and one which he had brought before each successive Prime Minister, but without the wrong being redressed. In fact, a smile had seemed to play upon their faces, and "Thus the Primate of England still had to go to an inn."

Wolff was also a forgotten benefactor to humanity, ascribing his own longevity and excellent health to his giving thirty-five chews to each morsel he took into his mouth, a discovery since attributed to a later marvel of physical strength in old age, in the person of Mr. Gladstone.

Archbishop Thomson was an exceedingly arrogant and overbearing man, and from the accident of his position and his general bounce, unhappily did not often meet with the salutary friction which constrains so many of us to civility. Such, for instance, as befell the late Professor Freeman, the historian, who invariably exhibited his vagaries of rudeness at Society meetings, and as invariably came in for snubs which would have annihilated any man not trebly sheathed in conceit. On one occasion, at a village church near Hereford, he was airing his wrath and denouncing a meek man who had dared to question his statements. While

in one of his most aggravating fits of a temper naturally bad, he was quietly corrected by a gentleman just come in, not over well dressed, and with a wisp round his neck that might once have been a white tie. All he did was merely to point out a tablet giving the history of the matter. On this vials of wrath were poured upon him.

"The peace and order of the Association were habitually destroyed by a set of ignorant interlopers, who must be put down with a strong hand. If that impertinent person did not at once leave the church, he (Freeman) would have him removed."

On this the person left the church, and was duly crowed over. But when the speaker stopped to recover breath, the President took up his parable in a whisper.

"I say, Freeman, the man you have been pitching into is the Rev. Archer Clive, a big Squire close by. He has opened a tumulus for us, and asked us all to lunch. The whole place about belongs to him. Don't you think you had better go and make it up?"

Freeman, with a very bad grace, had of course to do so, as he had done on a former occasion, and under precisely similar circumstances, to Colonel Hambro, in Dorsetshire.

English Land Tenures are of four kinds:

freehold, copyhold, leasehold, and catch-hold, or possession pure and simple, now practically giving legal rights after a term of twelve years; and I was once a party to an amusing incident of this last estate some quarter of a century ago.

A near relative, for whom I used to act, held a piece of freehold ground situated in a high street in a suburb, adjoining which was a strip of ground not built on. A squatter had got hold of a shanty upon it, and also a beer licence, through the medium of which the plot of land became a lay-up for cheap-jacks and vans by day, and the scene of such abominations after dark that the tradesmen about memorialised my friend to enclose it, as he had a right of way over it. He found his tenant quite willing to carry this out; I saw no objection to it, but said that anything that was done must be done in my presence as representing the owner.

Accordingly, on a given Sunday about noon, I went there, and found apparently a riot going on. A fence of board had been run across the front of the plot, and while some men were holding it "stayed up" by poles, others were fixing more permanent supports. Outside the fence, hammering at it and trying to pull it down, were a man and a woman. Outside them again a line of police keeping back a mob looked quietly on. I entered the beleaguered

garrison through another part, with a small boy of mine, who was soon unnerved by the hubbub and began to cry piteously. A few words made me aware of what had happened. The beer-shop and shanty were wrapped in slumber at 8 a.m., when there came a rap at the door. "Bill, Bill, d'ye hear? get up, you're wanted." "Wot the (sanguinary) blazes do you want?" "Why, Bill, it's your hold huncle at 'Omerton; he's took very bad and wants to see yer before he hooks it. He says if yer ain't there he'll alter his will, and he's sent a cab for yer; so if yer don't go, yer'll lose the money." "I'm a-comin', I'm a-comin'"; and off he went to the north-east of London. An hour elapsed; again the door was thumped at. "Sall, Sall, get up, you're wanted." "Who wants me?" "Why, Sall, that there (sanguinary) cab, what they fetched Bill in, the wheel come off, and he's got tipped over and broke his leg, and he wants yer to go to 'im." "How'm I to go?" "He's sent another cab for yer as was standin' close by when it 'appened." "I'm comin', Master"; and off she went for a couple of hours' drive north-west, Chalk Farm way. As soon as both squatters were well off the premises the door was made fast, and men appeared to put up the fence, which had been prepared. Holes were dug for the posts, and the fence had been run across, when a cab drove up at a furious

rate. Bill, when nearing his uncle's house and reckoning up how much was likely to fall to him and what he would do with it when he got it, gasped to see that relative on the pavement, quietly going to chapel, with no trace of any illness about him. The good man's placid walk as he conversed with one of the deacons of Salem Chapel was interrupted by a cab, out of which came the words, "Hie, uncle, huncle Silas I say, hie," uttered by a half-dressed man, unkempt and unshorn, inside whom evidently remained a good portion of last night's drink. The rencontre itself was unpleasant enough, but when the nephew explained the reason for his visit, the uncle found it even more distasteful, and with one of those curious forms of practical swearing by which the "unco guid" blow off the steam, he announced his intention of at once renouncing such a relative and replacing him as residuary legatee by the trustees of Salem Chapel.

Infuriated alike by the cutting off and by the —— sell, as to the whole of which he was as yet in the dark, the beer-seller returned to his home, falling in on his way with the outward bound cab containing his wife, whose story mystified matters even more, though he felt bound to tell her that he had a good mind to knock her (sanguinary) head off for believing such a —— lie. Arrived on the spot, however,

all was clear. Man and woman rushed at the fence, and the scene worked itself up as has been described. There seemed no then present solution to it; but there occurred to me an incident in "The Caxtons" where a similar dilemma was solved by the Squire's son saying "Give them some beer, sir." I looked at my watch, and it was just one; I hinted this to the tenant, who spoke to a very fine fellow hard at work close by.

The man nodded, something passed into his hands, and in two minutes a discreditable scarecrow with torn clothes and black face joined the two outside. "Sall and Bill," it said, "I'm a-going to help yer, and we'll have this 'ere (sanguinary) fence down like a shot; let's go and have a drink afore we smashes them all up." Within twenty minutes the pair came back again, reeling drunk, and found the fence made complete. The tenant asked me if I approved, on behalf of the owner, what had been done, and I merely suggested in reply that, while the squatters must on no account be admitted to their shanty, all their property should be handed over to them, fair value paid for any fittings, etc., and perhaps a little money given them to start with, which I believe was done, and a terrible nuisance abated.

The humours of a Devon village are few,

but when the two leading authorities, the doctor and parson, become demoralised, the natural list towards mischief gets much accented. A case of this kind occurred some years ago. The place I speak of sets up in the minds of most people who have to do with it the mental temper which a Railway Manager holds towards claimants for accidents; such, for instance, as developed itself in the Chief of the South-Eastern Railway when, after an accident at the Borough Market, he received more claims for compensation than there were passengers in the train. Dishonesty, however, prevails in the district, and it is related of a deceased saddler in its market town that, when in the hurry of Newton fair-day his boy forgot to whom he had just sold a saddle, he charged thirteen to as many different customers, and got paid for eleven of them.

The village has one other Semitic inheritance—"Punic faith," at that time much aggravated by the place having long been in bad hands, and the two natural leaders, parson and doctor, both bad specimens. The medical man went in more for drink than drugs, drams than scruples. The Vicar was a lamentable example of everything to be avoided, his curates bibulous and addicted to borrowing. He had directed his grave to be dug at the side of the ancient preaching-cross in the

churchyard; and after he had occupied it, the only position he had ever filled with benefit to the parish, the following epigram was written:—

"Our Vicar, when thinking of leaving the place
Where he'd caused so much mischief and loss,
Directed the sexton: 'When making my grave,
Let me lie at the foot of the cross.'
Such matchless consistence in death and in life
To find in such persons is rare,
For up to the close of his ill-ordered life
He'd gone more on the *cross* than the *square*."

When the Vicar got short-breathed he reserved to himself the prayers, and handed over the lesson-reading to a person whose classical lore was imperfect.

This jarred on sensitive nerves: one could bear the story of the Apostle Paul's shipwreck going on thus, "and the name of the highland was called Mĭleeta," but "thy mother Loys and thy grandmother you-nice" (Eunice) were trials, and the agony piled up when Phĭlĕmon's run-away slave became, not Onēsĭmus, but "Wun Symus." This last ended matters. The people are anything but fanatics in soap, and a somewhat energetic young *locum tenens* of our doctor was brought to a gasp by the inquiry, "Doctor, the baby's been born a fortnight; may we wash her face?"

But the low moral tone of the people round

about was put on record two hundred years ago, by the parson of an adjoining parish, who, utilising the old altar slab, with its five consecration crosses or wounds, to cover his grave, caused to be cut upon it the following epitaph, his name, be it said, being Goswell :—

> " With simple heart, a Trinity of Grace,
> Faith, Hope, and Charity, held here their place.
> Ne'er shall his *body* find a deeper Hell,
> But Angels to his *soul* say, 'All goes well.'"

A simple pun this last, but recording its Pastor's opinion that Torbrian was not at that time the little earthly paradise it looks; in fact, people who have to do with it now sometimes think that the Vicar defunct had a right judgment in this if not in all things.

The present clerk of this parish is a man of simple but determined character. On one occasion, the fact that Special Psalms were appointed for the day had not occurred to him; so when the Rector led off with verse 1 he got no response from the clerk, and as the congregation only numbered five, all told, the silence jarred; but he manfully took up verse 3, the clerk's voice still not responding, but his features displaying a look of puzzlement, while his hand stole up to scratch his head. So verse 5 was read, and then the clerk spake: "I say, Meenister, this bain't in my book." So the Rector had to step down from the

reading-desk, take his clerk's book, and turn up the place, after which all went easily enough.

And this clerk is a man of action, as well as of speech. The strange list towards ritual, which is preparing so much trouble in time to come for the Church, got hold of the Rector to such an extent that he placed candles upon the Communion Table, and lit them, afterwards kneeling down and preparing to commence the Communion Service. The clerk noticed it, arose, went inside the rails, blew out the candles, and walked off with them into the vestry, saying, "Us bain't going to have no Popery in this place while us is here." He locked them up in the vestry (where they have since remained), returning into church and buttoning up his pocket, in which he had placed the key.

A recently departed worthy of the village came into collision with a Manchester doctor living close by on a matter of avoirdupois weight. The deal was for mangel-wurzel, and the price was so much per ton. The first cart-load was dumped down, and the purchaser asked, "How much is there?" "That bee a toon." "Don't look like it; I'll weigh it. Why it's 12 cwt.!" All the subsequent deliveries were on the same basis; and the vendor's opinion of the purchaser had a strong flavour

of the Commination Service about it, and was so expressed.

Short weight, which the late Mr. John Bright, M.P., used to define as one form of competition, is one of the curses of the country; and great was the uproar in another village, many miles off, when an Australian settler had everything he bought weighed upon delivery. The local butcher found it necessary to charge him special and enhanced prices in order to get a profit out of him—at all events, he said so.

Glancing back to the subject of epitaphs, let us include here the two tersest known, each of them on boys who died by mis-adventure.

"Boy
Gun
Joy
Fun

"Gun
Bust
Boy
Dust"

The other is somewhat longer—

"Little boy,
Box o' paints;
Sucked the brush,
Joined the Saints."

There is a stock story on the South-Eastern Railway of a local train once chasing a cow,

with the result that, after two distinct efforts, they could not catch the creature up. I once told this story to a fellow-traveller on the Great Northern Scotch Express. We were coming south from Peterboro, and my companion said "Ah" somewhat absently. Silence resumed her sway for one whole hour, when the other man was suddenly seized with a series of internal convulsions, terminating in hoarse screams of laughter. I was puzzled, but decided it could not be an epileptic fit, for he neither fell down nor foamed at the mouth; paralysis it certainly was not—quite the other way indeed. So I did not communicate with the guard, but waited until the spasms were abated, and then their victim could explain himself. "Maun," he said, "I see about the coo; it was a jock ye were telling me," and then he relapsed. I was curious on one further point only: "Sir, may I ask if you come from Paisley?" "Eh, maun, yer richt, that's whar I kim frae." The whole matter cleared up, and with it the reason why the joke had taken an hour to operate. Paisley is the Gotham of Scotland for general dulness, and it is on record that a boy, apprehended in Edinburgh, steadfastly refused to disclose his place of birth, until, wearied out, he confessed to the policeman, "Weel, if ye maun hae it, I kim frae Paisley, but I canna help it!"

There is a Rector near my Devon place who is a wag in his way, which is dry. I was passing his parsonage in the wet summer of 1889; he came out, and in the local accent which he affects asked, "Well, how be you on the hill? Washed away a'most?" "Pretty nearly so; it makes my wife like the present Secretary for India." He walked into the trap like a tame monkey behind an organ. "What be that?" "Always Cross(e)," said I. "Damn the fellow," said he.

Simple things, however, please the people. One Sunday I went to a church a long way off, and getting over a hedge met with an accident of so slight a nature that I thought nobody would notice it, so I entered, and as luck would have it took my place in front of the school-children. I had my doubts as to whether I ought to stand up, but concluded to chance it, only to induce such a fit of giggling as to bring the Vicar's daughter down upon them. Her presence quieted the children, when an apologist at the back said, distinctly audible in the midst of the second lesson, "He's tored his breeches!" Expulsion at once resulted for that boy.

I once went through Dartmoor Prison under exceptionally favourable circumstances in the company of the son of a high Government

official. He was a capital companion and a fair whist player, but rather cracky upon "Evangelising," and had actually got leave to try his tinkering on the eight hundred human wild-beasts caged up there. It was a strange craze; something like Miss Marsden's going in the dark into a Siberian ostrog, and distributing two hundred New Testaments to the chained murderers whom she could not even see. Nobody at the prison much liked his visit, and the Governor gently hinted that a few weeks before Lord and Lady H. Cholmondeley (he afterwards became Marquis of that ilk) had gone through the walls, and even addressed the convicts in the Chapel, with the result of making them almost ungovernable. The lash had had to be freely used for assaults on warders, and in fact the triangles were ready for use again. But the hint was useless; even when it was added that they had no telegraph to Tavistock and the armed guard was below its usual strength. It was no good: that fatal gift of the gab, which has done such terrible and persistent harm in so many places, must have its innings, even if it involved an outbreak and loss of human life. The debate was closing, when suddenly a drop or two of rain fell on the window. The Governor smiled, summoned the head warder and left us in his charge, and as we started the prison bell rang. We were shown everything we desired to

see, and some things we did not, but in nearly all the wards the men were few; our guide accounting for this that, as rain had suddenly come on, the men had been called in from the fields, and were now in Chapel, into which he could not take us without a special order from the Governor, who, it seems, had driven into Tavistock, and would not be back till night.

It was one of the neatest humbuggings I remember. The Bible had to be pocketed and the discourse unpreached. But our old Hussar guide, who admitted his own fear of an outbreak, struck fresh ground and said to me, "If the men were not in Chapel, I could have shown you our innocent man." "What! an innocent man here? Nonsense!" "We have nearly always one, and have had three at one time." "How soon do you find them out?" "Mostly the day they come in, but I was once three days before I was sure." "Well, but how *do* you find them out?" (Scornfully) "Find them out! why, by the *smell* of them, sir. You don't suppose we live among eight hundred of the greatest villains of this earth without knowing the smell of an honest man!" "Well, granted all that; what do you do then?" "Tell the Deputy Governor, who at once turns up their papers. 'There's another of them, sir, No. 645—come in last night.'" "Yes, and then?" Why, it turns out that these con-

victions are as clear as the day, and as likely as not, if the Judge was one as had a turn for preaching, he'd let them have a sermon on the wickedness of their ways. "But what do you do then—you surely do something?" "Yes, we lets them know as it isn't right, worries 'em to get good marks, and doesn't give 'em bad ones, if we can see our way to looking over 'em. Then we gets 'em a Blue Cap, as soon as we can." This last involves many privileges, and "Hope." But the story is a sad commentary upon the practice of the Criminal Law. A similar case was mentioned in Parliament last year.

The street rowdyism which disgraced the early years of the present reign is inconceivable to a generation like the present, but was a terrible nuisance while it lasted. The first real check given to it was the sentence upon Mr. Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards the second Lord Raglan, to fourteen days' "hard" in Pentonville. At the opening of the Great Exhibition in May '51 he persisted in breaking the rank in which the carriages were marshalled, and laid about the head of a policeman who seized his reins with a four-in-hand whip. The proceeding was common enough in those days, and usually squared by a subsequent sovereign to the man assailed. For some cause or other a

different course was taken, and great was the consternation when the Magistrate refused to inflict a fine. It was the eldest son of the Duke of Wellington's right-hand man who was thus compelled to have his hair cut and pass a fortnight on skilly, but the Court wisely decided not to interfere, and society of the class aimed at had to take its revenge by nicknaming the House of Correction, Cold Bath Fields, Somerset House.

A man who remembers the stupendous change which passed over society during the first twenty years of the present reign, may recall the disappearance of a peculiar but by no means hurtful form of night-house. Such places are enshrined for all time in Thackeray as "The Haunt," and under the changed aspect of manners have become "Clubs," especially in the Press quarter of the town, where such a thing *must* exist. There were then, however, a dozen or more such places, where supper could be had at 4 a.m., and all ordinary liquors. The frequenters were mostly known to each other, and came to be on tolerably intimate terms. The house I used to turn into for oysters or a lobster in the small hours was in a narrow part of the Strand. It was kept by three sisters, thoroughly respectable women in every way, but who were naturally not much shocked at free speech or anecdote, and could send back

a rejoinder to a joke that would have shocked Sunday School teachers. It went by the name of "The Fishery," and admission to the little parlour behind the shop was only obtainable by introduction, and on probation. Thackeray must have been there, as he gives a sketch of a regular *habitué*, Mr. Bellamy—son of a former Head Master of Merchant Taylors, and a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Thackeray's account of him is accurate. He dined at his Club, and with his skin full of port, carried those two bottles inside him to his chambers in the Temple, stopping on his way at "The Fishery" for his top-up in the shape of one, two, or three (he was never allowed more) glasses of brandy and water. He was to be seen in all stages, according to the quality of the wine, the weather, and the number of the tumbler he was on, and also between the two poles of keen, sparkling wit and a quiet stupor in his chair. At last he would make an effort and walk steadily home to his chambers, for, whatever else failed him, his legs did not. But the sodden powers of life were becoming steadily undermined, and one night, after reaching his rooms and accomplishing the feats of unlocking and shutting his door, paralysis seized him, and he lay on the floor through the long dreary winter night till his laundress came in the morning. One of the frequenters was

"Billy Hale," son of the notorious pluralist of those days of whom *Punch* could write, that a Sunday service was held at which the prayers were read by the Archdeacon of Middlesex, sermon by the Master of the Charterhouse, afternoon prayers by a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, sermon by the Chancellor of Peterboro', evening prayers by the Rector of a great City parish, and sermon by a Prebendary of Lichfield, and after this exceptionally hard day's work the one individual who united in himself all these great pieces of preferment had felt pretty considerably done up. His son was a member of the Bar, and held some good appointments in his father's gift. He had a very disgusted look one evening when he turned up. He was forthwith called to account, and asked what he had been doing. "Kissing my sisters," was the reply, evoking from the presiding, or rather waiting sister, "Ah, Billy, my boy, that ain't half as nice as kissing other people's, is it?"

I have known some nights in my life when no one ever thought of going to bed, such as the Queen's Banquet in the City in 1851 and the Peace Rejoicings after the Russian War. After this last I was desirous of some supper at 4 a.m., and on reaching the gate of King's College, on my way to "The Fishery," I heard the voice of Morgan John O'Connell, M.P., intoning at his fullest strength "The Night

before Larry was Stretched." Many years ago Albemarle Street used to re-echo similar songs from the Grafton at a similar hour.

I remember an amusing misplacement at one Derby I attended. I went to it with a party of ordinarily very serious people, to whom the very idea of going imparted that delicious aroma of "wickedness" which adds a furtive joy to so many things: witness the actress who wished it was wicked to eat ices, and the man fond of pork who wished he was a Jew, so that it might taste cheesier, because forbidden. Lord Palmerston, in fact, used to say that everything really good was either too expensive, so that you couldn't afford it, or else it disagreed with you, or else it was wicked.

To go back to the Derby. The carriage got a good place on the hill, but did not quite butt up to the end of that in front of it; so into this gap there squeezed itself a later arrival unmistakably hailing from St. John's Wood, and filled with damsels unexceptionable both as to looks and toilet.

But though everything was to their liking, even as if it had been Laura Bell (I mean the lady in "Pendennis," not the one from whom Thackeray with grim humour took the name), something had gone wrong; the gentleman in charge of the bevy was not to be found. "Long,

long did the ladies sit" and watch for him. We in the next carriage heard, in four different keys, "Where *can* George be gone?" At last a race-glass detected him at a distance, and two of the ladies set off to show him where their carriage was. Captured and brought back exultantly—for the damsels were hungry, and it never would have done to have begun lunch without the founder of the feast, who, for his sins, had asked no other man to join them, and thus take off what ultimately proved to be "a nasty predicament"—the gentleman appeared to be evidently embarrassed; but the feeling soon spread to our carriage, where the lady presiding gave a cough, and said, with an accent of wonder, "Why, it is George Long, I declare" (the name is fictitious). Bit by bit we heard the rest of it. The gentleman in question was an office-bearer of a Wesleyan community in a great Midland town, noted for his enthusiasm in the cause of Foreign Missions and their development through Methodist channels in Bengal; while the lady who was so struck with amazement was daughter and sister of two ex-Presidents of the Conference. "Dear, dear me," said the lady in her distress, "it was only last Thursday he came to me about the urgent necessity for a special Mission to the fishermen at Chutneypore, and to-day he is here with such people as that! I never could have

thought it; he is going out to India next mail. What would his wife say if she knew it?"

The matter, as often happens, worked out its own solution. The looks which, in spite of everything, passed between the two acquaintances, were not unnoticed; and when the champagne had loosened the tongues of the guests, a wild proposal that they should drink the health of his mother-in-law over there, spurred him into having the horses put to, and removing what certainly was not a pleasant proximity for two persons whose last meeting had been so different.

This brings me to an instance where my thirst for scientific information led to my getting personally reviled. A friend who had dined at the pleasant table-d'hôte at the Savile Club took me with him to the Institution of Civil Engineers, where was a lecture on the photophone by Professor Bell, inventor thereof. The lecturer's experiments succeeded well, and then visitors were invited to try it for themselves, by speaking a nursery rhyme into the selenium disk receiver placed below stairs, and to be transmitted by photophone to the auditor on the floor above. My contribution ran thus:—

"There was a Professor Bell,
Who worked a selenium cell,
And in order to stump any
Thieves, he'd a company——"

I had no doubt my message had passed accurately, for whilst cogitating the next jingle the receiver held to my ear brought "Damn the fellow." Bell himself was at the other end.

It is not often in these days that Clubs make history, and yet the "Reform" has made it, and that at the present day and hour. I happened to enter the morning-room when there was evidently a ferment. Six Liberals had voted with the Tories the previous night, and one of them, Mr. Alfred Barnes, then M.P. for Chesterfield, was sitting at the round table in an evidently combative mood. Man after man went up and whispered something to him, and at last Mr. Barnes struck the table with his fist and spoke in his slight burr: "Well, I know I did vote against the Liberal Government last night, and if it cooms again I'll do the saam thing, and you may turn me out for it if you loik."

Nod after nod went round, and man after man went up and whispered to him that if everybody who thought like him was to be turned out the Club would be a wilderness.

It was the commencement of the great Liberal split, the beginning of the Unionist party; and the end is not yet.

The Club, however, has recently experienced

a novel sensation. An old Member who made no pretence of wealth sat down to breakfast at an hotel where he was staying, and as he did not get on with it, the waiter sought to attract his attention, and found he was dead. So far, nothing was out of the common; he died perhaps the death most of us would choose if we had a voice in it.

But his will was the sensation. He left £50,000 to the National Lifeboat Society, to establish twenty-five lifeboats which should bear his name and be numbered "James Stephens 1 to 25." He left £20,000 to another maritime charity, and then £2,000 apiece to five Members of the Club, of whom I grieve to say I was not one. This does not diminish my regret that these legacies are deferred and come behind the others specified above; can even be postponed for seven years if needful; and as some £80,000 will be required for the preferred legacies and the death duties thereon, and as some £20,000 more of the property is said to be in Australian bank deposits, the fortunate legatees will have to exercise both patience and fortitude, perhaps philosophy too.

But the fact is worth recording, as tending to promote courtesy and social amenity in this and all other Clubs: the thought "He may perhaps leave me something" itself induces civility. Had that social virtue been more

practised in our Club the late Mr. O Reily Dease, also Member there, might not have been driven to the terrible necessity of leaving his £70,000 to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the reduction of the National Debt, to the entire exclusion of any of his fellow-Members. It is true he had done no more for his own relations; perhaps they had been no civiller.

The first Marquis of Westminster, who figures on the walls of the Reform Club in the dress of a Knight of the Garter, and looks horribly disgusted at the expensive fal-de-lals in which they have got him up, had many queer economies.

His coachman's disgust when he asked for a new great-coat, and received a second-hand one bought in Monmouth Street by the coroneted head of a Norman house, was delicious.

The story of his buying a penny saveloy for lunch, taking it home, having it served up on ancestral plate, eating half, and ordering the butler to keep the other till he came next up to town, has been told elsewhere.

On one occasion his surveyor, now dead, received a call from his own father, likewise a surveyor. This father of his was afterwards to meet a terrible end, by stepping off the portico of Stafford House, two storeys high. He was directing some work upon it, and, forgetting where he was, stepped backward off the

parapet. He alighted on his feet, apparently unhurt, but the internal injuries were so great that he died after two days.

On this occasion father and son were crossing the lawn at Motcomb when one of the Ladies Grosvenor came to them: "Oh, Mr. Fish! is that your father? Would he like a piece of cake and a glass of wine?"

General Booth, Canon Wilberforce, or even the great Sir Wilfred himself, might be forgiven for accepting such a thing from the ducal daughter of a Norman house. At all events the old gentleman did, finding it hard to suppress a grimace when he got it, for it was *ginger*.

Other Lords are known by their disregard of their dress. I remember a Peer's then architect telling me twenty years ago that he was walking along St. James' Street with his head down, when he saw a pair of trousers. "Dear me! those trousers are as bad as the Duke of Sutherland's." He looked up; it was his Grace himself! In fact his general get-up made him undistinguishable among a crowd of bargees on a Lynn Canal—and he acted as engine-driver frequently without change of attire either on getting on or coming off.

The first Lord Brougham was similarly recognisable by his worn-out pantaloons of shepherd's plaid.

CHAPTER IV.

The public man who wrote the "Little Book" about the Church, and what came to him in life—"Which of us is it?"—Pious Peer and Derby sweep—Ruined by a thunderclap: (1) *The youngster just come into his kingdom,* (2) *The bidder at auction,* (3) *The lady and her Tinto's—The Judge on the Mill, and what was said to him thereon—The little omnibus take-in—Temple Church become a hospital—The Reform Club and its hustler—Mossing trees out of existence—Dispiriting Public Spirit—"Suppose your servants all go at once?"—Mr. Justice Mathew upon "rights of way," and the man who acted on his advice—Legal slips, and who pays for them—Maoris and a little game at cards—"Here's a penny for you"—A long epigram—Why the great orator takes such a lot of snuff—What saying "nothing" may bring about—Suppose George III. had married the mother of the Napiers—Bank of England Managers and Australian ditto, are they looked after on the same principles?—The winking cat which fetched £50—The Man in the Moon eclipsed—The man who really did refuse £500 for his vote, and held out too long—The great surgeon and his £1,000 fee—The largest medical fee ever given—The perils of operating on a king—Bygone medical sources of income.*

IT is rare that a sermon in the Temple Church causes amusement, still less that it should be matter for discussion after, but one pulpit exercise of this nature formed an exception. It was preached by a high dignitary

in the Church, and as his manner was dry and harsh, and the pronunciation distinctly Northumbrian, the question of beating an immediate retreat came practically forward. The text was given in a rough patois. "Hāāst thou killed, and tāākken pōssession?" was also an unfavourable opening. But the first few sentences were evidently written with care, and pointed and counterpointed as carefully almost as the strophe and antistrophe of the Book of Comparisons—otherwise Proverbs—and this work of immense labour was kept up to the end. The discourse was really analogical to politics; and this once realised, interest was aroused, and rippling smiles broke out on faces made up, as usual, for refreshing slumber. It was the old, old story of Naboth's vineyard, but how that was to be got into the sphere of current strife seemed a puzzle. But got in it was, boots and all; and the scheme of the composition led up to an epilogue brought in suddenly and with great art. This is a summary of how it was brought up to that point, where for many of us, a hearty laugh had to be severely choked down. Ahab was supposed to soliloquise on the occasion of his entering upon property escheated for the public use, as a result of the death of its late owner, by the operation of Hebrew law.

"The Toun has long wanted a Public Pairk,

wheech in the speerit of the praisent time is imperrateevely demanded, and canna be logner denied to the intelligent woorking man of the Ceety. A spāāce for health and recreation for himself, his several waives, and their familees could no longer be withheld from him by the paternal ōthoritees of the plāāce. There was none so suitable as this, it being central to the haill toun and absolutely joining my palace ground. It had long been judged necessāīry for the public weal, but there was one ōōld lōng-standing ōbstacle in the vara ōbjectionable form of vāīsted interest, or rather something even more reedeeculous—the refusal to pāīrt with it because it had belōnged to an āncestor, as though such a conseederation could be allowed, in these dayes of prōgress, to interfere with a great local improvement. As he was vara stupid about it, the airm of the law had to be invoaked to eleemenate him; and my wife (it was nōt me) managed that vāry neatly. Perhaps it might not have been worked out in an exāctly regular waay, and he decidedly did nōt desairve to be stoaned for that; but, as my wife pointed out, if he did not desairve to be stoaned on the People's Pairk question, there can be no manner of doot but that in the course of his life he had done plenty of other things for which he did desairve it. So I'll just walk round the plāce and think what I

shall say when I formally open it, and they māk me the praisent o' an address and a silver key."

Then came a fine passage describing the sudden advent and springforward of the Bedawee prophet—"Hāast thou killed, and tāākken possession?"—and his decidedly uncomfortable forecast of what was in store for the Royal family in the near future.

The preacher, like his Scotch fellow-minister at the Cumbraes in the matter of the puir deil, tried to lament over Ahab's fall. "There was a time when he was a good young man, eager in the persuit of all that was richt and guid and sanctified by āge," until his unhappy union with Jezebel, whose name possibly meant in its first form "The Strength of Baal," but was certainly applied in the Apocalypse to the Bishopess of Thyatira, and will be ever with us under its pretty modern form of "Isabel" (this last clause, by the way, was not in the sermon). The wail, however, over Ahab went on: "It may well be that trāces of his devōtion for the wōrship of the Gōd of Israēl took even more tāngible forms, and that, if we could only regain āccess to the leeterature of the periōd, we might find in its bibliōgraphy that, in the impulse of generous early manhood, he had written a *little buik* upholding the ēēntegrety of thāt great National Church which, in his worse

and later years, he seestematically set himself the noo to degrāād and destroy."

Here a palpable choke was heard, and the preacher paused a moment, as if a new thought had occurred, whereon the discourse rounded off abruptly towards an end.

Blathers, Q.C., was once addressing a jury, when one of the jurors posed him with an awkward question. He turned round to his junior: "I want to turn their minds off that point. Tell me something to say, quick."

"Tell them I'm a damned fool."

"My dear fellow, they've seen that long since. That won't throw their minds out of gear."

"Well, then tell them you're a damned fool."

"That won't do either, because they're sure to be unanimous the other way."

An ancient and pious Peer, not long deceased, and most punctual and careful in the economy and government of his house, once received a sudden shock in both of these easily affected nervous centres. Accidentally going into his daughters' sitting-room, he found open upon the table a prospectus of "A Derby Sweep," managed by that eminent milliner, Madame Silvine, of Viceroy Crescent, W. It

not only announced that that most estimable lady (whose name and address in these pages are fictitious) received the names of ladies who wished to subscribe, but also, in her, Madame Silvine's opinion, that "Liver-and-lights-come-up" would be found to be in the nature of a multiplying machine to those who invested a little money on him at the then current price of twenty-five to one, which formula, the ladies were further informed, consisted in putting down four sovereigns and receiving a bank-note for £100.

This shocked the good man the more as a similar document, though not from a milliner, had recently been discovered to have effected the financial ruin of an elderly, but up to then estimable, Missionary, who had lately come home first-class passenger on furlough from China. So when the young ladies were hunted up, and pertinacious denials of all knowledge of the document was all his Lordship could get out of them, the Peer went off to have the matter out, anything but quietly, with the offending modiste. Arrived there, he was at once shown to the lady—a large-patterned foreigner, with an undersized husband, evidently of the Jewish persuasion.

"Woman, what do you mean by sending your infamous gambling circulars to my innocent and pure-minded daughters? Ladies

whom I have shielded from every idea of a vice hateful in all, but eminently so in women!"

The Peer in question was not speaking without knowledge of the subject himself, having had in his early days as a guardsman much familiarity with the gambling-tables kept by some of the king's mistresses and other ladies of title. In spite of this, however, the storm continued, and Monsieur Silvine, fearing lest the two combatants might collide, prudently withdrew his small person. But in his wrath his Lordship had said, "I will expose you as a cheat and swindler." On this the other disputant, who had kept her gifts of speech in discreet reserve, lost both temper and the power of silence.

"Me sheet? me swindlare? it ish your dochters who are de sheets, de swindlares; dey come, buy things, never pay, my only shance of any ready money is de sweep; dey pawn de jewellery I send dem; if dey win in de sweep I keep de money."

"Woman, you lie; my daughters have their allowance of £150 each for dress, which they never exceed, they have assured me so just now."

"Not exchede? Chust you look in my book. Your ladies owe me £3,000, and they say you so mean you never give them any money at all."

Horror-struck, the Peer withdrew before the fire of polyglot vituperation he had raised up, and when there popped up remembrances of sundry new dresses he had occasionally seen, with mental perturbation as to how they had been come by, likewise of loud jewellery somewhat ill-suited to the repose which marks the caste of "Vere-de-Vere," he determined to sleep on it before entering on the domestic inquisition now unavoidable. The morning brought more misgivings, and also Madame Silvine's bill, as long as a builder-financing Solicitor's. The matter had to be faced, and a heavy cheque sent to the milliner; while as to the jewellery, carefully "planted" by a traveller introduced by the ladies' maid, and subsequently pawned by the same intermediary, the cost was even heavier, as the aristocratic damsels had committed a criminal offence.

Ruin, in the great majority of instances, is a slow, dragging process, arising chiefly in the great catastrophes which, like the Baring crash, are world-wide in their calamity. It springs originally from the fear of looking some little present loss in the face, neglecting the wholesome precept often on the lips of the great Nathan Meyer de Rothschild, "Cut a loss and let a profit run." The desire to recover a loss of £3,000 in a French canal scheme, and the

drain consequent on carrying it out, brought down the old banking house of Strahan & Paul. The same cause has brought about the downfall of any quantity of others, which did not however, like theirs, lead through the dock of the Old Bailey to Portland Prison.

But it is not often that one false step destroys everything in a moment, and lands the sufferer in instant poverty. I remember two instances, one of a Member of the Bar to whom his father, an old Calcutta tradesman, had left £20,000, which his trustees had, during his minority, increased to £26,000. The man came of age in April 1866, and the money was transferred to him. Within one month the whole was lost, and a liability of £300,000 took its place. The young fellow had put it all into shares of financial corporations, which had melted away like snow before a hot sun after that fatal Black Friday.

Another case was that of a tradesman in a large provincial town. It was the beginning of the Sugar Grind, when the effect of the German Bounty upon beetroot was distracting Mauritius and the West Indies by the fall in prices. It had caused a local sugar refinery to close its doors, and its premises were put up at auction. Now no person on earth is so buoyant as a newly made bankrupt, and all parties concerned were full of schemes for re-construc-

tion. Hence, when the property was put up, visions of making a big profit rose before the mind of Mr. Pike (name fictitious, as usual), and when the biddings slackened—£8,700, once, twice, and for the last time—"£50," said the plunger, and his it was. He had not money enough even to pay the 10 per cent. deposit, and prayed piteously to be let off his flutter, but the last few bids had been bogus ones from the auctioneer's own tools. Moreover, the sale was under the Court, to which he was duly returned as purchaser. All he had in the world did that same Court exact towards payment for the property—ultimately sacrificed for £5,000, all buyers fighting shy of so hot a potato. In fact they looked as "down" over making a bid as a Devon acquaintance of mine has subsequently come to do. He was determined that a man whom he hated should not get lot 5 too cheap, so topped his bid. After it was knocked down he explained to the auctioneer that he thought he was bidding for lot 5 and lot 6 together, but the auctioneer was up to these little local tricks.

And an even harder case occurs to me. A lady had a tenant who died suddenly; she befriended the family, and found the son a clerkship in London, becoming security for him. He occasionally wrote to his benefactress, and, amongst other news, detailed the story of the Copper Ring, of the large gains made by

purchasers of Rio Tinto shares. The poor lady was bitten by the craze, and through her broker bought some shares; they went up, more were bought, and the gains were so large that there must be a little trip to town, to enjoy the operation to the full. It was a sad journey, for the shares fell as soon as she had started. Shall I not sell, and save some little profit? No, rather buy more. In a week's time the whole block, in default of her finding cover, was closed at 12. The differences could just be satisfied by a mortgage on a fine little freehold estate, and the Solicitor's bill for £350 for effecting same had to be satisfied by a bill of sale on the furniture. Since then the mortgagees have taken possession.

One of the most able and conscientious Judges then on the Bench found himself one day, many years ago, at Barchester, as Judge of Assize there. He went through the prison, and found himself at last opposite the treadmill, in full work. The rough, but not unpleasant voice, which it seems hard to remember, when at the Bar, was wont to pour out streams of witticisms, said, "I should like to try what that is like"; and when the round came to an end the representative of Her Majesty mounted the step, laid hold of the rail, and said gruffly, "Go on." Before it

started he gave a glance at his next neighbour, whom he recognised as a Mr. William Sykes to whom he had on the previous day awarded "eighteen months' hard" for his possession of implements maliciously sworn to as available on occasion for house-breaking.

The recognition was mutual, though both parties had yesterday worn different clothing: one had then worn scarlet and ermine; the other had been dressed in corduroys, but now wore the Queen's grey, with broad arrows stamped on it. Both touched, and each shrank from the contact. Both spoke, contrary to the strict law of silence laid on all treadmill men. Mr. Sykes said, "Golly"; the Judge said, "Stop! let me get off." But it was too late; the wheel had started, and the legs of Judge and convict obeyed the common law of necessity, and tramped—at first in silence, but after three rounds the Judge shouted out, "Stop! let me get off." The bystanders, however, looked helplessly on, without stretching out a hand or even moving a muscle—except of the mouth, when the fun of it began to dawn upon them. The machine went on for twenty minutes at a stretch, and could not be stopped. Bit by bit the judicial legs wearied and gave way; not so, however, Mr. Sykes' practised limbs, which soon buckled to the well-remembered tramp, and took it in the

easy form which comes from long habit. At last the ermined one began to groan aloud, and then came consolation not of a comforting kind from his neighbour.

"'Opes yer like it, you (sanguinary) old beggar, what guv me two years' stretch—'opes yer like it! Wishes *yer* had two year hard; but, golly! who'd ever thought yer such a blazing fool as to 'a' come on it o' yer own accord! Yer might have had the whole mill to yerself, and welcome, for me."

After twenty minutes the turn came to an end, and the Judge retired to his lodgings, but took no more exercise that day.

This same Judge was once residing with his wife in a boarding-house in a small Sussex watering-place, where no one knew him except my informant, who, as a Barrister, was more than ever bound to respect his privacy. The company was mixed, the weather bad, and the (unknown) dignitary unbent and took part in the general conversation. Hence he was able to hear some curious unfolding of tricks upon travellers let out by a Yankee rolling-stone who was lying low in these parts. Card stratagems were of course lost upon him, but one little omnibus take-in greatly amused the judicial mind. It required several factors in order to come off well: thus a person at the farther end must want change for half-a-crown, and

pass it down to the conductor; the operator must be close to the door, hand over the money, receive the change, pass up fivepence and the ticket, retain the florin, stop the 'bus, and get clear off before explanations could be made. But the Amŭrican declared he could make ten shillings a day at it. The Judge pondered what he should do with him when they next came together at the opposite ends of a criminal court.

At one time, the preachers in the Temple Church were of mixed qualities. There was a Bishop who illustrated the fourth commandment by coming down in his landau and pair; there was an Archdeacon who preached fifty minutes, and upset everybody's trains; there was another dignitary whose voice was an unhappy mixture of snarl, squeak, and roar; and another Prelate whose very name called up an automatically consequential epithet, much in the mouths since then of the Licensed Victuallers' Alliance, "*Trop de Gêne*,"—so that some of those who remained did so to scoff, and not to pray. Under these circumstances people tried to get out, but were severely repelled by the porter at the door. A lady argued it out with him:—

Lady. I want to go out, please.

Porter. You can't. Look at that board.

Lady. The church is neither a prison nor a hospital; besides, I feel unwell.

Porter. Then, Mum, it is certainly a hospital.

The Inner Temple people, who control the great door, are now, however, more sweetly reasonable.

A short time ago the Reform Club enjoyed the personal attentions of a "Hustler," who practised near it with considerable skill, relieving several Members as they came out of sums up to two pounds or more, but not disdaining the lowly half-sovereign. The operation which extracted that sum from my pocket was short and simple. It was a Saturday afternoon, and I was going eastward along Pall Mall from the Club, when a seedily dressed man, who had evidently once been a gentleman, accosted me and insisted on shaking hands. He said, "Going to the Club?" "No, just come from there. You going in?" "Not now. The fact is I have a few things to get and am ten shillings short, and don't want to go home for it. Could you lend it to me?" and with this he pulled out some gold, or what looked like it. This of course disarmed suspicion. I produced the coin, and said, "Leave it with the hall porter. By the way, what's your name?" He hesitated, and then said,

"Palmer." This settled it, and in the words of an old parody of "She wore a wreath of roses,"

> "I saw it for a moment—
> How I wish I saw it now!—
> As he buttoned up his pockets
> With a condescending bow."

The best things are easiest turned round. One version of this sweetly pretty ballad was "He wore a coat of Moses!"

The other day I met a friend who had sustained a tremendous upset of fortune without fault of his own. He had held a good appointment in Ceylon, had saved money there, and was on the point of getting it home—a feat safely accomplished by very few whom I have known. At the last moment he was fetched by the idea of Cinchona Planting near Newera Elliya, the Central Sanatorium. The trees grew splendidly, and soon ran to bark—the first returns showing a splendid percentage of alkaloid. Everything looked rosy, especially when he got a bid of £10,000 for the estate with all its liabilities—probably £7,000 clear. It was declined—"If it is worth that to Tomkinson it is worth that to me"—but before the year was out there had appeared on the branches a species of Spanish moss, common enough in the jungle, and apparently only too anxious to get out of it; for it quickly seized

upon the Cinchona, and in another two years the trees, wholly smothered, had given up the ghost.

Our Benchers some years ago were called upon to exercise their powers of refusing to call a student to the Bar, at very short notice. Two days before the ceremony they received a letter from a Barrister of the Inn, laying certain facts before them which bore strongly on the fitness of one of the candidates—who had passed all the exams., paid the fees, and was apparently quite in order. The complainant was called upon to prove his case, the Bench sitting four or five hours hearing it, and the rebutting evidence adduced—the matter finally standing adjourned till the following day, when they kept us waiting for dinner a whole hour. Eventually they declined the "call," and the student appealed to the Judges, under the idea that they had jurisdiction over calls to the Bar, as well as over removals by disbarral. This, however, proved not to be the case; the Benchers' exercise of discretion in the matter was upheld, and the public spirit of the objecting Barrister duly commended, though the Bench declined to recoup him any of the considerable outlay to which he had been put—a check to public spirit for the future.

There was a country Rector whose family was not a very happy one, owing to the prying

propensities of its head, whose great delight was to frequent the kitchen and offices, insomuch that he found it difficult to keep servants at all, and indeed got his name on the Black List, which last brought about a little *coup de théâtre* at the rectory. The dinner was an early one, and as soon as it was over the servants, headed by the footman and cook, proceeded to the Rector's study and asked for their wages, as they were all about to leave, and a cart had come for their boxes; there it was at the back door. Expostulation from the sister-housekeeper, and swearing from the Rector himself, were equally useless; but the ecclesiastic lost his head in the row and actually paid the wages, in place of referring the claimants to the County Court and setting up a cross claim for damages for leaving without notice, which would have turned the tables.

The clergy have sometimes good memories for what nearly concerns themselves. Witness the case of that Ruridecanal Meeting, some forty strong, where a text in the Bible was referred to, which it was desired to verify. Each reverend gent put his hand in his pocket as if to produce The Book, but no Bibles were to be found, and each hand brought out a corkscrew instead.

Here a mild Hindoo cut in with "I've heard that in Burmah."

Rights of way are ticklish things at all times, especially after Mr. Justice Mathew's comment on them. He was one day trying a case of this nature, wherein the plaintiff relied on his having put up a board with the inscription "Private Road" as an important support to his case. Whereupon that exceptionally strong Judge broke in, "What's the good of that! Whenever I see 'Private Road' stuck up I know it is a short and easy cut, and go down it. Why did you not build a wall across it?" *Obiter dicta* are very often open to animadversion, and especially the obvious one that, if the Judge's ruling were taken, the owner would be cutting off his nose to spite his face, and depriving himself of the use of it. But its full defects are not seen till we narrate a case where this was done, and also what came of it.

Many years ago a Monmouthshire Squire, now deceased, tried to stop a road through his land which saved foot-passengers a quarter of a mile. He first put up a board "No Road this Way," which drew a lot of people to go through it who otherwise would not have known of the short cut. Then the gate was locked, and forthwith broken down. It was re-erected and spikes put on the top; they were forthwith knocked off. Then tar was put on, which resulted in the gate, tar and all, being burnt. Then the owner anticipated Mr. Justice

Mathew's advice to build a wall across it, tarring it liberally on top and sides. This was blown up by dynamite, with a liberal smashing of glass in the Manor House windows from the concussion. Eventually a sporting Solicitor was found, a subscription set on foot, twenty years' user by the public without let or hindrance established, and the amount of the costs made it necessary for the Squire to go abroad for a couple of years.

An interesting book, and not a small one either, might be written upon the slips of the law. Here is a case from the Law Reports. It was to set aside the sale of a property sold by order of the Court and upon conditions framed by one of its Conveyancing Counsel. It turned out that that gentleman, though handsomely fee'd to do so, had not read through the whole will, and that the bequest which he had taken as of the freehold was only an estate for the life of a man who was dead. The purchaser had paid his money, and lost every farthing of it.

Another and more ludicrous instance occurs in the Registration Act (52 George III., chap. 156), which carefully provides for the division of the penalties to be recovered under it in equal moieties between the informer and certain specified charities; the only penalty under the Act being fourteen years' transportation.

And the Chancery Division text-books find it necessary to set it out what course to adopt when the money has been paid by the Court to the wrong person, and how the butter is to be equitably got out of the Black Dog's throat.

The son of a Peer, an utterly worthless and idle spendthrift, was sent out to a large New Zealand sheep-farmer to be got out of the way. Beyond continual drunkenness, he had not much opportunity for going astray, till there came a day on which his host had to pay to the Maori owners, rent for their land occupied by him. The amount was considerable, some £700, and payment was made in cash or notes. The distinguished aristocrat turned up at the spot in the evening of that pay-day, just when the Chiefs were sitting down to cards. He managed to rook them out of the whole of the money just then paid them, and, turning up at the station next day, told the matter as a good joke. He was somewhat startled by being told at once to leave the place, for the farmer's sake as well as for his own, as he would certainly be shot at the earliest opportunity, and the station burnt over their heads if he were found upon it.

There came one night to our Mess a man who bore all things meekly and orderly, till a Devonshire man, who had come up to add to

his local importance as a J.P. by taking the Bar degree, let fall the name of "Dartmoor," which acted upon the silent one almost as a mild earthquake shock. For his utterances as to "the cold, miserable, howling wilderness" were of the strongest kind, and it took some little time to calm him down and ascertain why this was thus. It seemed that he had gone down with the Inns of Court Volunteers to some autumn manœuvres performed there in 1872, and never repeated since. In fact, they never were carried out then, as the weather set in for its very worst, and even parades became impossible much less marches-out and tactical evolutions. The men were cooped up in their tents, having to camp down on the damp ground, while cooking, owing to the wet, was impossible, even if there had been anything to cook. In fact, a friend of mine used to have cutlets dressed at his home in London and sent down as letters, there being no Parcels Post at that time. When the dreary fortnight was over the men were perfectly ravenous, and another friend, also there, who came to visit me in what was left of his uniform, had an amusing adventure. As his baggage had been sent to my house he had no alternative but to come there in regimentals, saturated with Dartmoor mud, making him such a scarecrow that a native of my village mistook his inquiry for my place as

begging, and absolutely gave him a penny. His state must have been indeed deplorable to bring about such a result in a village where "us never gives nothing to nobody."

May a Latin epigram come in here?

"*On a very tall Barrister, Mr. Long.*

"Longe longorum longissime Longe virorum,
Dic mihi te quæso num Breve quicquid habes?

May it be translated thus?—

"Longest of Longs, ere long may come relief,
And to long longings come along a Brief."

Of this most trenchant form of satire our Mess dinners and the Bar generally are innocent. Epigram seems to be a lost science, and yet it is the most telling form of sarcasm known. On the principle of "hitting a man who can't hit you back," it is especially valuable for taking a rise out of the clergy, who are to a man incapable of answering it. Sometimes, too, it works for good, as when a graduate of King's College, London, lost touch of his Latin quantities, if he ever had any, in reading the Lessons, and was brought to his bearings by the common halfpenny postcard thuswise:—

"It's bad enough to hear him preach,
Drone prayers, and lessons gabble on;
But it's enough to make one screech
When he calls Zebulun 'Zabbylon.'"

Our nearest approach to the epigram is some such statement, as that one of the greatest orators now at the Bar, takes snuff as copiously as he does in order to sneeze off the phlegm accumulated at the base of the brain by his impetuosity (in other words, temper). And then comes the comment, "Well, no wonder he has to take such a lot of it; and after all the effect is not realised."

The might-have-beens of history form one of its most charming studies. Consider, for instance, how changed things would have been had George III. married anybody but Charlotte of Mecklenburg?—that is, if he did really marry her, with the Quakeress Hannah Lightfoot, his admittedly previous-married wife, still alive at Clapton Road, where she was to live quietly for many years to come. When her death did happen, however, the Queen made things safe for the future by compelling him to go through the marriage ceremony again, thus saving the legitimacy of at least the Duke of Cumberland and all who came after him. George III. did not mind the bigamy, and had previously tried for a second English wife, the Royal Marriage Act not then existing. The dull young man was deeply smitten with the beauty of Lady Sarah Lennox—in whom were reproduced the fascina-

tions of her maternal grandmother, Louise de Querouille, ancestress of three English ducal families, all handsomely provided for at the public expense. As the young King rode by the grounds of Holland Park, Lady Sarah, in a Watteau-Shepherdess dress, was making hay in the grounds. So brilliant a vision, in what Sir Walter Scott calls "the air of deep seclusion which is spread round the domain," enhanced by the natural skill of a born actress of the first rank, fetched the monarch; and, disregarding his lady-mother and her favourite, Lord Bute, he made the damsel an offer of marriage—first through her cousin, and then personally at a Court Ball, in a bow-window. But the lady had not the courage to catch at such a splendid offer, and her intriguing relatives, the Foxes, were not on the spot. When the King asked her what she thought of his message, as his happiness depended upon it, she only said, "Nothing, Sir." "Nothing comes of nothing," said the King, turning away in manifest vexation. Now George III. was never angry without something coming of it, and though he manifested great interest when subsequently she met with an accident, he took his revenge by naming her as a bridesmaid on his marriage. Matters here, however, righted themselves, and Lady Sarah shone as "chief angel," so Walpole says; completely

eclipsing the very plain bride, the bloom of whose ugliness was not to fade for many years to come.

In 1781, or twenty years later, her loveliness was even then admired by that eminent judge of female beauty, George, afterwards Prince Regent. In due time she married, and became the mother of illustrious heroes. Twice on the evening of a victory did Lord Wellington snatch a moment to let her know that her two Napiers had been gloriously wounded; within a few hours of the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, the second of her three sons wrote with his left hand to tell her he had lost his right arm at the head of the breach when leading the forlorn hope.

Her two elder sisters had also sons of mark, in the persons of Charles James Fox and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, leader of the Irish Rebellion; but the names of Lady Sarah Napier's sons must ever live in the records of the British army.

Try to work out how things might have run in the history of the world if the lady had said "Yes" in the place of "Nothing." Firstly, the Fox interest having a friend in the King's closet, there might have been no American Revolution. The horrors of the French one would have been mitigated if there had been no coalition of kings to irritate and inflame it;

there would have been no Napoleons, no large National Debt, but continents like Australia filled up generations before our time—the prospect is overpowering from the people's point of view. But look what a change there would have been in the personality of the Royal family itself. Imagine gorgeous George the Dandy replaced by tough old Charlie Napier, with his cake of soap and two towels for his sole outfit in the campaign. Imagine on the steps of the throne, the historian of the Peninsular War, so handsome that an officer who saw him left for dead under a tree at Casale Noval thought him the handsomest man he had ever dreamed of. Even in extreme old age he was the most distinguished-looking man whom the writer saw at the Duke of Wellington's funeral in 1852; and yet one of the gentlest, too. When his wife was dying he caused himself, with a life before him of but one week, to be carried into her room. Fancy such a man filling the place of the Duke of York, Patron of Mrs. Clarke, Vendor of Commissions in a British Army, of a considerable part of which he had brought about the shameful and disgraceful surrender!

There are not many wealthy men at our Mess table, but the Australian bank failures met with some comment, and from the incident

noted below it would seem as if the local Bank Managers out there were not much better looked after than the Chief Cashier of the Bank of England by the Directors of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

There was an Inspector of Branches of a Bank of Woolloomoolloo who had been absent from his post in the performance of his duties as a member of the Australian Cricket Team visiting this country. When he got back he wanted change of air and scene, and so proceeded to look up some of the hundred and fifty branches which he had to supervise. So he took the train for, let us say, Duxville. Arrived there, he sought the bank, and was told that the Manager had a garden-party on; would he mind stepping round and seeing him on the ground? He found him just commencing a fresh set of tennis, and, after warm greetings, was asked if he would join them? but business being pleaded the local man asked him to stay until the set was finished, which he won in splendid form. He then, still in his whites, after seeing his guests off, took the visitor to the bank, and coolly said: "Here are the keys. You will find everything right except my cash; it is £3,000 short. You have never been near me for four years, and I began to think it would be all gone before you turned up. Only please make no noise

about it here; let me send my wife and family off to Sydney. We can pass the evening together; you can sleep in the same room with me if you like, and I will go with you to the station in the morning." All which programme was duly carried out, and the Manager is now placidly doing his five years.

So quickly have things changed since the passing of the Corrupt Practices Act, that it seems hard to believe that, until some dozen years ago, votes were more or less openly sold. It is my fortune to live not far from two towns, both sufficiently infamous in regard to venality, and we may record a few incidents of the two last elections, which fairly tired out public patience, and compelled their disfranchisement. I personally knew three actors on the occasion.

One was the celebrated Cat, which could wink independently with both eyes; for this prodigy of nature, outwardly yellow and with a suspicion of mange about it, £50 was paid in bank-notes at 3.30 on the polling day, which then closed at 4 p.m. The purchaser, however, never came to take him away, and he remained in the vendor's possession.

The second was the celebrated Man in the Moon, whose face no voter ever saw, as he was required to turn his back on entering a certain room in a modest public-house, and go

a-tail till something stopped him. He then put his hand behind him, and in it was placed the previously agreed sum. £4,000 was got rid of in this way. And the Man in the Moon had to go on a visit to America till the parliamentary inquiry was over. Then he came back and lived quietly some distance off, occasionally revisiting Totnes; for, as my informant said, "he hadn't got no need to do no work now."

The third was an Influential Tradesman in the town, now deceased, and his story about the election is unique in the whole affair, because, as the Commissioner found out, it was the only incident of the kind in the investigation really and unmistakably, nay verbally, true. The old man stuck out to the last that Totnes was unfairly punished, and went on to say thus: "Why, sir, I had them come to me and offer £500 for my vote just before the poll closed, and I refused it." He really had been offered the bank-notes at 3.30, had refused them, and his vote was never polled. Mr. Hume, the Clerk of the Commissioner, Sir Thomas Chambers, cleared up the mystery. "You see, sir, both sides had already polled all their men, or next to it, and there were six of them as held out and wanted £300 apiece. Now, if the old man in Fore Street could be got to vote, five of the chapel people would

follow him for a £10 note, so in this way they cost £550 in place of £1,800. The old boy knew what they were at, and sprung his price to £700. Just as they was on the point of giving it him, in comes a man to whisper that the original six had got to hear of the little game, and how they was to be left out of it; so they gets in a funk, because the old man had been too many for them once afore, and they absolutely takes a £100 apiece. As soon as they was paid and polled, they didn't want the old man in Fore Street, so they sent word round just in time. He nearly had a fit over it when four o'clock struck and they hadn't come back to fetch him."

There are still people in Totnes who talk with regret of the brave days of old, and the portrait of the candidate whose return cost him some £17,000 still hangs up in many of the parlours inside the shop.

In the day when it was understood that the preservation of human life, the alleviation of human suffering, warranted experiments, strictly for the relief of human pain, upon animals lower in the scale of existence, a great surgeon would not infrequently practise in advance upon one of his dogs. This was especially the case with the once famous Sir Astley Cooper, of whom it is recorded that, previous to his

great operation of tying the aorta, he repeatedly ligatured the principal arteries of the pointers which he kept for sporting purposes at Hemel Hempstead. The result was curious: the animals were perfectly willing to "point" or do any other part of canine duty except go near their master, any approach to whom was carefully shunned.

Stories of this great surgeon have died out, even from the place of his glory, Guy's Hospital, and it is only from members of it who succeeded to the generation which knew him that some flashes of his wit can yet be recovered: such, for instance, as the answer to the meek, spectacled, flaxen-haired young student who blushingly asked the Professor on his rounds, "What is the best remedy for rheumatic fever?" "Six weeks," was the straight answer.

Sir Astley was not a rough speaker, though he inherited many of the traditions of Lettsom and Abernethy, the last of whom was positively brutal. How long, for instance, would Sir Saville Rowe, Bart., in the present day be permitted to say to a patient who complained that it hurt him when he lifted up his arm, "What the devil do you do it for, then?" Sir Astley bore himself quite differently to his patients, soothed and humoured their fads in every way, with, in one instance

at least, a money loss to himself. A patient on whom he had long attended possessed a large historical picture on which he set an enormous value. The smooth-tongued surgeon brightened the patient by continually forcing up this hypothetical estimate, and so committed himself that he had to accept the daub in question in place of his fee. Similarly did he carry himself to Hyatt, the great West India sugar king, on whom he operated for stone, brought on by too much pepper-pot and "main sheet" (this last is a compound of iced water and limes with just one glass of new rum, a most exquisite tipple—can be consumed in gallons, and fills the part of Permanent Master of the Ceremonies to Yellow Jack). The great surgeon called for the last time to report that he was about to discharge himself. The ex-patient warmly thanked him, and, taking off the night-cap he wore, threw it at his healer. "Take that for it!" "No, no, I won't deprive you of the cap,"—out of which he took the £1,000 cheque before he handed it back. Hyatt, be it said, had previously given his two physicians £300 apiece.

We may note here that the largest fee ever given to any medical man was that given to Baron Dimsdale in 1769 for inoculating Catherine II. of Russia and her favourite Potemkin for the small-pox. It was £12,000

in cash, and an annuity of £500 a year for life, the title of "Baron" being thrown in.

Sir Astley had in his busiest days the gift of "sleep-at-will"—could sit down in an easy-chair and say, "I will sleep for ten minutes," and wake up at the exact moment.

It was a curious life that of Sir Astley. Son of a Yarmouth Vicar, he came to town as an apprentice; for surgeons then were but members of the Barber-Surgeons' Company, and were, in the eyes of the law, tradesmen, and nothing else. The College of Surgeons did not exist. When the youngster started for himself, it was in Jeffrey's Square, St. Mary Axe, just as Sir Andrew Clark began his brilliant career in Fetter Lane. His first year's gains were £55, and it was ten years before he became Surgeon to Guy's and made £700.

His greatest trial, however, was on the occasion when George IV. had a large tumour on the scalp, of which, after much trepidation and delay, he desired the removal, and for the work he selected Cooper, at that time the man in most repute. But Cooper did not like the honour. The King's habit of body was notoriously cachectic, and as soon as the knife had done its work erysipelas was as likely as not, or more likely than not, to supervene. The time, too, was just after the death of the Princess Charlotte, when Croft, overwhelmed

with public execration for supposed want of nerve at the critical moment, had ended his life and his practice by his own hand. The usual multitude of counsellors in the shape of physicians was gathered in the King's rooms. Cooper flatly refused to take the knife, and left the room, only to be followed by Sir H. Halford, with the words, "The King says you're to do it." He returned, took the knife, made the incision, emptied the tumour, then strapped and bound up the wound, leaving in an agony of mind. The next day the King sent for him, and he at once went, returning more distressed than ever, for symptoms of the dreaded and much-feared sequelæ were visible. He mentioned this to his assistant, adding, "The King is in the d—est funk; but what could make him so short and touchy with me?" "Well, sir, you might have put on a clean shirt before you went, and washed the blood off your hands." In fact, Sir Astley's shirt was excessively dirty; stains of blood appeared on the wristband and were visible on his hands also. His fears as to the King grew daily, as the patient was unmanageable as to diet and drink where this complaint was concerned; but eventually the King's great toe reddened, an explosion of gout took place, and the erysipelas, as to the presence of which all the doctors were unanimous, vanished in the commotion set up.

It is as great a risk now as ever to be the physician of a king; formerly his life was in danger, now it is his living, aggravated by the fact that in those days great surgeons received no fees for attending royalty; and when one longsuffering man, boldly daring, handed in a note of the said fees, he was never sent for again to Court, and was practically ruined, for the world of fashion soon noticed that his star had set at Windsor.

In connection with medical enterprise, there existed at that date one form of it which was very busy and lucrative in its day, but is now and for ever gone. We are not alluding to the resurrection-men in search for subjects for the great medical hospitals, when loose bricks were placed upon the enclosing walls of quiet churchyards so as to prevent their being scaled, spring-guns placed upon the grave-mounds, and the interior garrisoned by men with loaded pistols. This was a different and more useful mystery, though a somewhat nasty one: the supply of human teeth. For this traffic men attached themselves to Lord Wellington's armies in the Peninsula, and as soon as the battle was over, and darkness fell on the scene of slaughter, went out on the field with their forceps to abstract the molars of the young and healthy dead. These men took out licences as regular sutlers; but, once on the field, they plundered the

pockets, as well as the mouth, of their contents, and were suspected of not infrequently giving

"Another stab to make the case more sure."

It was a risky trade, for any soldier who saw them practising their hideous traffic would at once bestow a bullet on them. Yet it paid well. Harnett, one of the greatest exploiters of it, died worth £7,000; and another of them, Crouch, got so much money by it as to be able to build an hotel at Margate; which prospered until his former occupation came out, when it was at once shunned, and he had to leave it.

CHAPTER V.

A barrister criminal—How he worked the forgeries—Falling into his own trap—Archbishop Thomson—Cause and effect—The alphabetical bishops—The Ven. Archdeaconess—A "drop in" on a Sunday evening—The medical student and Covent Garden Concerts—The medical man and his long-deferred bill—The Empress of Russia—"Don't use words unless you know what they mean"—The drink stopped in time—A contrary operation—Cardinal and Rabbi—The late Lord Beaconsfield—Does much writing congest the liver?—"Central Railway" and the £50,000 Consols which went astray—A good excuse for getting up late—The fight between Sayers and Heenan—A terrible form of insanity—Why used jute always to get on fire whenever the price went down?—Playing with fire—One of the latest booms in indigo—Three compensations in five years—The boiled baby—The parish clerk and the salmon—How to get into a closed hotel—Sir Richard Owen—County Court Judges shouldn't travel third class—Science in beer.

AS a rule, the average barrister keeps himself out of the wrong end of a criminal court, but there have been one or two instances in which, as in every other, the profession has had to blush for its black sheep. The most notorious case was that of Jim the Penman, dramatised on the stage, and novelized by Miss Braddon; but in neither case has the man's real but misguided genius been

shown to the extent that it really merited. His name was James Townsend Saward. He had been called to the Bar in the Inner Temple in 1840, and had for years been connected with thieves, one of his largest operations being in connection with the South-Eastern bullion robbery, when Agar and Pierce, who had abstracted £12,000 in gold and coin, found it needful to hand £2,500 of it to Saward for some reason or other.

But his strong point was forgery. Shops were broken into—cheques, both blank and cancelled, forming part of the booty: the cheques were then filled up on the model of the cancelled ones with marvellous similarity. Advertisements were put in country papers for young men in search of situations, the answerers invited to call at a certain address, their services engaged, and then sent, as their first job, to the bank to get change for a cheque. Saward waited for the young man as he left the banking-house; and if the cheque was paid, received the money from him; if the bearer was detained, he would scent the fact and make off. For each of these transactions a new lodging was engaged, so that whether the forgery was detected at once or later on there was no track to follow up.

Thus the second transaction entered on was a failure; the forgery was discovered, the

young man detained, and Saward went no more back to those lodgings. After this there was a new modification, and he became the purchaser of stolen cheque-books and cheques, even, as we have already said, cancelled ones, as these would serve as models on which to forge bills of exchange. In this branch of the business he could operate for higher amounts, and soon an acceptance for some £400 was presented at the bankers of a large City firm. The bill was impounded; but as Saward was in the bank in disguise when this occurred, he was able to make off, never returning to the address where he had engaged the messenger.

This style of business required continual fresh adaptation, and pocket-picking was the new form it took. A solicitor's pocket was picked in Cornhill; it contained two blank cheques, which most people would think valueless, as no model existed on which to fill them up; but the pocket-book contained the owner's name and address, and Saward's ingenuity was equal to the rest. It requires no introduction in order to enter a solicitor's office, and hence one of the gang could go to that same solicitor's place of business with a bogus I.O.U., for which the solicitor was directed to demand payment; the idea being that if the amount was paid at once and left for some days unclaimed, the solicitor would pay the amount

into his bankers, and give his client a cheque for it when he came for the money. Never was I.O.U. more speedily paid ; but, unfortunately, all the trouble had been taken for nothing, as the solicitor's clerk paid the amount, some £35, in cash. Saward coolly remarked, "Well, we must wait a little, and then try it again."

So another fictitious I.O.U. was prepared, and the solicitor's services again made use of. The amount, £103, was allowed to remain in his hands for some days ; and when the client called to know the result, he was paid with a cheque on the solicitor's banker. No time was lost, and on this model two cheques were prepared upon the forms taken out of the stolen pocket-book, one of them for the considerable sum of £410. A fresh lodging was secured for the occasion, and the young man engaged for this job took the document to Messrs. Woodheads. They had a partner of the name of Sharp, but he had gone out to lunch, so they paid the amount, and it was divided between the barrister and his two confederates, Hardwicke and Anderson.

The second attempt was on a still larger scale. Hardwicke, who was a returned convict, had brought back with him from Australia a bill for £200 on a City firm, who had accepted it payable at their bankers, thus giving two all-important factors hitherto unavailable. On

this model Saward prepared a bill for £1,000; and having heard a light porter in the street say he was in want of a situation, they engaged him at once, and sent him with it to the bank. Anderson, disguised, accompanied him in the omnibus, and Hardwicke was in the bank watching for the result. The cashier examined the signature, and had actually counted out the notes; but just as he was about to hand them over a lingering doubt struck him, and he went away to compare the bill with others. Hardwicke at once decamped, and Anderson entered precisely in time to see the porter detained,—the stroke had failed.

But the next one was more successful, owing to a change in the way of working it. He prepared two cheques of £100 each, and one of £50. They put up under fresh names at three different hotels in Bishopsgate Street, and sent the porters thereof to present the forgeries, of which two were paid. This was on a Saturday; and by the time the two watchers had returned to their several hotels to receive the money, it was too late to present a third. A fresh hotel was selected for the purpose; but when on the Monday the porter presented it at Messrs. Hankey's, the previous two had been discovered, and the watchers had to decamp without the coin.

By this time London was getting somewhat

warm, and Saward determined to try the country for a season—in this case Yarmouth. A sum of £250 was paid to the London agents of a bank there for the credit of one Ralph, a name taken by Hardwicke. He paid it in under the name of Whiting, but forgot to give the name of Ralph as the receiver of it, so it went down to the credit of Whiting, without whose signature the Yarmouth bank would not pay. On this being reported to Saward, he sent Anderson to Messrs. Barclay's to get back the money; but that firm refused, and insisted that "Mr. Whiting" should come himself and explain the difficulty. To ordinary people it seems easy for Hardwicke to have gone to that firm, get himself recognised, give particulars of the items of which the payment consisted, and possibly be allowed to write a second, and corrected, paying-in slip; but Saward did not much care about confronting bankers whose suspicions were aroused. Still, the £250 was in jeopardy, and he wrote complicated instructions to Hardwicke how to endeavour to get it paid in Yarmouth. But it was too late. The two banks had exchanged confidences; Hardwicke and Anderson had been apprehended on suspicion of forgery or conspiracy, so that Saward's letter to Hardwicke fell into the hands of the police, who had now clues which they could follow up.

Hardwicke and Anderson were at once put on their trial, and sentenced to transportation for life, being kept in Newgate until the apprehension of their accomplice some two or three months later, when they willingly appeared as approvers.

The trial of Saward was a protracted one, on account of the long string of witnesses necessary to make out so complicated a proof as has just been detailed; but the result was clear from the first; and on his transportation for life, disbarral removed from the Law List the name of James Townsend Saward. It is curious to remark the constantly recurring fact that, though this man had plundered bankers to the extent of some thousands a year for many years, his share of the plunder was wholly exhausted in low gaming-houses and other vicious pursuits, so that he had absolutely no money to retain counsel to defend him, though the briefs were ready for delivery.

The case is interesting as one of the very few on record in which a thief has absolutely paid money out of pocket to bait the trap into which he himself was to fall.

Archbishop Thomson was in the habit of observing that, on the occasion of every rise in his life, there was born to him a child, to wit :—

(1) On his becoming Provost of Queen's College, Oxford;

(2) On his becoming Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol;

(3) On his attaining the Northern Primacy.

Bishop S. Wilberforce drily asked, "Do you think Mrs. Thomson is past child-bearing? She has only two more opportunities for any fresh promotions, should they happen to come off. (1) There's Canterbury, which he will never get; (2) there's heaven, which he will never be fit for."

Thomson was rather given to borrowing money, and somewhat slow in paying it back. On the occasion of the Lambeth Pan-Anglican Conference, the then Bishop of Winchester, who hated him mortally, said, "We have some curious Sees represented here: one is the Bishop of (Ohio) O.I.O.; another the Bishop of (Ioway) I.O.A.; but where is the Archbishop of I.O.U.?"

A clergyman in the Oxford Diocese named Bosticul was promoted to be an Archdeacon, and on the strength of it he shortly after married a lady twenty years older than himself. On one occasion they went out to dinner, and the manservant was carefully cautioned as to giving the new dignitary his proper prefix, so he thus announced the newly married

pair: "Archdek'n and the Venerable Mrs. Bosticul."

It is terrible to think of the domestic calamities of common life. A medical man told me that his maiden aunt once dropped in upon him to ask him to take her to chapel. She had never before visited his "diggings" on a Sunday evening, and, considering it free, he had invited sundry other fellow-students to join in a friendly game at "Pig," which was in full blast when the "second mother" entered. Much entreaty, with humiliation, kept her £5,000 in the family, and saved it from the missionary society; but my friend was left out in the cold, and his eldest son will reap the benefit of principal and piled-up interest when of age.

Even worse, however, was the fate of another medical friend. He was a practical chemist, and nearly brought the late M. Jullien to his death from apoplexy by a simple experiment performed at one of his Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. In the several entrances, where was the tramp of many feet, he dropped small parcels of "hellebore," and waited, with the devotion of a savant, till the tramping had raised the dust and the people began to sneeze—which that drug has the property of bringing on irresistibly. He had not long to

wait. Bang went a signal-gun from a short black-bearded, hook-nosed Hebrew; from a spruce damsel followed a "sneee-ish"; from another entrance file-firing broke out—the contagion spread—and a grand "tissh-shaw" chorus was imported unanimously into the British Army Quadrille, all the more audible because the music was *pianissimo*, representing the approach of the enemy just at the break of dawn. The cornet had to "sound the alarm" to the slumbering camp—his instrument was at his lips, when instead of the flute-like, bell-toned call in which few could imitate Herr Koenig, the instrument dropped from his mouth, and there came, after a prolonged and painful struggle, a German variety of "Tissch-tissch-tissch SHNORR." The Maestro broke loose at this,—baton upraised, and coat-tails flying he thus addressed the audience: "You plac carts!" when suddenly the raving stopped—nature asserted herself, the head flew back, the frame convulsively quivered, the baton drooped, and there burst forth a Gallic, squeaky "Teesh-eesh-eesh-ish stragh." The police were paralysed; whoever appealed to one, sneezed in his face and got a "tisch-shaw" back in return. Then some one began to laugh, for the wind instruments were paralysed, and the strings fingering anywhere but where the note was to be produced. The vocalist,

Madame Bishop, could do nothing but laugh and sneeze alternately, while some strong-headed (or nosed) persons made free with the refreshment-counter tills—there was nothing for it but to close the entertainment, no one knowing at the time what the cause of it was, and every one keeping their own counsel about it when the cause did come to light, for fear of "Da Capo" another evening.

But my friend who had practised on humanity with such impunity was to find his Nemesis in the shape of a common cat. Peter was yellow in colour, enormous in size, surly to the last degree, and the inseparable companion of Miss Martha Tibbets, my friend's aunt, who had sent him to the Hospital and had promised to buy him a practice when duly qualified. Consequently every Thursday the nephew paid a duty-visit to Homerton, and after tea played cribbage with his aunt till the supper-tray came in. Now, the feline race have a strange liking for valerian, and will nuzzle a root of it till, at a certain point, they become seized with acute mania, and at once proceed to "make things fly." The rising pathologist conceived the idea of exhibiting it on Peter, and took the opportunity of his aunt's absence to place a piece before him. Peter at once seized and began to lick it, purring vociferously. For two hours nothing happened. The aunt

by the help of a marvellous crib had pegged out and won three-halfpence. The door had opened to admit the prim domestic with the tray of sheep's trotters and Welsh rabbit, when Peter gave a ferocious waul, jumped at the old lady, scratched first her face, then her cap off; sprang from the old lady's bald head to the gas globe, which he shivered; then on to the supper-tray, which he overturned, servant and all; and then fled to the wilds of Hoxton, to return no more. Medical aid was at once summoned, and my friend tried to confer with his fully qualified brother upon the sudden outburst of feline rabies in Peter. But, alas for professional good faith! the medical adviser had expectations from this old lady himself, which would enlarge by the elimination of the heir-expectant—he picked up the gnawed and splintered fragment, and explained its effect upon Toms and Tabbies. There was another martyrdom in the cause of science; beyond the bare sum needed to complete his education my friend received nothing more. It is fair to add, however, that the informer did not benefit directly, as the money went to the Decayed Muffin-Makers' Mothers-in-Laws' Model Home. But, of course, the medical man could soothe his injured feelings when he came to make up his bill, which the M.M.M.H. paid without dispute or cavil, enormous as it was.

But people should not be hard upon a medical attendant. In too many instances, especially when the illness has been long, he is the only one who truly mourns for the dear departed. Can he be blamed for seeking consolation in the secrecy of his day-book, and in due time, and when the will is proved, openly adding it up in his bill? I once knew a dear old lady who lived on her annuity, and who had promised to all around her—servants, clergymen and their families, and all her friends, in fact—plentiful provision in her will. Her temper was a trifle trying, and one or two of the clerics worked out the sum—thought of the quarter of a century during which the little theorem had already operated with nothing as yet coming out of it, looked up the 6·86 years' expectation of life against her age in the Government Annuitants' Table, glanced at the Share List and noted the selling price of what the old lady fondly termed "them Argentines" —then, on the next snub she gave them, walked out, and breathed the air of freedom and self-respect once more. The rest looked on, sighed, and waited on still—but continued to turn up on the Tuesday evening's duty visit; every one that dropped out was a gain to the rest, and so no one did drop out. Not among these, however, Dr. Oudydoo—friendly, cheery, and always coming in every Sunday afternoon to

sit two hours with the old lady, charging it, naturally, as special visit. He never sent in her bill. "Lord love you," he took the sovereign or two she gave him occasionally, and the handsome new umbrella got from the stores for a Christmas present; the old lady, in her autocratic way, considering the sovereign as payment in full up to date, and the medical man looking on it as a payment on account only.

There is a meeting of ideas as well as a meeting of waters, and occasionally a commotion at the junction. The old lady's affairs after her death had to be administered by her adopted son, Vicar of St. Wapshot-by-the-Waterside, and that divine was greatly exercised by the magnitude of the claims, both legal and equitable, which had to be satisfied before his special little bequest, of the residue, could come into sight at all. Servants, to whom furniture thirty years old had been bequeathed, found it not worth the warehousing charges; while the "Argentines" were as unsaleable as were the shares in the company of which he himself was a director. Loud were the moanings from all sides—and as the life interest had dropped, there was little coming in to meet them. Matters got very gloomy, and the Vicar one day talked it over with Dr. Oudydoo, who had attended the patient's cremation, and

wept so copiously that the Woking people feared it might damp the fire if they let him get too near. On this occasion the Doctor looked very grave, and said, to the astonishment of the ecclesiastic, "By the way, you'll want my little bill?" "I thought she paid you periodically." "Oh dear no. She gave me little sums from time to time; but I was afraid my bill might make her heart uneasy, so, with her consent, I did not send it in. I'll let you have it." Here it is as it reached the Executor in due course:—

The Exor. of the late Mrs. Munkyphase to Dr. Oudydoo.

	£	s.	d.
To Medical Attendance upon the deceased, and medicine from 1st Oct., 1867—March 31st, 1894. 26½ years	996	14	6
Less by payments on account, of which particulars if requested .	134	0	0
Balance . . .	£862	14	6

Now this sum would swamp all that was left for everything and everybody, so the claim was resisted, more with the idea of "funking" the medico into a compromise than anything else. The usual opportunity of "settling" was afforded to the litigants, at the usual period, when the main part of the costs had been incurred; but the old rancour, always dormant between body-healer and soul-physician, had intervened, and

the Judge, in summing up, told the jury that the retainer was proved, the attendance vouched by a large tradesman's ledger, and the payments could not be checked by reason of the old lady having kept no accounts, so must pass unchallenged. The Judge went on to say that the case was incontestable, and practically undefended; the only matter for comment was Dr. Oudydoo's keeping back his bill so long, as to which he, the Judge, proposed, at the proper time, to show his feeling on the matter. When the jury had returned their verdict, the Judge did accordingly deprive the plaintiff of his costs, and the matter worked out thus: The Doctor's costs came to £312 13*s.* 8*d.*, leaving £550 to come to him, if he could get it. Practically the sweep-up of everything Mrs. Munkyphase had left behind her yielded him net £280, while all her other legatees were left out of it altogether. The moral, of course, is always to ask for your Doctor's bill, and for every other creditor's—not least of all, your Solicitor's.

But sometimes contretemps occur as the outcome of zeal without discretion—a distemper which, with its half-sister "good intentions," is responsible for ten times as much human misery as all the downright mischief ever devised. It very often occurs in very high places, but seldom so harmlessly as with the present

Empress of Russia, who, born a Dane, took effusively to the language of her new home, and strove assiduously to perfect herself in it. Now the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg abuts on the street, and from the lower windows the conversation of bystanders is distinctly audible. Here H.I.M. heard an animated discussion going on beneath, and noted the frequency with which one word repeated itself. It was the salient feature in the talk; hence the great lady noted down the word, never doubting but that it would produce a great effect when she "let it off." The opportunity soon occurred, at an evening reception. The Foreign Minister approached to compliment the Empress, when H.M., sweetly smiling, said to him, "JEBARNIYA MATUSCH."

Now a diplomatist is not worth a rap if his countenance lets people find out that he has just had a sharp kick behind, so the Minister, after a pause, smiled and moved on. The Court Chamberlain, ignorant of what had happened, moved up, to receive the same greeting; and so it went on until the (somewhat late) arrival of Makariotatos Basilios, Metropolitan of Moscow and President of the Holy Synod, who fairly jumped when he was greeted just as had been all his predecessors. This sudden movement called the attention of the Emperor himself, who came up quickly to see what had

caused this spasm. His Blessedness was for the moment paralysed. The Empress was still radiant and well on to the spot, delighting in the success of her diligence, and as the Czar approached he too was met with "Jebarniya Matusch." He, however, saw what it all meant, and exploded with laughter. The phrase is untranslatable, even unhintable at, as it is the cabmen's curse in a land where execration is a fine art.

Yet another instance of zeal without discretion, but where the good angel got back just in time. When Dr. Dewar was giving his first lecture on the liquefaction of gases, he handed the Chairman, Lord Kelvin, a wine-glass full of liquid air, which the President was about, unthinkingly, to taste. Had he done so the intense cold would have burnt like fire, his lips, palate, and œsophagus—in fact, wherever it touched.

But sometimes the angel is too late.

Dr. Bernays of Westminster Hospital mixed iodine of potassium with chloride of mercury, added still more potash salt, the result being a liquid clear as water and easily mistaken for such. He must have thought it to have been water, for he was found on the floor of his laboratory dying. All their remedies were useless, but just as life was passing, the Chemist pulled himself together and said to the man

who supported his head, "It is iodide of mercury, that's what it is."

Some men are true to the last, and die with the thought of their work as their latest utterance.

An old Eton Cricket Match contains the following score: Gladstone o, caught Manning, b. Wilberforce. The Cardinal was often himself subsequently caught, but hardly ever more neatly than at a Mansion House dinner, eaten to celebrate that most stupendous religious head-over-heels, the presentation of a congratulatory address by the Jews to the representative of a power which in former days had burned them by millions, and in the last days of the Pope's kingship had torn the baby Mortara from his mother's arms. The reconciliation appeared to be perfect. Cardinal and Chief Rabbi sat side by side, and soon found an opening for the "peck at each other." The Churchman playfully recommended to the descendant of Aaron, "Do try some of that dish of pork. When will you give over your ancient prejudices?"

"When your Eminence gets married."

But the Jews generally are good at repartee, whether spoken or acted, and among them in that regard stood foremost that standing enigma, at all events for our age, Lord Beaconsfield.

A son of mine, taken into the House of Commons when a boy of six, had his head patted by the then Prime Minister: "You're a young 'un to come in here, anyhow." The boy, now a man, is immensely proud of his benediction by this man of pure and simple genius—used with such success as not only to convert his own party, but even invert it. Whether he was so clever as to deceive himself is a problem, but the equation to his life may be expressed as a compound of selfishness and sneer, one of the very best specimens of this last being shown by his appointment made to the bishopric of Liverpool on its first creation. The funds for its support had been entirely provided by the High Church Party, so the Minister thought it a good opportunity to "ryle" them doubly by appointing a Protestant controversialist of that very name. The man's hunger for popularity was ludicrous. As he walked down to the House from Pall Mall, leaning on Lord Rowton's arm, the look bestowed on passers-by was almost imploring for a salute, and showed disappointment when that same was not forthcoming. Had he been an actor, as in fact in one sense he was, his success would have been immense.

And yet how well he stood up and took his punishment when it came. By D'Orsay's advice he had married a rich vulgar widow

twice his age. Originally a milkmaid who had rebuffed an elderly admirer until he worked himself up to matrimony, she led her second "wenture" a terrible life, until he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852. In his own words, "To be married is to be managed." But he hugged his chain, and went about with her, although her *gaucheries* and bad tempers must have made his back ache. Take, for instance, the scene which his latest biographer, Sir William Fraser, records, on the authority of the son of the house where it occurred. It was one of the stateliest historic homes of England, with a *châtelaine* of presence and dignity well becoming it, to whom, at breakfast, Mrs. Disraeli opened out:—

"Lady——, I find your house is full of indecent pictures; there is a most horrible one in our room. D. says it's Venus and Adonis, and I laid awake half the night trying to prevent his looking at it."

There was any quantity of this kind of thing, and Bernal Osborne once asked Disraeli, "What on earth can bind you to that woman?" The answer was, "Gratitude." But even to the last days of her life "Humbug" exerted its natural power over him, and he would creep up behind the old lady and snatch a kiss from a woman twenty-five years his senior.

The biographer quoted lays down his pen,

with an intimation that the final impression left on his mind by his subject is PITY.

He wrote a good deal. Could this have played any part in his idiosyncrasy? In the case of Gamgee *v.* Ward, the defendant's wife, a most voluminous correspondent, gave evidence on oath to the effect that too much letter-writing brings on congestion of the liver. At all events, in 1844 the late Sir Robert Peel came in for much of Disraeli's spleen.

Perhaps the result of Mrs. Wyndham Lewis's marriage may have been the reason why Mr. Mitchell, once M.P. for Bridport, who had married a "fetching" Jermyn Street barmaid under conditions similar to the milkmaid match, left all his property to the Metropolitan Board of Works, with only a life interest in half of it to his widow!

Having regard, however, to the way the L.C.C. are going it, such marriages are certainly not to be discouraged, if the results could only be the same.

When the next railway crash comes, the question of the accounts will be the puzzling one. A Barrister of our Inn was once Director of a short line promoted by the great Central Railway. There had to be a deposit of £50,000 Consols placed in his and another name, and

they gave a Power of Attorney to a City Bank to receive the dividends periodically. When six half-years', say £4,500, remained unclaimed, it came to the Barrister's ears. For safety's sake, he cancelled the power, and waited half a year to see what would result. Nothing came of it but an extra unclaimed warrant for £750. Then he moved in the matter, and found this state of things—*the Solicitor had never sent the power to the Bank.* The little item of £50,000 Consols had been borrowed *and forgotten!* the commission to the Insurance Offices paid twice over, and the interest paid those associations, without these items coming before the auditors of the great railway; and not knowing that the stock existed, those scrutineers had never asked where the dividends on it were, although they had vouched the payments of interest on the loan; and this had gone on for four years at £1,500 a year. But the £50,000 belonged to somebody: how came he to overlook it?

At a recent election Lord Rivulet was a candidate, and his very charming lady was doing her best to win him votes. In her canvas she tackled a very sturdy working man, smoking a short clay pipe and wearing a Keir-Hardie cloth cap. "Would he vote for Rivulet?" "Noa, he wouldn't; Lord Rafflet

was one of them there chaps as did not get up till 12 o'clock, when he'd done half a day's work. Noa; he wouldn't." "Oh, but you are quite mistaken, I assure you. I know that Lord Rivulet gets up quite early." "How do yer know that?" "Because I'm his wife." The pipe was removed from the mouth, the Keir-Hardie cap moved a little to allow a pensive scratch of the head with the other hand, and from the lips came out, "If oi wor he, I doan't think I should want to get up all day!"

It was a parallel compliment to the coal-heaver's request, at the great Westminster election, to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, "Bless your eyes, Mum; let me light my pipe at 'em."

The late Mr. Cipriani Potter, a well-known Professor of Music thirty years ago, and whose name is kept green by a scholarship in the Royal Academy of Music, used to tell a pathetic little story of Beethoven, whom he had known in his last days when he had become quite deaf. He had stood by the Master's pianoforte, when he was striking a soft note and looking up into his auditor's face, to see if the latter had heard the sound the great musician himself was too deaf to hear. Not unfrequently a burst of tears at his own failing powers, would follow the gentle shake of the head.

Near Farnborough Station is a famous field, which deserves the publicity I have never yet seen given it in print. It is the third field looking north from the South-Western Railway, and abuts on the South-Eastern branch line, which crosses there at right angles. It was there, a generation ago, that Sayers fought Heenan; and it is worth while to turn up the *Times* of that date for the Homeric language in which the combat is recorded, especially the knock-down blow given by the Englishman with his left—Auctioneer, he called it, which sounded all over the field, and would have felled a bullock. The affair had caused immense excitement among all classes. The special train (£2 2*s.* a head, the destination being printed "Excursion") was mobbed, and after the fight was over a great many of the better class were openly robbed of their watches and purses. And there was a good deal of the cream of society present there too, the report of the day being that Bishop S. Wilberforce was amongst them.

I have been spared during my life from much contact with the insane, but a friend of mine gave me a very unpleasant five minutes. I was advising him about some affairs; for it was an hereditary friendship—the sons continuing it as the fathers had done—but I had not inherited gout from my father, as he had

done from his, to the weakening of his brain power. He came to me one day to say he must part from his wife, who had deceived him. I knew the poor lady well, and had often pitied her. Then the unhappy man went on, "All the three children are by other men; none of them are mine. I've told her so, and she does not deny it." "No," I said, "poor soul, I don't suppose she does—and no one would believe her if she admitted it." "Well," said the man, "this morning I loaded my revolver to shoot her, the nurse, and the three boys; but I thought I'd come to you first." And then he produced the sickening thing, which I made him at once repocket. I, of course, got rid of him as soon as I could, and was greatly exercised as to where my path of duty lay, and how I should look or feel if bloodshed came of it. However, he was soon put in an asylum, and then I had to visit him —in order, as he said, to procure his release, which was the last thing on earth I thought of doing, unless treatment should have by that time materially altered his state of mind. The place was a large park in a beautiful country, with haymakers at work, and no sign whatever of restraint, that I could see. Suddenly a quiet, gentlemanly-looking man we met in a walk shouted out, "A million pieces of artillery," and started off at a run. In his headlong course

he had to pass a rustic summer-house where my poor friend and I had sat, while I was trying to find if the homicidal mania still remained; and just as the poor lunatic reached it, there turned the corner, cool, smiling, and adjusting his buttonhole, the calm, imperturbable, strong-jawed, keen-eyed man who had answered my card an hour before, the resident physician. The collapse was as sudden as the outbreak. "Why, Johnson, my dear fellow, how active you are this morning! Let us take it a little more quietly together." I tried hard to get the doctor, in our parting interview, to tell me how I had personally been guarded, during an hour or more's interview of occasionally heated argument, from the poor fellow I had come to see; but he told me that though very few visitors had the free and unrestrained access which I had demanded and received, yet, had a blow been struck, or the semblance of one, help would have been forthcoming as soon as wanted. The special form of insanity seemed to be near running out, and the doctor hoped it might pass off, which, as a matter of fact, it did—and the poor fellow's death-bed, some years after, was carefully tended by his devoted wife.

In a former book of mine I detailed my feelings when in company with Sir E. Landseer, in his last decay, and the asylum door closed

on him for the last time; but his face haunts me still—the rheumy eyes, slobbering mouth, fallen-down cheeks and chin, and the terrible leer, with a kind of beaten-hound look in it.

As a merchant I had little experience in the way of losses by dock and warehouse fires. In fact, I did not do anything in the great article for conflagration—jute. Its great peculiarity was that it never got on fire when prices were going up, but the moment they began to go down the stuff lighted up spontaneously. I had, however, some goods burnt in the Cotton's Wharf blaze where poor Braidwood was killed, and when the flaming tallow floated on the top of the Thames for miles.

But I was once witness to a party playing with fire of another kind, which might have had very serious results—happily averted. I was staying with an old schoolfellow at his father's house on the Clyde. It was a beautiful autumn day, and neighbours came in, so that it was a houseful of big boys and girls. The father and mother having gone out to dinner, and high spirits having the fullest fling—we had danced, acted charades, and had had a regular enjoyable evening—when some (Englishmen, of course) talked about Scotch marriages. One thing led to another, and we eventually paired off, had the servants up as witnesses, and

actually went, every pair of us, save one, myself and the daughter of the house, through the formula which makes a marriage binding north of the Tweed. I should have liked it well enough, but did not feel justified in going that length. When the witnesses had gone off, choking with laughter, all looked very blue, till one demure little damsel blurted out, in slight Glaswegian burr, "My! what will Momma say?"—the said parent being a rich shipbuilderess, and not given to picking her words when put out. The first thing that suggested itself was, "Have 'em all up again and tell 'em we didn't mean it"—which was forthwith done; but the witnesses' demeanour was not exulting this time, and there were whispers, "They canna undow it." In the midst of all the quake, in came the house parents, and the scene was awful. It came first on their own daughter, but we got out clear, the servants shouting out, "Miss Lizzie and her mon there stood out o' it a'." However, when things calmed down, the couples were made severally to repeat before the witnesses that there was no intent to marry —and a friendly bailie came in the next day, before whom the witnesses made a solemn declaration in that peculiar lingo known as law Scotch. All parties held their tongues, and the matter died out; though some of the men's

wives, in after years, might have wished to do what Queen Charlotte did, when she heard of the death of Hannah Lightfoot the Quakeress, to whom there is no manner of doubt George III. had been legally married—have the ceremony gone through again.

There still exists at Cape Town a family founded by one George Rex, who was always held to be the son of Hannah Lightfoot, and who strikingly resembled George III. The King must have been precocious to have married at sixteen, but credit was given for the whole affair to Miss Chudleigh, his mother's maid of honour, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, and a very notorious person in after years. On the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to Cape Town, he was entertained by the Rexes.

A leading broker at the time told me a story of a great boom in indigo. He went to a very rich man and suggested that the figures were favourable, and a big buy might be worth considering, whereupon the man telegraphed out to Calcutta to buy £100,000 worth, and draw on him. While this was in progress on the other side, the broker went to the largest holder on this, and got from him a list of all he had to sell—with power to pick out parcels if he thought well. He then offered him

2*d.* a lb. less than the existing market price, which was very low. The bid accepted, the broker quietly said, "I take the whole." Consternation followed. "There is only one man in London who can do it." "Just so, and this *is* the man." "Promise me one thing—that you'll buy no more to-day"—a promise readily given, as the order was exhausted. Then the man who had been cleared out went into Mincing Lane to pick up all he could, but long before it was over wires were sent to Calcutta —"Great Indigo Speculation, 2*d.* up all round." In Calcutta prices rose at once, and rose so quickly that the purchaser had to find "no cover" (*i.e.*, margin between cost of the goods and amount the banks would lend on bills of lading). The parcel bought in London was sold at 9*d.* advance, or £12,000 profit, and the goods bought in Calcutta realised as much more out there, the broker earning £2,000 commission.

One of the best instances of the power of an easement was told me by a retired Solicitor as we were travelling from Waterloo past Vauxhall, thirty years since. The conversation opened with his soliloquy, "Ah, Long Hedge Farm—three compensations in five years! lucky fellow!" One thing led to another, till he warmed up and told me the story of the

burning of Covent Garden Theatre in 1808. That theatre was approached like the Pit Entrance of the Lyceum is now, by a passage under a public-house. As soon as the fire was out and the *débris* cleared away, the burnt-out landlord brought a cask of beer and some benches, and began again vending on the premises. He was promptly ordered off, and as promptly declined to go. So they changed their attack, and asked him what he would take. He had never heard of the Sibyl and her corner in magical books, but he replied, "£1 to-day, £2 to-morrow, £4 the day after," and so on, like the nails in Mr. Weller's horse-shoe. They had to pay smartly to get him out, and his leasehold interest brought him his own price, enough to set him up in business handsomely again not far off. Had he lived in these days he would have bought up all the corner lots on every new suburban estate for public-house sites, though there may be some who wouldn't have them at any price, just like Charles Lamb, who, when he was worried by a lady to tell her how he liked babies best, stammered, "We—we—well . . . b—b—b—BOILED, madam!"

Though no fisherman, it was hardly possible to go much about the country without meeting such, and one story is good enough to be included here. It took place on the Cothy,

which ran through the park where my informant was staying, and formed a pool. There, too, had recently come up a splendid salmon, eighteen and a half pounds, as he ultimately scaled out. Of course the thing was to basket him. All the flies they had were tried in vain; requisitions from London were equally useless, as were Mahseer flies and gorgeous creations in harlequin colours, tried as the last resource. To some of them he would give a rise, put his nose up, smell them, and quietly sink down back again. A Council of War was being held over him one evening, when there came down the parish clerk (and most notorious poacher in it as well). His tackle was something resembling a clothes-prop, his line packthread or akin thereto, and his reel a miniature rat-trap. His fly proved on subsequent examination to be a piece of bitten pen-feather daubed with ink. The house party looked on while this ancient fisherman walked down to the pool and threw his fly, such as it was. The salmon actually rose, presumably in wonder at such a thing being put before his nose. The clerk struck, hooked him, turned right-about-face, put the rod over his shoulder, and walked that salmon out by the hair of his head. The fish was tumbling on the grass before he or any one else could realise the position. The same thing is said to have been done on

the Dart on April 19th, 1892. But in the old days they killed salmon with anything. I remember being in a blacksmith's shop at Dolgelly, near the river, when a small boy rushed in—"Tidd-y ma John Jones salmon mawr hun," and sure enough a twenty-pound fish had been left in a rock-pool by the tide; the smith killed it with his hammer.

I learned at Dolgelly the way to get admitted into a hotel after it was shut for the night. It is simple, and effective, too, if the door has been fresh painted and you wear shooting boots with plenty of nails in them. It merely consists in putting your back against the door and keeping up a constant kick. The landlady is invariably sure to wake up, especially if the door has been recently re-painted, as was the case here; and if you go away early the next morning there is scarcely time to revise the bill in the interest of compensation.

I formed at this time the acquaintance of that peculiarly likeable and lovable man, the late Sir Richard Owen, of whom it is hard to say whether one was more charmed by the almost inspired beauty of his features, framed somewhat like a saint's in its glory of pure silvery hair, the flute-like voice, the magic of his smile, or the words of almost prophetic wisdom which he sometimes let fall. It was

my good fortune to evoke one of these. He addressed me as a Devonshire man: "Have you read 'Lorna Doone'? It is one of the most beautiful books ever written." One thing led to another, and I was able to ask a question I had pondered for years: "How long is it since man first stood on his hind legs?" The flute-like voice replied: "Judging from the evidence we at present have, at least 30,000 years; but after all, you see, we do know so very little!" Never had the true humility of great genius been more suitably enshrined than in Owen, while in his later days, when a word failed him, it was touching to see the pause filled up by "Ah! some small convolution of the brain has failed to act." He rarely interfered with matters of controversy, save in a dispute on the Book of Leviticus, when his letter to the *Times* was neatly paraphrased by Shirley Brooks in *Punch*:—

> "'The hare,' says Moses, 'chews the cud.'
> 'It don't,' says Owen, 'now, my Lud.'"

His eyes were always open to question Nature, and when at Cairo for reasons of health, a rough stone from the Mokattam Mountains just by was made to reveal its secrets by the watchful student. There was a hole in it the size of one's fist, and pouring in plaster brought to light that there was within the

said unpromising witness the skull of a freshwater manatee or dugong; but how or when that freshwater mammal had got into the matrix which had so long concealed it was a problem which the philosopher shrank from attempting to solve, with the incomplete evidence before him.

It was a charming trait in his character, when, each morning after breakfast, he threw open the window of the beautiful Sheen Lodge, which Her Majesty's graceful appreciation of his simple and noble character had bestowed upon him. After he had finished his own morning meal he would throw open the casement and let "the blessed birds of heaven, poor citizens of air," flock in and help themselves. Thoroughly did they enjoy it, as did the philosopher the yellow-back French novel which was occupying his own attention at the time.

So has passed away one of the great openers of Nature's hitherto closed doors—a student and an inquirer into the deep secrets of God, about whom in life and in death everything was alike beautiful and graceful, *except his hat*, and there these attributes had, as in the case of Lord Tennyson, been ruthlessly sacrificed to personal comfort.

There was a County Court Judge who had

a curious practice. On his return to the Bench after lunch, his usher placed on his desk a glass of whisky and water; and one almost expected to hear the formula which used to issue from the lips of the late Chief Baron Nicholson when he took his seat at the Cider Cellars: "Gentlemen, please give your orders while the waiter is in the room."

Some people didn't like it; they did not care for *in-sipped* justice, preferring it fresh.

Another Judge always travels third-class, even after having survived the following experience:—

At Liverpool Street a stout farmer got in and went to the off side of the carriage, where he sat down opposite his Honour, and, to the astonishment of that admirably dressed small personage, began to talk. "Can yer tell me the way to the Court—the County Court?" The Judge, in his astonishment, temporarily lost balance, and said, "Oh yes; I happen to be going there." "Do yer know the Judge?" "Oh, very well indeed—few men better." "Wot kind er man is 'e? 'Im as keeps the beer-shop sez, 'He's a stuck-up hass,' and the baker at Bumford says, 'He's a bleeding fool'; but both on 'em sez as 'ow it's best to see 'im fust afore yer case comes on, *'cause it makes a difference.*"

His Honour made a wild rush at the door, just as the porter slammed it in his face and the train moved on. The carriage was full, so he had to scrooge back and resume the seat of torture until the next station, at which he himself had to get out for the Court. His persecutor knew his own time was short, and he didn't think he should ever have a better chance of bottling the Judge's most intimate friend, so he got up and leaned over him to say, in a loud, gin-and-beery whisper: "Now, yer see, as yer a pal o' his, if yer'd only jest tell 'im as 'ow my name is Brussel Sprouter, and that I wants my money for a little matter o' ten truss o' 'ay which the bleedin' liar wot bought 'em off me sed had got dead cats inside o' 'em. 'E 'ad sneaked off with 'em afore I got the blunt, and when I was 'avin' a 'arf-pint. Now, yer see, if yer could only tell that 'ere Judge as 'ow, if 'e makes it all right for me, 'e need not 'ave to put 'is 'and in 'is pocket for eggs, nor butter neither, for the next six months, yer'll be doin' me a sarvice; and if yer tells me where yer hangs out yerself, it'll be 'arf a quid in yer own pocket."

When the cause of Brussel Sprouter *versus* Stick-in-the-Mud was called on, the plaintiff came up sniggering, not recognising the Judge in his wig. Nor did the dispenser of justice open his own mouth for a long time, till, the

evidence in chief being concluded, cross-examination began. Defendant produced a parcel carefully done up in oilskin, or rather three of them, and, before any one could stop him, threw a mess of putrid carrion on the Court table, and yelled out, "Be them cats yourn, 'cause they was all buried in yer 'ay?"

To quit the bench, while the exhibit was removed by the usher with tongs and fire shovel, was the natural impulse of the Judge; to have the Court cleared for disinfection purposes (the Judge liking even letters disinfected) was the second; and when he resumed his seat, with a painful and interrogative sniff, he adjourned the cause before the Court for three weeks, with a special order that the defendant should be searched before he was allowed to come in, while a stern threat of committal for contempt of Court if it occurred again terminated the hearing for the time. But the plaintiff was heard to say in a soliloquy, "Damn me if that ain't the chap I offered to send the butter to; p'r'aps it's all 'is gammon, and 'e wants it all the same. I'll send it 'im." So he did, but the butter was not taken in, though the donor was when the case came on for hearing; and the Judge himself was cruelly hard upon the plaintiff in the matter of "them there cats."

Personally asking questions about yourself is always embarrassing.

There was once a Rector, now no longer so, having "chucked his orders": not, however, like Miss Blennerhassett's Station Chaplain in Mashonaland, to join a Jew bar-keeper, but for reasons which have in no way lessened the personal esteem in which he has always been held. Before this happened, he was greater on dogs than dogma—his praise was more in St. Bernards and bull-dogs than in the Churches, and caused him to be invited over to America, as judge in a great exhibition of those animals. This involved his repeatedly leaving those few sheep in the wilderness in the hands of a manager—and the Bishop didn't like it.

Now, the Rector was quite as popular with the Army as with every other part of the Church Militant, and often dined on guest-nights at the Cavalry Mess in the county town. On one occasion he faced the Colonel, next to him being another visitor from a different corps, and next to him again the Senior Major, who had a game leg.

As the night wore on, the military visitor got lively and familiar, and took stock of his right-hand neighbour. "Parson, ain't you?" "Yes, I am." "There's a queer beggar of your cloth in these parts, the Rector of Ribble-

hill: do you know him?" "Well, yes, I do." "Know him well, now?" "Yes, about as much as one man can know of another." "Heard that story about him and his Bishop?" "Oh, there's lots of stories about *him*."

Here there was an interruption in the shape of a howl and "Oh, damn!" from the Senior Major with the game leg. The Colonel had been endeavouring to get the story-teller to stop, and, no other way occurring to him, had launched a kick at him under the table, which had landed instead upon the Major's tender shin-bone. The Colonel was afraid to risk another, so things went on.

"Well, ye see, this beggar is a big breeder of dogs, and goes half the world over showing his strains, and that kind of thing, leaving the business to a Johnny. Bishop didn't like it, so he writes and orders him back to the shop; and when the beggar makes one excuse after another, he gets nasty about it. Well, on this, hang me if the fellow don't write back, and says he's seedy, and wants to go somewhere for a change of air. "Change of air," says the Bishop, "that's going to a fresh place, ain't it? Well, then, you go to Ribblehill," says he; "you've not been there for eighteen months — that'll be a decided change of air for you."

All this time the Mess were as mum as mice,

for the person to whom the story was told was the Rector himself.

There is a kind of incongruous clerical flavour also in the following story of cross-examination. Rowland, Q.C., was dealing with a dull witness, who imported much irrelevant matter into his replies, to the great discomposure of Oliver, Q.C., whose witness he was. "Pray, Mr. Rowland, do let the witness finish his answer." But the screw was still kept on. At last, with much expression and action, "Pray, Mr. Rowland—pray, pray, prăăăy." "So I will, Mr. Oliver, at the proper time."

And the two had had a previous spar in a preceding case. It was about an accident, and the doctor laid great stress upon a super-induced habit of vomiting as evidence of constitutional mischief, and Rowland cross-examined on this. "Have you seen him vomit, doctor?" "No, but I've heard him retch." "That's not vomiting,"—a point wrangled over for five minutes, until Rowland scored thus: "My Lord, retching is not vomiting. I have repeatedly seen my learned friend sick of his case, but never have known him throw up his brief."

It was a high day in Musselville. The

Quarter Sessions for that ancient (and anything but religious) borough had come to an end, and the Bar had offered a complimentary dinner to the venerated Chairman, Mr. Sixmonthsard. At the usual time the toast of the evening was reached, and the health of the guest was proposed with much effusion by the leader, Mr. Samson Jawbone.

That of proposing the health of the Chairman's wife—which seems a funny interpolation —was committed to the junior, Mr. Blomeytite, who, being of the mature age of twenty-three, discoursed feelingly, and at large, upon the family trials and domestic troubles which had intruded themselves into the serene sphere of which the lady in question was the loved and looked-up-to ornament. Then he got round to the joyful and happy aspects which that family circle presented, among them that a member of it was also a member of their own mess, of a profession which, etc., etc. Here he ran down very sharp indeed; and the son indicated rose to return thanks on behalf of his mother.

The homage offered to that mother had overwhelmed him; he could re-echo every word in her praise which had fallen from the lips of the eloquent Blomeytite; but he could not sit down without alluding to the graceful compliments to, and grateful appreciation shown for, his father—by men, too, who for years past had

borne witness to his passion for justice, his discrimination in matters of evidence, his strong grasp of the facts involved, his fearless upholding of the dignity of the Judicial Bench, and, last, not least, his ever-readiness to temper the stern call of duty with the softening, humanising attribute of mercy. "Gentlemen, I thank you with all my heart for your esteem of my mother, but even more so for your appreciation of my father; for, gentlemen, even at such a moment as this, I cannot but remember that I am, not only the child of my mother, but also

"His Natural Son."

The late Professor Tyndall was once a Master at Queenwood College, Hampshire, and the village inn-keeper had a capital tap of home-brewed old-fashioned ale which the Educational Staff much fancied. Years passed on, but the scent of the roses remained, and when the Professor ran over to look once more at his starting-point in life, he went down for a glass of the well-remembered brew. "Simpkinson," said he, after a delicious draught, "I never had any beer like yours since I went away." "No, sir, nowadays they puts too much science into beer, 'stead of malt and hops."

CHAPTER VI.

"My graveyard is as salubrious as Margate"—Clerk thrashing Counsel—Indian example of the same—Treading on a panther's tail—The sauce the Mussulmans ate the ham with —Shareholders generally—The bullet knocks at the door—Highland bull and Spanish bull-fighters—"Scotland yet"—£2,000 for a dish of confectionery—"Jimp and sma'"—Definitions of "Faith:" (1) Yankee; (2) Scotch—Always buy before you sell—Stone Street, Amsterdam—Always get rid of the trimmings—Curious recurrence of a lion story—The discomforts of shyness—Missionary and maidens—Shaking hands with the Shah—The Emperor's elbow—Napoleon III.'s only good point—His little game in Morocco—The French Tribunal and the Englishman.

IT is strange how selfishness can blind one's faculties, make us not to see what is plain before other people's eyes, not to smell odours that are poisonous to others not personally interested, and, in fact, quite drown all our five senses in favour of that all-powerful organ of feeling, the pocket, where the smallest hurt is keenly felt and pains do not readily pass away. Up a court off the Strand exists the graveyard of the closely packed parish of St. Mary-le-Strand, closed years ago, but lately re-opened by Lord Meath's Society as a place of recreation,

such as it is. What it once was, has been told us by the pen of a master of fiction: "A hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene, with houses looking on on every side, save where a reeking little tunnel of a court, a dark and miserable covered way, gives access to a burial ground where are heaps of dishonoured graves and stones, hemmed in by filthy houses, on whose walls a thick humidity broke out like a disease." It was the graveyard in "Bleak House." I happened to know intimately the Rev. J. F. Denham, F.R.S., then Rector of the parish, and remember his piteous wailing over the slanders that were then directed in print against a place which he said was unequalled for the salubrity of its position and the freshness of its air, which contrasted favourably with Margate, and the sparkling breezes brought by the rivers of ocean, and untainted by touch of land, which fall on the North Foreland straight from the North Pole. Now he owned a freehold for life in this graveyard! Nor was he consoled with the circumstance that for every corpse *not* buried there in all time to come, but which might thereafter die in his parish, he would receive the sum of 6*s.* 2½*d.*, "and no work to do."

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there was a silk-gownsman, whom we will call

Muffitt, Q.C.. as indicating, if not the man, at all events the outcome of his practice. He had, as not unfrequently happens, done middling well as a junior, but had been cornered into taking silk, with a not uncommon result of taking rank as one of the unemployed. The temper becoming sorely tried at the constant recurrence of "blank days," he on one occasion struck his unfortunate clerk, who mourned the new order of things as much as did his master, but gave them more tongue. At this last indignity, the unhappy man, having nothing to lose, turned round and soundly thrashed H.M. Counsel, learned in the law; and, leaving his master bruised and bleeding, collected his private property and departed, closing the oak after him. In due course, however, he applied to the deserted one for a character, and got it, without allusion to any of his striking characteristics.

The story has its parallel; it may indeed be a re-fit of that of the high Indian officer who kept up the bygone practice of soundly thrashing his servants when they displeased him. The fact was notorious, and produced many complaints from the few superiors who had power to speak to him; so the practice had to be carried on more out of sight and hearing. Hence the high official told his Khansamah to go to a summer-house in the compound and

wait for him there, presently turning up with a heavy horsewhip. He then addressed the offender. "Now, you scoundrel, I've got you in a place where no one can hear, and I'll just thrash you within an inch of your life." The servant, though a man of powerful physique, squirmed native-like. "Sah, you sure no one can hear?" "Yes, you scoundrel; I've brought you here on purpose." "Then, by ——, Sah, I thrash you"; and so he did with a vengeance, laying his master up for a week.

The sudden change of programme recalls an incident witnessed by one of my sons during a deer-drive in Central India. A beater working through the jungle did not look where he was going, and thus trod on the tail of a panther, which the owner had left, cat-fashion, sticking out straight. The catastrophe was immediate; the coolie was so frightfully clawed that his funeral pyre was lighted that same evening, just at the moment when the panther's skin was being pegged out preliminary to its going to the tanner.

The turning of the tables was once quite as neatly, but bloodlessly, arranged in the old days in India, just before the Mutiny, by a party of indigo planters who had come together one Sunday for a jollification. The great dish in those days was the whole ham, which had performed its weary pilgrimage from York

to Oudh. But the delicacy was so long delayed that the host went out to see where the hitch was. He found the servants, all Mussulmans, be it said, squatted round the, to them, detested dish, quarrelling as to who should take it in, and in the intervals of the discussion freely spitting on the accursed thing. The matter was settled by the whole, ham and all, being locked up in a go-down, or store-house, until the men for very hunger had eaten the pig meat.

A party of Witwaterstrand miners were discussing as to how their particular plot, "Oliphants vlei," had come into existence, and also the probable out-turn of the neighbouring diggings, which had been named the "Ananias and Sapphira." They went on to more general matters, and seriously debated "What is a Joint Stock Company?" which the foreman settled in a few words. "Yer see, it's like this—Bill, Sam, Mike, Sandy, and me pays a penny apiece to buy a pipe and baccy. We goes and buys it, and then I sits down and lights the pipe and smokes the baccy." "And what does we do?" "Oh, you're the shareholders; you sits round and spits."

The late Dr. Stephen Parkinson, Tutor and

President of St. John's College, Cambridge, died worth £150,000, accumulated of course by safe investments and small personal expenses; and yet one day there came before him unpleasantly the idea of the end of it all and himself too, for a gun suddenly went off, a bullet came through his door and struck the wall just over his head, and it looked as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer was in for a nice and unexpected piece of luck. However, the ball did no mischief, and the volunteer who had pulled the trigger of his rifle, forgetting he had not fired his last round at the Butts, fortunately for himself did not create a vacancy in the College Government, which had been so long looked for as to have come to be considered hopeless.

It was a joyous day in the fair city of Seville. Not only were bulls of renowned courage to be faced by the best torero troupe on circuit, headed by the most celebrated Matador in all Spain, but there was an additional zest in a toro from a new country, and a Highland bull, from Caledonia stern and wild, was to display his prowess before the Senoras of the sunny south. Full to the brim was the amphitheatre; the sport shown by the indigenous cattle was splendid, and their deaths by the straight-held sword, driven in up to its hilt by the impetus of the animals themselves, the fury of whose

fiery onset was suddenly changed into the stillness of death by the severance of the spinal cord, drew tremendous applause, re-echoed as the skilful swordsman calmly wiped his dripping blade and bowed to the acclaiming assemblage.

Now for the bouquet. The key of the toril, or cell in which the stranger was secured, was thrown down, and the alguazil who opened the door of it for the entry of a little, wiry, black, red-eyed Highland bull, had to fly for his life, for with a wild bellow of liberty the new-comer charged into the arena in search of something to toss.

To him entered Picadors with their lances, who proceeded to prod him ; but this particular bull was short and handy at turning, and the tormentors found their horses gored and themselves flung off as if by a catapult. The barrier received the mark of his horn-points at the spot where two seconds before had been the narrowly escaping lanceman.

Not much need therefore to further irritate him, for the chulos to wave their flags or the banderilleros to plant fireworks behind his ears —the bull could see behind him, and the first banderillero was caught under his right arm and at once made a subject for the Spanish equivalent of a Coroner's Inquest.

Sawney soon exhausted the courage of all the troupe, tired out beforehand by the

fatigues of a heavy day, and not expecting much difficulty from the little, sturdy, undersized beast, who looked insignificant by the side of the monsters from the Guadiana marshes. The fun languished, and cries of "Spada" came to be heard, and the exile began to ponder. "Gin but I had no tossed that writer to the Signet," thought the victim, "I'd no hae been here the noo, in a kintra whar they dinna ken what a fine sāft day is like, nor a bonnie Scotch mist; but it's just sun, sun, beastly sun all the day lang. But fāt are they gaun till next?" With calm and slow steps there advanced to him the great Matador, taking, as he entered the arena, his red flag from the bowing attendant. With measured step and slow, he moved forward into the centre of the arena, where he made his deep and stately bow to the governor, and went on to turn round to the assembly to repeat the obeisance. Twice did he perform this, amid the rapturous greeting which met the popular favourite, before whom that very day eight bulls had bit the dust. The third salute was on the point of being made, and after one more the master would turn his attention to the victim, who was expected to fall the usual easy prey, when "Valgame Dios!" horror of horrors! the bull had come back from thoughts of Bonnie Scotland, seen the red flag, and turned

his attention to "the creatur' who was capering there jist like a dancing master."

Up rose the national pride. "Was he, the bull who had kept the Strath of Tober-na-Mutchkin against all comers, to meet his end by the hands of a little, undersized creature like that, whom Sandy McCraw, the herdsman, whom alone he knew and feared, could pack into his sporran, and walk off wi', withoot makin' a fouss aboot it? Was he, the bull whom they had sent for to Embro' to stop a few burgher bodies that cal'd themsel's the Royal Scottish Archers from firing their arrows at the butts in King's Pairk, when, by sair mischance, wae's me! he had jist gently tossed the bailie hissel'—was he, who had made the Strath a terror to tourists, and had been asked questions aboot in the Hoose o' Commons, to be treated like a common, unpolled stot o' Galloway and kyloe o' the Mearns?" Forbid it! in the name of Scotia weeping o'er her Thistle! "But gang canny," advised the National Prudence; "ye canna tell fât he's gaun to dae with the bricht thing he's got, and ye'll hae to make thet o' no use to'm." Whereupon, as if by inspiration, and reflection that the other end of him was the least vulnerable and certainly the thickest, the animal approached the swordsman standing in position, leaning lightly on his left foot, which was in advance, the right hand holding

the blood-red flag that concealed the glittering blade which had brought death to so many of his Spanish kin.

The bull faced the flag till his nose touched it, and possibly the scent of gore revolted his sense. At any rate, without more ado the audience began to hiss "Cobardo, cobardo," not knowing what was coming. And that was just the bull turning round and slowly and deliberately going a-tail upon the top of that Matador, to whom the manœuvre was utterly unknown. "Not for him to turn and fly," to disgrace himself and the generation of bull-fighters whose blood was in his veins. So first the straight-held sword in its enshrouding flag was pushed aside, then the heels were flung out with two tremendous kicks, the man himself knocked down and trampled on by the animal until such time as his head in its backward course had passed over the fallen one, when the horns became once more available for action; then came a vicious prod on the other side of the swordsman, and it was evident that the next dig would get home into some part of him. Then the cry "Cobardo" turned into shrieks and shouts of fear. Chulo, banderillero, and picador jumped the barrier to draw off the bull; but it was long before the gay swordsman, trampled, bruised, and mired, could be got up and carried out of the arena, with one

or two more whom the bull had contrived to damage in the *mêlée.*

The affair must close. A bull who could so break all the conditions of the ring as to charge tail first was not fit to live. A gun was brought, and the gallant beast fell to the ground with none to cry over him "Bravo Toro." But there are some who will say "Scotland yet."

About the year 1787 the then Commander of the Forces in Ireland invited the Lord-Lieutenant and the *élite* of Dublin Society to a banquet at the Royal Hospital, the chief feature of which had been for months in preparation, and excited great interest. The centre piece was a model, on a large scale, of the Rock of Gibraltar, then recently besieged by France and Spain, with the besiegers' approaches and the lines of defence accurately marked out. Guns were mounted in the various batteries, and threw sugar-plums at the fortress, which the defence promptly returned. The cost of this piece of extravagance, which was in play for but a couple of hours, was £2,000.

Little things amuse children both small and big, and a member of our Mess had been greatly amused by seeing a child dandled on his knee by an old Scotch laird who had come to see that grandson of his. The accompanying

melody, in which the amusement consisted, was :—

Soft in voice and action—

"This is the way the ladies ride—
Jimp an' sma', jimp an' sma'."

Forte—

"This is the way the gentlemen ride—
Trottin' awa', trottin' awa'."

Fortissimo—

"This is the way the coal-heavers ride—
Sacks an' a', sacks an' a'."

The process was greatly approved, and had the same result of requiring repetition as in a very old story told by Moody the Evangelist, which is much in point, if the sacred names which were so freely used be left out. It was a definition of faith, and the hot gospeller placed his little son, three years old, on a round table, and, standing some two yards off, said, "Now, Willie, jump." The mite took two steps and peered over into the gulf, but, shaking his head, said emphatically, "No," and retreated to his former stand. This was repeated two or three times, till the parent altered his tactics. "Now, Willie, it's your father who loves you, and will give you cocoa-nut candy"; and then the youngster took the jump, to be caught in his father's arms. We must omit the commentary, except the conclusion of the homily. "Now, Willie, you've

shown that you know what faith is." The speaker, however, ran drily on: "After that he got so fond of showing his faith that I got tired of it"—a very usual state of things with the performers of such manœuvres generally.

This, however, was not the definition of the "evidence of things not seen" which found favour with the Scotch ranter, who thus discoursed on the same point:—

"Ma freens, div ye ken what fāāth is? I'll jeest gie ye an illustrāātion o' it. Ye a' ken the Laird's hoose, and ye a' ken the muckle tree that stands ahint the Laird's hoose; and ye a' ken John Broon, and ye a' ken John Broon's brockit coo. Well, noo, if any ane was to tell ye that he had seen John Broon's brockit coo climb up the muckle tree that stands ahint the Laird's hoose, and sit upon the tip o' her tail on the tōp twig and whistle like a mavis, ye'd say that the thing was jeest impōwsible, gin ye no had fāāth and the discerning o' siclike māāters."

The test seems a hard one.

"Ere thou art thirsty, dig a well," says the Chinese proverb, and most of us find it true. But a neat illustration took place some sixty years ago when an attempt was made to upset the monopoly of pitching the roads in London with granite, by which one Alderman John Johnson had accumulated an enormous fortune.

He had been long and violently denounced by some of the rabid reformers of corporation abuses, such as Alderman Harmer of the *Weekly Dispatch*, Daniel Whittle Harvey, and Charles Pearson, of whom the two last, after they had respectively acquired the snug places of City Police Commissioner and City Solicitor, ceased, as is not uncommon, active denunciation of things as they existed, and indeed died in the odour of Toryism. "The City paving contract must be thrown open"; and so it was, with apparently most flourishing results. A firm was found to take it up with influential and strong guarantors; the only point, by the way, on which the retiring holder of the contract betrayed the slightest anxiety. Its schedule of prices was something like 40 per cent. all round below the old occupant's, who indeed had simply given in his own price verbally—"Same as afore." The new-comers were of course selected in the Alderman's place, who received his dismissal impassively and with a sniff. The new people signed the contract, took premises on a large scale, forthwith began to provide carts, horses, rammers, grout, and plant of all kinds; and then sent a man to Scotland to buy the granite, which they concluded would, as heretofore, be purchasable at a nominal figure—in fact, almost for the cost of clearing up the granite chips off the stone-

masons' yards, plus sea-carriage to London and bargeing up. But when their man got to Aberdeen and Peterhead no chips existed; "there worn't none to be had," and search on the west coast was equally unsuccessful. Only indeed in parts so remote from shipping ports as to be practically out of the hunt, by reason of cost of carriage, could anything be found.

So the searcher returned disconsolate, and then ill-luck fell like a pall upon the adventurers. Be it remembered there was no telegraph in those days, no railways, and the course of post to the Highlands something like ten days in place of forty-eight hours. But who had bought up all the quarry waste? He could not eat it, and must sell it at some price! Moreover, he couldn't put the stuff in his pocket, so the stacks of it must be traceable. These conclusions followed up, the trail ran straight to the office on Millbank of Mr. Alderman John Johnson, and that magnate, duly approached, was quite ready to sell. So there only remained the question of price. That price turned out to be, for each and every job, measured out in superficial feet, the exact sum the new contractors were to receive for the whole job, taking up old work, stone, labour, grout, channels, tips (City folk took them in those days), even the dinner to the

Committee of the Corporation which bossed the job—and this for material only, as it was dumped down on the spot. Great was the cackling among the Corporation Committee men, emphasized by their threat of enforcing the penalties for delay; streets could not be kept unusable because the contractors were not up to their business! The Alderman was strong but not merciful; the new Company paid him something like £20,000 to take over their contract, and so long as that large-patterned, red-cheeked, ruffle-shirt-fronted, bow-windowed individual remained in business, no one ventured to disturb his ancient solitary reign as London's City Paviour. This was a case of buying stone: now for selling that same.

There is, or was till lately, one street in Amsterdam in which any quantity of diamonds or precious stones could be disposed of at not unfair market prices, considering all things, and for cash or English bank-notes, without questions asked. White paper packets were opened, weighed, put in hot water to detect "doublets"—that is, stones faced only with diamonds cemented on to crystal backs—and eventually, if all conditions were in order, a sum was named, which the surrounding circumstances pressed upon the vendor the advisability of accepting. Few very large and fine stones exist which do not have in them

some identifying mark, perhaps a dot in one corner or a little slip in the faceting. Of course all the great historic stones are known on the market—such as the great Sancy diamond worn in his hat by Charles the Bold when he was killed at Granson, picked up by a soldier who sold it for a florin to a carnally minded ecclesiastic who was strolling thereabouts upon a mission to relieve, in every sense, the dying and wounded; such a stone, picked all over, and of a pear shape, is useless except to be cut up into smaller stuff, if indeed that be possible. But most of the great family jewels have histories and written descriptions, and are well known to the astute Israelites who run these exchange marts in the metropolis of Dutchmen and diamonds. Hence one of the firm may point out an item, probably unknown to the vendor, on which much whispering may result. The stranger's attention is called to it thus: "Now this stone, $27\frac{3}{16}$ carat bare, has a mark in this corner; look at it through this magnifying glass; an eagle with wings spread out. That will have to be cut out to make it perfect, and my friend here thinks it will reduce the weight to about 10 carats 10 grains: we can't take it as more than that weight." "What! the 17 carat no good to you!" "It is as we say." Should the seller attempt to withdraw this stone from

the batch, difficulties arise as to buying at all. It spoils the parcel, you see, etc.

Now the offerer wants money, and wants it on the quiet, or he would not be there. He has probably given very little for it, except the out-of-pocket expense which prefaces every great jewel robbery, if it is to come off a success. Should he take his parcel to any of the other dealers in the street, it is declined after the most cursory inspection. He has been seen going to Aaron Horschheimer's, let us say (the name is taken at haphazard, in case any such person happens to exist), and no one cares to take business out of his hands. Aaron wouldn't like it.

So the bargain is concluded; if coin be too bulky, bank-notes are forthcoming, and the seller leaves in perfect safety, though probably followed to his hotel and "looked-up" by the local detectives who always watch the street and its frequenters, in the interests of the police, but whose occupation rarely, if ever, produces any result, so carefully are all the surroundings managed. But there is an item for which there is no market there, and is indeed looked at with suspicion and discouraged, and that is *settings*. Usually indeed the artist, as soon as he has done the job, for which months of watching and training have been required, also possibly the getting over one

of the servants; as soon as he has got back to the hotel—where he figures, not infrequently, as an invalid gentleman of fortune—has at once taken out his plyers. With them he has unset the stones, and in the course of an evening's walk deposited both settings and instrument in the deepest and muddiest stream near at hand, whose whereabouts has perhaps formed part of the previous investigation. Only a few years ago the sand-getters who, with their "bag and spoon," get up sand from the Thames for the use of marble sawyers, brought up a cluster of meaningless bands full of round and oval holes with prongs round their edges, which, seen by a chance looker-on, were identified ultimately as the mountings of a splendid set of jewels, the casket of which was filched from the maid of a Duchess who held it carelessly, while her mistress was getting into the train at Paddington. The deep mud of Tennyson's Avon doubtless holds, 'neath Clifton Bridge, all that could identify Lady Miles' historic family jewels, carried off by as nimble a workman as exists.

People speak of pure fresh air and pure fresh water; but do such things exist? Has not all the air, pure and fresh as it may be when breathed on the sunlit heights of Monte Rosa, passed through millions of lungs of man,

and beast, and reptile?—come straight there, perhaps, upon the soft *Föhn* wind from lazaretto, Levantine plague hospitals, or Neapolitan cavern dwellings, where nothing but a string separates the crowded families who fester together in them, in the recesses of that fairest of cities. Water, too—even springing from such a source as Horace's "Fons Bandusiæ clarior vitro," or which has flowed in headlong career

> "Past the green steeps whence Anio leaps
> In floods of snow-white foam,"

to become part of the circulating medium again of beast, bird, and reptile—formed, it may be, part of a glanderous discharge, the spray of which, blown on his face by a horse when crossing Throgmorton Street, gave, after three days' agony to its recipient Contango M.P., toll to the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon £3,000,000 of money. Is there anything that has not in the past and will not in the future be worked up again, purified at each recurring transformation by that wondrous chemistry which, in our total ignorance of its action, we term "Life"? The answer is "Certainly not." And this preamble, dealing at first with the greatest problems of Nature, comes down to such small items as press matter. Look at the following extract from a most amusing book,

Farini's "Kalahari Desert." Compare it with the passage in Andersson's "Lake Ngami," and observe how the same incident occurred to these two travellers in the same part of South Africa. The periodic time of this occurrence seems to be thirty odd years, and it will be curious to notice if, at the end of thirty odd years more, it should recur to a couple of hospital nurses walking up-country in search of patients: such as Sisters Blennerhassett and Sleeman, for instance. Perhaps there might also repeat itself their history of how the Station Chaplain "chucked his orders" and went partners with a Jew bar-keeper.

Andersson, "Lake Ngami," p. 282.

"Hans knew an instance where a lion and a gemsbok were found dead in each other's grasp, the latter having with his horns transfixed his assailant. The carcases of the two were discovered before decomposition had taken place."

Farini.

"At twenty yards away was a lion apparently sucking away the life's blood from a gemsbok whose feet were yet kicking spasmodically; while beneath the hind part of his body lay the neck of a second gemsbok, still, like his comrade, in the last agonies.

"I cautiously approached the lion sideways, determining to fire at his shoulder. Imagine my surprise to find one horn of the gemsbok sticking out of the lion's shoulder, and the other

> through its neck, while just through his hip could be seen the tips of the horns of the other gemsbok. He had impaled himself on the horns of two of his prey, and, while rendering them helpless, had put himself *hors de combat*. He was as dead as a door-nail."

By way of compensation, or compound interest, the gemsboks have doubled in number; though as the abdomen of a lion is hardly forty inches long in the clear; and while two of the horns pierced the shoulder, the other two pierced the hip; the antelopes must have laid their horns very close together, as well as their heads.

Shyness is to its possessors—and they are legion—a source of great torment. Rumour goes that even great advocates have been frequently troubled by it, and that it needs five minutes or so of hearing their own voice to dispel the nervousness, and put them on their mettle again. It is the same in other things, and I have myself known a P. & O. Captain who was regularly seasick when he came out of a port where the ship had been on even keel for twenty-four hours.

With the astronomer Adams, as with many other college dons, shamefacedness was over-

mastering; and if, on the rare occasions when he succeeded in getting the better of it, something came in to upset him, collapse ensued, and lasted for a week or more. It is recorded that on one occasion he decided to give his class of honour-men a sound wigging for cutting his lectures, which only one had attended; to his own great personal benefit, as the lecturer could coach better than he could teach, and his special attention to his solitary chicken brought the pupil out fourth wrangler. However, in the matter of this wigging, he managed to call the class together, and soundly rated them, winding up with a request that they would be careful not to omit to attend his next lecture. On this there was a slight titter, and a man in the rear broke out with, "Why, sir, you gave us your last lecture yesterday." Adams looked up, seized his head with both hands, and bolted into his bedroom, never coming out for a week.

The shock was as great as that experienced by the Roman Catholic Missionary to the Chiliquothequin Indians, who inhabit a charming country in the back of Canada, where the principal food is fish, and the land is all under water in summer and all under snow in winter. He laboured assiduously according to his lights, living native life, and endeavouring in every way to win their confidence. He was of course

an object of great interest, and every proceeding was watched and commented on behind his back, and even sometimes in his hearing, as when on one occasion, having closed the ragged skins door of his little "tepee" or tent, his light showed the flash of human eyes filling up some of the holes in the covering, and he heard female voices saying to one another, in tones of surprise and disappointment, the phrase which he renders "Il dort seul." Nor did it end there, as thenceforth he was greatly harassed by the younger and fairer members of his flock asking him to meet them in the forest. From the pathetic way in which the incident is narrated, there is little doubt that the new St. Anthony upheld his celibacy successfully, although from the terms in which he describes the "belle" of the village it might perhaps have happened the temptation was not quite strong enough. We all know Sir Robert Walpole's story that he never knew a man who refused money, and but one woman: *she took diamonds.*

I had an extraordinary *rencontre* in the Bank of England in the year 1872. I had business inside its walls, but found the doors guarded, as if some person of importance, or perhaps Royalty itself, was going over it. I was then a merchant, and had the distinction

of being what is termed "known" there; so ingress was accorded me, and I went along the corridors to the part where my business lay. I may here say—and I trust it may not be set down to any lack of loyalty—that whenever Royalty of any kind is to the front I invariably go in the other direction, or get out of the way. Hence, when I saw a small crowd coming to meet me, I took refuge in a side staircase, and was ascending it, when a blaze of light at once stopped me. The leading person had a kind of high, conical, black cap, and on the fore part of it was the largest diamond—the Koh-i-noor not excluded—which I have ever seen, surrounded by minor satellites, "adding soft radiance to the larger stone." The sight was bewildering, and as the vision drew nearer I had no eyes for anything else, but remained on the bottom step, with, I presume, my hand stretched out. On no other supposition can I account for its being laid hold of and endearingly shaken by a soft, brown paw, while from beneath two of the blackest and fiercest eyes ever set in human face came the words "Shālom alëikoom." I was not so far gone as not to be able to answer "Alëikoom Shālom," but not until the Governor of the Bank and a dozen more had gone past me did I recognise that I had shaken hands with the great Shah-een-Shah

of Persia. It is, it seems, the practice of that Court that the Monarch goes first in procession, and hence I was indebted to an accident for my second contact with a crowned head,—the first having been a strongish nudge from the elbow of Napoleon III. on the occasion of the Queen's opening of the Crystal Palace in 1854. I was an original shareholder in that building, and one of the few who had the very good luck to sell my £5 shares for £3 premium. I was the holder of a "Privilege" ticket, and was standing on the red carpet which led to the *estrade* whence her Majesty and her guests had been intended to witness the inauguration of the great fountains. But these organisations had gone wrong, and refused to play during all the morning, or rather had burst out among the flower-beds and formed impromptu *jets d'eau* there and cataracts down the slopes of the terraces. I had just been told by an official that the idea of trying them again was finally given up, when suddenly I received a "dunch" (there is no other word for it), and turning round to remonstrate or possibly return it, I saw the lurid brown face of him who was destined to become the "man of Sedan with the Queen on his arm, while behind him came the Prince Consort and the Empress. Of course my hat was off directly, and what words of

apology I could muster at the moment uttered. The next time I brushed against him was in Regent Street, just a few months before the final collapse, when his strength failed just at the critical moment when one half of the operation was over, which might have restored him to weak health and strong powers of mischief for yet some few years.

But what had he to live for? In such a miserable, hollow life as was his, let us note here the one only good point which that self-contained, silent, dull nature possessed. He never forgot his friends. Though perfectly reckless where personal interest was concerned, and capable of proposing to Bismarck the treacherous betrayal of England by the annexation of Belgium, he seems never to have forgotten personal kindness shown to him in his old King Street days. There still exists in Wandsworth Road the modest undetached villa once occupied by Miss Howard, who assisted him in every way that man can be helped by woman—pawning her jewels for him, and even submitting to be arrested for his debts, as was Mrs. Fitzherbert for those of H.R.H. the Prince Regent. Her devotion was not forgotten, although she had no one to press her claims as had the conspirators who carried out the massacres and treasons of December '51. When the unequal

contest was at an end, the liberties of a nation crushed, and the tyrant had settled on himself the Civil List of one million sterling, the lady was sent for to Paris, created a Countess, and an estate provided for her, on which she died a year before the imposture had, by its own inherent weight of crime, broken down in blood and ruin.

Among many who had helped Prince Louis Napoleon in the King Street days of debt and difficulty was a Yorkshire squire called Mellish. The assistance given was in money. The sum was not very large, but it was timely, and had been repaid, in terms of ordinary civility, very shortly after the Presidential Chair had been reached. The matter faded from the lender's memory, if indeed it had ever occupied it; and one day in the fifties the squire took his people over to Paris, and went to the Louvre like any one else. So he was greatly surprised when an Imperial carriage drove into the court-yard, containing an equerry, with a request that he would at once take up his quarters at the Tuilleries, adding that the Imperial *fourgons* were in attendance to remove his baggage. The matter was, of course, practically a command, and quite silenced the ladies of the family from raising the usual difficulty, "nothing fit to go in." As soon as the handsome suite in the Palace was reached, and the first items

of settling down accomplished, a plain knock at the door announced a visitor in the shape of the Emperor himself, who at once greeted his old friend and his belongings, and pressed them to stay as his guests until they got tired of it, as we all do of everything, after a time.

The first hint of the vacillating ways which ultimately destroyed the European Sphinx, as he was then considered, was given to me by a German, who had repeated audiences of him upon a very mysterious subject. There is a certain part of the north-west coast of Morocco, which by some treaty not generally known, and certainly not made public, is agreed should be "taboo" to England; from some apprehension, it is said, of arms and ammunition being landed there which might be used to the prejudice of the French in Algeria. English trade is therefore discouraged officially, though the diplomatic skill of the late lamented Sir John Drummond Hay contrived to keep things quiet—even preventing the wild Riffian tribes from boarding and plundering the vessels which ran the risk of the traffic; it being always understood that the said vessels carried out their share of the contract by standing off the coast at nightfall.

Whatever the plan might be,—probably the raising an insurrection in Morocco itself, and

running the risk of what he could get out of the "kick-up" which would at once ensue,—it was entertained by the Emperor, and my friend described the interviews which took place. For the purpose of carrying out his mysterious night sallies into Paris, Napoleon III. had rooms opening on the Rue St. Honoré, with a door leading into it. To this door, an appointment having been made, the German agent of Liége gunsmiths would proceed, and would press a knob in the mud-covered iron-work of an apparently blind door. This would suddenly open, and an individual, who remained in shadow, would receive the password (continually changed), would open a door in face, and there, always alone, would be found the man at one time the most powerful in all Europe.

The Emperor was perfect master of the subject, and had as full and complete information about the matter as the tradesman in touch with the Liége people. Over and over again were negotiations on the point of conclusion. Specifications were settled and also terms of payment, which last was to be through a Swiss banking house, and as part of the capital of a railway in the Grisons. But after several interviews things had changed, fresh difficulties had cropped up, and the necessity for keeping matters dark had deepened. Finally the notion slackened, the Mexican intervention came to

the front, and no more discussions took place; nor could I understand that the intermediary, or indeed any one else, got any benefit by the negotiations, though it is hard to conceive a Belgian Jew doing anything at his own expense or without getting handsomely paid for it.

There is somewhere a Berkshire ballad which runs thus :—

> "Of their foreign lands let furreners brag,
> With their fifteen names for a puddin' bag,
> Let vools go wandering fur and nigh,
> We stays at whoam my dog and I."

And this was the opinion arrived at by an Englishman who fell foul of French law. His very hard case was detailed by himself in a letter to the papers some dozen years back.

He seems to have occupied a villa at Nice with his family, and found his flower garden invaded one fine morning by some dozen people, who pranced all over the place and took measurements, without troubling themselves what they walked over.

An inquiry as to the nature of their business procured the gruff answer, "C'est le Tribunal"; and when, on their condescending to go away, the house-master followed to shut the gate after them, the whole body charged back on him in a kind of football scrimmage, with the

hacking kept in. Endeavouring to bar the entrance with his body, the unhappy English singleton was severely kicked by an *avoué*, a proceeding of which no English solicitor would have been capable. He was nastily hurt, and probably said something; an apology for which being demanded and refused, they carried him off to prison in his damaged condition—bail, access to friends, and even the Consul, being all put off till the next morning, although one would have thought there was plenty of time to bring about all three after 1 p.m. the same day.

The "reception room" proved to be a cell occupied by five convicted felons, the water supply for all purposes, including drinking, being limited to one bucket, which might have been cleaner; moreover, the floor constituted the sole lavatory, and was cleaned out once every twenty-four hours.

At 6 p.m. the night shift was made to a stone-paved cell, 15 feet by 8 feet, in which were five mattresses of putrid straw, appropriated by the permanent inmates, none being thought necessary for the new chum, who accordingly had to stand, or lie down, on a floor covered with filth. Vermin, too, came in swarms on the visitor, who in very despair stripped himself to the skin; that, too, on a March night, with the keen breath of the

mistral chilling him to the bone. There was but one small opening, grated heavily, and quite insufficient for the sweetening of so much noisome breath. So the unhappy prisoner had to pass the night naked, with his knee on the window-sill and his mouth at the grating to get air. This state of things lasted for twenty-six hours, when he was charged with insulting the Tribunal with the words, "Je me moque de la loi Française," the words being distinctly (and falsely, according to the accused) sworn to by another *avoué*. This the insulted President held to be proved, and in such a rumpus the ordinary British monosyllable of relief might perhaps have passed muster for some such phrase. The sentence was 500 francs' fine and two days' imprisonment, but bail, on the lodging an appeal, averted that last form of suffering. The French President, however, lodged a special appeal for 5,000 francs and six months in gaol. On the hearing, some six months later, the original conviction was quashed, and the President of the Court censured for having entered upon the premises without giving previous notice. It, however, cost the Englishman £200, and he was advised by the Ambassador to put up with the loss and let matters rest.

It will be remembered that only last year two Englishmen, unable to speak French,

received similar treatment in Paris, and that there also the Embassy was not communicated with until after two days spent in prison.

The late Duke of York was an individual whom, in these latter days, we wonder at our grandfathers putting up with for a month, still less doing honour to. The sword which he never seems to have drawn except to be defeated, save when lowered in a disgraceful convention, is hung up in the Tower as if it were the sword of Austerlitz, or the rattan of Gordon with which he led the charges. The monument in Waterloo Place, said to be nicely adjusted to the height of his own unpaid, but piled-up, bills, with a statue of himself as the handle of the bill-file; the care of the King's person committed to a son who had brutally flogged his own father at the time when that remedy was held specific in lunacy, and publicly applied to the women in St. Luke's (parties being admitted to see the 'pathy on payment); the hideous charges proved against him, compelling him to retire from the Commandership-in-Chief in 1809, to be reappointed, however, two years later; the debts, the blackguardism, his treatment of his much-suffering wife, all raise our wonder how it was put up with even then. The man had neither wit nor grace, nor decency either.

His one amusement, besides getting drunk, was to play at cards from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. with anybody who would play with him, and for anything in the way of stakes, or nothing. It is true he always lost and never paid, so usually it did not much matter, except as a dissuasive to playing with him. But on one occasion he absolutely won £4,000 from a young subaltern in the Guards, Fitzroy Stanhope, and then began H.R.H.'s agonies. He wanted the money.

"You *will* pay me, Fitz, won't you? It's dishonest to play for money, and not pay up, daymit!"

At last the loser said,—

"I can only pay you, sir, if you'll find me a place."

"A place—a place in the army! Daymit! I can't do that; Susan sells 'em all, and she's always saying there aren't half enough vacancies to keep our establishment going, though it is war time."

(This was his celebrated mistress, who is only now remembered by the fore spanker of a barque being called *Duke of York*, the main one Mrs. Clarke.)

"Well, sir, there are other things besides the army—there's the Church, and there's a living of £4,000 in Cornwall in the gift of the Crown, which will lapse to the Bishop next week

unless the King fills it up. Could you not ask the King to give it to me?"

"*The King*—the King, Fitz! why, he swears whenever my name is mentioned, and the new lady don't like *me*, daymit! And, besides, you ain't ordained, you know."

"I think, sir, if you could manage the one, I could the other, and you'd get the money; it's only a year's income, and the mines are prosperous."

So the Duke wrote to the King, and in due course the reigning Sultana got to hear of it. This was Lady Conyngham, whom Mr. Greville charges plainly in so many words with possession of some jewels, the property of the Crown. It is odd to think of such a person in connection with such a subject as—

> ". . . a young man's fancy
> Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

But it did really happen in a very curious way, and with an even odder result of leaving its mark on the Church of England. The lady had a son, Lord Mountcharles by name, and he went the grand tour in charge of a young Eton master, a man of splendid physique and figure. Somewhere in Switzerland what does this young man do but fall madly in love with a Swiss mädchen with deep blue eyes, daughter of a minister? As he talked of *marrying*

her, the case was serious, the lady furious; there was no telegraph, no means of locking him up, nor even of knocking him down, as Mr. Weller was authorised to do with respect to Mr. Winkle. The lady was in despair; there was but one hope left—an appeal to the tutor, with an assurance that her everlasting gratitude, and anything going that was good enough to be obtained from the King, would be acquired by any person who would avert such a terrible disgrace (she actually put it like that) on the lady of Slane Castle. The tutor rose to the bait and the emergency, and risked his all on one coup—*he married the girl himself!* and as his risk, so was his reward. On the first vacancy he obtained a canonry of Windsor, supposed then to be worth £2,000 a year; then followed the See of Llandaff; but when, a year later, the almost princely Bishopric of Winchester fell in, with revenues of enormous amount, and rich rectories to provide for even the number of a curate's family, the lady held her hand: "I must have some of this myself"; so the churchman compounded with the mistress for an annuity of £3,000 a year out of Winton revenues. Such complaisance deserved a further good turn when the next chance came; and his brother, John Bird Sumner, was found just the proper person for the Bishopric of Chester, when that then

moderately endowed preferment fell vacant the following year. The appointments worked neither better nor worse than any others ; both died enormously rich, and left their substance to their babes ; but one hardly likes the way they got their appointments, though from this and other similar instances it would seem as if English episcopacy, like running water, gets rid of a good many impurities that flow into it. Only one protest indeed against successful and prosperous vice stands to the credit of the order—when the saintly Ken refused to give up his palace for the accommodation of Nell Gwynne, to the great wrath of that Orange Princess, and the equally great amusement of the third Stuart ; though there are any quantity of stories the other way. When, for instance, the Duke of Wellington consulted Archbishop Howley how to prevent the spiritual peers from voting against Catholic Emancipation, and the Primate suggested that he would himself go home and tie his knocker up as if seriously ill, and a lapse of the Primacy on the cards. The threat was enough, though Howley's Primacy was but a year old, and he lived until 1848.

Bishops' family names remain long in the Clergy List, owing to their filling up their best livings with their own sons. I once heard a sermon on the benefits, in a purely

spiritual sense, of poverty. There were two liveried footmen in the Rectory servants' pew, looking in much better feather than the curate who had read the prayers; and the evident uneasiness of the very limited congregation induced me to ask particulars. The preacher was the Rev. George Pretyman-Tomline, Rector of Wheathampstead-cum-Harpenden, some £1,200 a year, Chancellor of (I think) Peterborough, Rector of somewhere else besides, and Canon of Lincoln, to which post he had been advanced by the affection of his father, sometime Bishop thereof, and originally tutor to William Pitt. I don't think this gentleman rode to hounds like his brothers did, but he was a good shot and kept up a good head of pheasants. Meantime the curate of Wheathampstead did eleven months' duty, and received, so they told me on the spot, £80 a year. This was in 1857.

The scene must now change to Windsor.

"Look here, my dear! daymy, here's Fred written to ask me to give that living in Cornwall we forgot all about to young Fitz Stanhope; says he owes him money, and it's the only way he can pay. Says it's the last week before it lapses to that —— Philpotts, and he'll get him japanned in time for it. Suppose he must have it? None o' your boys old enough, are they?"

So Fitz got the promise, but he had to get ordained in full orders in a week; and he reported to his patron:—

"Bishops all funk doing it, sir; say things not what they used to be. All the archbishops in good health, too; so can't come over 'em that way. There's an Irishman will do it, but he wants you to write him yourself, and ask him to dinner as well."

"Very good, Fitz. I suppose I must, for I want the money. So here goes."

"DEAR CORK,

"Ordain Fitz.

"Yours,

"YORK.

"P.S.—Come and dine some day."

Three days after the debtor came back beaming.

"It's all right, sir, he's done it; and I've written the Exeter Bishop, who had his own man all ready for it if he'd had the chance. Here's his note."

"Daym 'im, what's all this?"

"DEAR YORK,

"Fitz is ordained.

"Yours,

"CORK.

P.S.—" It's Thursday next I'll be coming to taste your pot-luck-lashins of champagne, me boy, and it's a night of it we'll make."

And so the Hon. and Rev. Fitzroy Stanhope became Dean and Rector of St. Buryan, and punctually drew £4,000 a year from it till his death in 1862. He never went near the place, kept a curate on £80 a year, the church and everything else went to ruin; but the Duke got his money, and the Dean of St. Buryan drew his thousands a year up till 1862, from the outwardly barren shore in West Barbary, to the great benefit of the noble House of Harrington, to whose honours his son succeeded. The accumulation was a great relief to the family estate, afflicted—like the Ailesbury Peerage, which had four of them living at one time—by the longevity of a dowager, who survived till 1867.

CHAPTER VII.

Serjeant Ballantine's closing career—Minnie mum—"Never read prospectuses"—On advances for costs to Solicitors—Landlord and barmaid: hard case—The costly chalice—Teetotaller asking for rum, and how he consumed it—"Alas, my daughter!"—The Mortgage Deed and the missing plot of land—The rabbit worth £30—How the Solicitor made amends for his slip—Stonehouse Local Board and its Bond Issue—Electrical leakings—The "Conway" and "Worcester" boys—Prince Consort and candle ends—The Bishop's son and his revelations of the future—Sixes and sevens.

WHEN Ballantine's career at the Bar had closed, a subscription was got up for him to which many contributed, and some £700 a year was made up. One subscriber gave £150 a year on condition that the Serjeant withdrew from the Club which was the one pleasure of his life. Of course the amount was not enough; no amount would have been enough. People have but little scruples in this regard. When a similar subscription was got up for Charles James Fox, and there were fears of hurting his feelings, some one asked Selwyn how he thought Fox would take it? Selwyn said, "Why, quarterly, of course."

All, however, who had known the Serjeant were not equally well disposed towards him, and an estimable but retired Judge, who was asked to subscribe £50, turned so savagely upon the applicant that he fled for his life.

Once Ballantine was counsellor for the S.E. Railway in an accident case. The plaintiff was brought into court on a stretcher, and gave pitiable answers when examined in chief. Ballantine rose up to cross-examine in his most sympathising and therefore most dangerous manner. "Have you pains in your head?" "Oh, yes." "Feel as if your back was broken, dizzy fits?" and so on for some five or six more questions. Then "Billy" broke out: "You have learned your lesson well. All persons who receive a shock have some of these symptoms, but never all of them combined." Meantime the presiding Judge had been examining the paper mark in the doctor's diary, and found it a year later than the date of the attendances. The case got worse and worse, and the Judge summed up in these few words: "It is hard to account for the idiosyncrasies of doctors." The jury returned at once a verdict for the company, and every one expected some one would be sent to prison for perjury, either the plaintiff or the doctor, but nothing came of it, more's the pity. This committal of a perjurer right off at the moment

had a great effect in the Tichborne case, and some of the Judges who really have a backbone, and are not always thinking what the papers will say, might repeat it with advantage.

It is a cruel thing to say of Miss Minna Simpkinson (name fictitious, as usual), stout and loquacious, when asked "Do you like the girl of the house?"—"Well, yes; but most when she's a Minnie mum!"

Mr. Justice Mathew, in a company action, noticed a statement of the plaintiff in the box thus: "Why, that was in the prospectus: who ever believes what is in a prospectus?" There are few of us who have not fallen into that snare, but one case especially points the moral which fell from the Bench.

This prospectus was that of a new explosive, which combined a force superior to any previously known forms of quickly generated energy with disregard of damp, and a patience under rough handling superior to even cast iron itself. It was produced, too, at a price which created its own market at the expense of all the others. All these advantages, and many others, such as being positively benefited, and its destructive energy increased by lying about in the wet, were detailed in a prospectus so luscious and enjoyable that one only regretted that

the writer had not turned his talents in seductive description to the composition of sermons, in which case his promotion to the highest posts, in church or chapel, as the case might be, was a matter to lay odds on. A friend of mine at once took a hundred paid-up £1 shares, but by an accident his application was read to be for a thousand shares with 2*s*. deposit, and the applicant, a man of position, made no objection to this, until two days afterwards one of the leading financial papers said some such very ugly things about the company that the allottee claimed his money back, with, of course, the usual reply: "Impossible; unfair to other shareholders," etc. Smarting under this treatment, which we may sum up by saying that ultimately the calls were enforced and had to be paid, with £1,500 costs on the top of all, the sufferer wrote to a small financial paper detailing his wrongs, the same being quickly inserted and a letter of sympathy from the Editor returned to say: "The thing is so scandalous that we have handed the letter to a solicitor connected with our journal, who will take proceedings to recover the money you have paid"—this, be it observed, without any retainer on the part of the proposed client, or authority from him to take action. In a post or two comes a letter from the solicitor, who had a few years before been bankrupt and compounded for a shilling

in the pound, to say that on the receipt of £250 he would defend the action which the company had set on foot for the first call. As a £10 note would be sufficient to provide for any expense necessary in the defence for a long time to come, it seems wonderful that such a demand did not wake up the simple country gentleman, or induce him to consult his own solicitor before sending such a sum to a self-introduced stranger; but in place of doing so he actually sent the money, and remained quiet for some six or seven years, kept amused, once or twice in each of them, by an occasional letter to say that a settlement was being arrived at; until the company took action seriously for the whole of the unpaid calls, when, to his terrible loss in the long run, the sufferer defended the action on its merits, by his ordinary solicitors. Then came demands upon the volunteer solicitor to refund—met by the cool reply, "How much of this £250 do you expect to get back?" The reply naturally was, "All of it, save such part as is represented by your taxed bill of costs." This produced much moaning over "the state of the times," "difficulty of realisation," etc., which should have induced the victim to lay the case, as usual in misconduct, before the Incorporated Law Society as malversation by a trustee—a course which would have promptly produced the money

if the solicitor had it or could find it. Action by a clever solicitor did, indeed, recover a small part of it, but the debtor bolted back to his haven of rest, the Bankruptcy Court, which in this instance mustered up enough backbone to refuse discharge, thus putting the much injured debtor to the necessity of paying another qualified, but probably hitherto unprosperous, solicitor for the use of his name, otherwise "cover." All that "striking off the rolls" really means, is this addition to the defaulter's office expenses.

Any student of human nature, and the very seamy side thereof, who wishes to study rascality and fraud, mixed up with oppression and mendacity, in their cleverest yet grossest aspects, can find his subject ready to hand by attending the Divisional Courts which sit to inquire into the conduct of those officers of the Court who are called solicitors. He will find his game in the daily cause list of these tribunals under the heading "In the Matter of a Solicitor," beneath which title appear the cases which have been laid before the governing body of that branch of the profession, have by them been so thoroughly investigated that a defence on the merits is rarely attempted in Court, and in which, as a third line of conditions, the solicitor has not, or cannot find, the money for restitution.

Then only, after these three siftings, is the Divisional Court called upon to say whether such a man-wolf is fitted to longer carry on the honourable position of a public adviser—a redresser of private injuries—a helper of those suffering under wrong and oppression—a stay of the weak, their guardian and guide to redress. If, therefore, one considers how few are the cases in which the weak, timorous, helpless, and the large class who object to throwing good money after bad, can be brought to prosecute at all, and again how many cases are stopped on the way by failure of evidence or the accused settling the matter (there were eighteen such cases in the Cause List for Michaelmas Sittings, 1893), some idea can be got of the terrible amount of suffering inflicted upon this attorney-ridden nation, by unworthy members of the class to which in nearly all the changing scenes of life the British layman must perforce resort. Not even consideration of the small percentage of really high-class custodians of pocket and property, who are found, not only in the very highest, but even in the humbler ranks, can keep out of view the hideous plague spot. Every now and then some specially ghastly breach of confidence is named at Mess with a shrug of contempt: when it is hinted that Biller has absolutely sold his client outright to the other side; that Dodson & Fogg, having

got all out of their client that they could, have, for some dark motive or other, muffed their evidence; when Mr. Sampson Brass (whilom of Bevis Marks) has purposely absented himself from Court,—these are instances, done more or less in public, where some one may be able to analyse the reasons for a result which has come upon the client like a thunderbolt. It is piteous in some cases to see the look of that harassed man when it breaks upon him that, without a word, his case, thought over and dreamed over with heartrending anxiety in the watches of the night, has come to a bootless end, and all left to him is to reckon up how to find money for a failure in the machinery of the law, the exact particulars of which it takes a very clever expert to explain to him, and which even then he cannot understand. Usually the loser, whose senses have been too stunned to take in a fresh sensation, meekly walks out of Court, following his solicitor like a "tame monkey behind an organ." But sometimes his features express what is passing within him, and one wonders how it is the break-out is averted.

On one occasion, a landlord of a tavern was sued by his barmaid for libel under circumstances which, to the lay mind, seemed no ground for action. She had come to him from

a fellow-publican, with a good character. She turned out a drunkard, and a thief of money from the till—both of which facts were not disputed by her counsel. But her master wrote to her former employer and related her misdoings, and on this the action was brought. The Judge, a man of powerful intellect, could only see the legal aspect of the case, and a hard enough aspect it was. He held that, as the statement was volunteered by the injured master, and not extracted or called for from him by the former employer, the communication was not a privileged one. He would allow nothing to be shown by way of justification, and cut short every attempt in that direction by simply stating, "The libel is admitted. It is merely a question of damages." The jury looked sorely puzzled; it seemed only natural to tell a fellow-tradesman how badly his recommendation had turned out; but they were coerced even more than counsel, and sulkily returned a verdict for £100, practically £300 with the costs. An attempt to get a stay of execution pending appeal brought out the stern reply, "I never allow a stay where my mind is clear on the point, and here it is so." The defendant's face had brightened up during the last attempt, but at the close it darkened so much that it was feared he was going to "say something," and a kind of hush

prevailed while he was being walked out of Court.

Known to many is the pleasant Welsh town of Dolgelly, standing at the junction of two rivers which respectively descend from the Berwyn and Snowdon ranges, and whose valleys, when it happens to be fine weather, are memories of beauty. Overlooked as it is by the amphitheatre of Cader-Idris, with perhaps the most romantic mountain brook-side stroll that exists, in the shape of its "Torrent Walk," the little town is full of interest to every one, and has even the glint of gold about it as an ever-present attraction. Near it are the Vigra and Clogau mines, out of which Messrs. Rothschild are said to have done exceedingly well at one time, even for that money-spinning house; a hint at whose profits, or so much of it as the astute heads of it can be got to reveal, is made known to us by means of the terribly brutal German income tax. Their mine was a "pockety" one, or concentration of veins, and when it became "out of pockety" the Intelligences of New Court backed down. Numerous imitations followed of all ranks, from the peasants who there, as on Dartmoor, can make 30*s.* a week by panning in the streams; to the sumptuous concerns which put in capital by the hundreds of thousands and lose it all.

Some forty years ago the Cwm-heisian mines started to work the quartz with the help of the Berdan machine, and produced great results, as they extracted nearly 90 per cent. of the gold put in at the other end of the crusher; it was only when the promoters' shares were all placed at good premiums on the market, and the loss fell upon those who ran the machine, that the results fell off, with fatal effect to the continuance of the enterprise. Since that time Mr. Morgan, M.P., seems to have been not much more fortunate in his undertaking, for, according to the statement in Burdett, 10 per cent. failed to attract debentures to the amount of only £10,000 upon property on which £40,000 had been expended.

There was, however, a treasure in a small way lying hid close by and out of sight, which has produced so much interest, annoyance, and disappointment as to be worthy of noting down. Terraced on the banks of the Mawddach is the packhorse road by which, in the days of Wild Wales, access was had to the mining localities we have spoken of. At one place an adit had been driven into the hill for mining purposes, and a rough bridge carried the path over the drainage outlet therefrom. Under this bridge, and in a hole neatly covered by a piece of slate, was found, a year or two back, some ancient Church plate of silver, or some proportion

thereof. It consisted of a chalice and paten, both of extraordinarily beautiful workmanship, and bearing the name of a silversmith who worked in the middle of the thirteenth century, and probably at Chester. In all probability it had belonged to Basingwerk Abbey, and either was consigned to safe quarters at the time of the Reformation, or lost by some marauder in the historic (and now long-passed) days "when Taffy was a thief." Great secrecy was observed as to all particulars of the find, in the fear (well grounded, as it happened) that the Treasury might swoop down on it as "treasure trove," which it certainly was not; having been abandoned by its latest owner (previous to the miner who dug it out), and therefore *bona vacantia*, and as such convertible to his own use by the first-comer. Eventually, however, the beautiful vessels came to the end of all such things—Christie's and the inevitable hammer—and were competed for by the Government on behalf of South Kensington Museum,—a practical waiver, one would think, of all subsequent claim. Had South Kensington been the highest bidder, would the Treasury have put the broad arrow upon the money? But South Kensington was overbidden, and it passed to a dealer at the awful price of £710. Then, and not till then, did the Lords of H.M. Treasury put in their

claim. Large costs were incurred by the sub-purchaser in defence of his title, but it's ill reasoning with a Government which does not fear costs, and which, when it has to pay such a sum as £6,200 for the Hansard prosecution fiasco, considers the matter hardly worth mentioning. So it is said that some kind of a compromise has been come to, by which, after the death of the present possessor, the articles pass to the British Museum, there to be added to, amongst other priceless treasures, that silver dinner service of a Roman general discovered in Germany, upon which H.M. Customs demanded a duty of one and sixpence per ounce, on pain of battering up the whole collection, before they would let it pass the Customs. But this demand they had to abandon.

An entirely new form of Local Option in the matter of spirituous liquors comes from Shanghai, a place where it *can* be cold in winter, and usually is so. The steamers have to wait outside the bar till there is water enough for them to go over it, and then make the run up at a stretch. It takes twelve hours, and the pilot has to be on the bridge the whole time. One bitterly cold night, when some 30° of frost were registered, the captain went up to the English pilot, whom he knew

to be a total abstainer. "I suppose I cannot offer you anything, pilot?" "Well," he replied, "have you any rum?" "Certainly," said the other, somewhat bewildered. "Give me a bottle, then, will you?" "A bottle!" "Yes, of course." The bottle was brought, and to the captain's astonishment the man first emptied half the bottle into one of his sea-boots, and the other half into the other. Beyond feeling cold for a moment while it went down, the man said he never felt cold in his feet that night. Now, which was this—a trampling the alcohol fiend under his feet, or a surreptitious consumption of it in restraining the waste of his animal tissue, just like every one else? Speak, Sir Wilfrid!

Perhaps one of the most curious instances of the way in which English Courts sometimes blindfold Justice, so that while nominally present she cannot interfere with the rules of the game, was exhibited some years ago in a legitimacy case, which, by virtue of some little property hanging on to it, had found its way into a Court of Common Law presided over by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, who actually rollicked in deciding the points of law which got imported into the case, and multiplied like microbes in the congenial medium. To every attempt to get the ball near the goal

of a verdict, strenuous opposition was offered by the Judge and one set of counsel; for each side in turn got favour when a fresh quibble was started. The trial took eleven days, and at the end the jury tried to disagree, but received such an amount of bullying from the Judge, who threatened them with being locked up for a whole November night (and would have chuckled over their position when taking his last glass of whisky between the sheets), that they caved in, and brought in a verdict of some kind or other. It practically did not matter in the least which way it was, as the whole of the property had been got through by the costs of the trial; in fact, one more day would have resulted in some solicitor having to go short, a thing too painful to contemplate. Yet all this time there was in the Court a witness who could have settled the matter had either side dared to call her, and had she stood firm under the terrible bombardment she was sure to get from the Bench. *It was the boy's mother.* The thing was too gross, and soon after the change was made by which the parties were enabled to give evidence. But the property was gone—gone as clear as those six engines which the late Sir Morton Peto once charged to the West Cornwall Railway, but of which the existence was untraceable, save in the Baronet's bill.

There is another curious case. Wine, too, has been known to disappear without leaving a wrack or a bottle behind. There was a Court dinner of the Muffin-Makers' Company at the Star and Garter, Richmond Hill, some thirty years ago; everything went to perfection till, after having tasted the rarest and most costly wines, a fancy seized upon the Renter Warden that he should like a glass of Marsala. The waiter was summoned, the order given, and much patience necessitated in consequence. Then the bell was rung again; there appeared the waiter ushering in Mr. Ellis himself. The landlord smilingly rubbed his hands, expressed a hope that his patrons were pleased with his efforts, and the dinner had once more met with their approval; he had but one regret, which he found himself unable to remove. In his anxiety for their comfort he had had the cellars ransacked in search of the Marsala ordered, but he was grieved to say he had not any of so common a wine in the house.

Old Ben Field, the wine merchant, happened to be dining there, and blurted straight out, "What the devil, then, has he done with the ten quarter casks which I sent him in last week?"

Another instance in which some £20,000 also vanished like the smoke of those engines arose from a display of that idiocy which seems

almost peculiar to a certain type of the English middle class. Money is earned laboriously, and to begin with in dribblets; it is penuriously hoarded for a special object, children or what not, and then from want of the commonest care left so unguarded that any one can, and very often does, run away with it altogether. Allusion is not here made to the countless traps which day by day once used to come to the small capitalist, such as the Mull and Halifax Railway, the Bank of Ball's Pond, Ld., or the Ananias and Sapphira Mine. There are men who follow Sir James Mathew's advice given from the Bench, and never look at a prospectus. But they confide in somebody—sometimes they can't help doing it—like the three Liberal candidates at last election, who severally sent their cheques to the local agent for the amount of their bills directly they received the same, and were rewarded for their promptitude by the man going off with the money,—a man, too, in practice as a local solicitor, and over whose levanting in such a way his surviving partners made sore lamentation, though steadfastly refusing to acknowledge any liability on the part of the firm's funds to make up the deficiency; the only remedy being for the candidate to pay it over again. In fact, the party managers endeavoured to avoid any contribution by themselves, though the de-

faulter was the sole channel for the purpose and nominated by them.

The £20,000 loss we speak of was due to simple, stupid confidence. A manufacturer and his wife had saved up this sum and invested it on mortgage, as they were told, though they had never seen the deeds, and would probably have been no wiser had they done so. Everything, like the deed itself, was left in the charge of a firm of three solicitors, not far from Lincoln's Inn, and one of their number had undertaken the executorship of the father, so that he might be spared anxiety for the future, as he had been spared it during the years of retirement from business. The will was simple enough, everything to the only daughter on marriage or attaining majority; which last came first, though the former seemed likely to run it close, so persistent were the attentions of a young gentleman all but through his articles, and just going up for his "final." The curate, too, had meekly put himself forward, and suggested that the young lady's coming into her kingdom might be fitly inaugurated by a gift to the building fund of St. Wapshot-with-the-Wooden-Leg; but the damsel, whose allowance had not increased beyond the sum fixed in the will during the two years which had elapsed since her father's death, had bought some jewellery, to be paid

for directly she attained legal rights and legal responsibilities. So the evening before the day—would not the day itself be occupied wholly by modest festivity?—she had written dear Mr. Levanty for the jewellery cheque, and by course of post the hitherto punctual firm remitted her nothing. Disappointment ripened into disgust as days sped on and fresh appeals were unnoticed. The articled clerk's fancies turned lightly into thoughts of business, and, like the Scotch Writer to the Signet, he made all his love without prejudice. At last his anxiety took the form of going to the firm's office with the ostensible reason of offering them some business, and then he found the office closed, the partners gone, and the housekeeper quite ignorant as to what address would find Messrs. De Levanty & Co. Inquiries led into bankruptcy, but nothing remained of not only the young lady's fortune and the money of some dozen other clients as well, except bills of costs against the utterly insolvent jobbing contractors in financing whom the money had gone. Perhaps, indeed, had the youth entered the enchanted castle earlier, ere the occupants had left it, he would have been no forwarder; he would have found himself like the Manchester client of that Lancashire solicitor whose office was always opened and closed with prayer, and who employed one

special clerk to keep his charity accounts straight. That client had paid his money, had been told the mortgage was executed, and had then inquired in simple thoughtlessness, by way of saying something in an awkward pause: "Sir, where is't, t' propperty?" "Oh, don't you know? It is in the High Street, Throstletopton, next the Wesleyan Chapel." What tempted Mr. Hunksiman, on a Bank Holiday, to take the train and go to that celebrated manufactory of iron tea-kettle spouts? What drew him on to go to the High Street, though told by all and sundry "There bean't no Wesline Chappel there"? What led him to pursue his inquiries into the awful presence of the owner and occupier of the only new house in that street, and ask permission to go over it, "as he's got a murgij on it, and he wanted to see what it was loike." He was a slow man both in his speech and on his pins; hence he could say little in reply to the furious onslaught of the occupant and his wife, "who didn't owe niver a penny in the world, and what did he mean by his (sanguinary) £500 mortgage?" But his slowness of foot led to his getting somewhat damaged in the summary ejection, in the course of which he managed to upset the maid bringing in a tray with the best china teathings, with much damage to the crockery; and when he spoke of the hurts both to his person

and pompousness, it was decided by his family council that he should at once go to Mr. Neesyman and direct him to sell up the people for the mortgage money, on account of their cheek. But the meek and soft-spoken solicitor counselled forgiveness of injury; and on the client going on to say that "he had been told there wearn't no mortgage of Neesyman's in Throstletopton," and insisting on his delivering up the deed, that he might "put some oother laryer upo' t' job," the saintly man said, "Oh, then perhaps I had better take over the mortgage myself, and give you a cheque for principal and interest." This was forthwith done, and hence it came to pass that Mr. Hunksiman's name was not recorded amongst the list of creditors whose claims footed up to £160,000, when the white-haired philanthropist had arrived safely in Argentina in the society of a pretty Sunday School teacher. The money had gone in lavish expenditure for show, and in the endeavour to make large gains by supporting building speculations, which are to too many of the profession as irresistible a bait as a young rabbit is to a cat. Feline principles, education, and even the pride of breed, are as nothing in the balance to the sedatest of parlour pets when that soft ball of wool the rabbit kitten comes out to play in the soft gloaming.

Rabbits, by the way, are not always matters of small account. Is there not on the records of a Divisional Court an appeal as to the loss or exchange of one? It was shown at a southern watering-place exhibition, was a creamy white, and had taken first prizes at Liverpool, Manchester, and elsewhere. It was sent and shown—of that there was no question; but the animal sent back, as being or having been in the exhibit, was so poor a specimen that the owner declined to accept it, and county-courted the committee for £30. The Judge had non-suited the plaintiff on account of a rule which saved the committee, personally harmless, in every possible event, and the Divisional Court upheld the inferior as the least of many imaginary evils.

Lest a slur should be thought to be intended upon the honourable portion of a profession which, like a good many others, represents—

> " . . . Jeremiah's figs:
> If good, they are the best of all;
> If bad, not fit for pigs,"

let us instance the case of a leading City solicitor, now deceased, who had not sufficiently scrutinised the seals of a City Company, forged by Purssell some forty years ago, and affixed to leases purported to be granted by that

Company. His client advanced £2,000 on mortgage of such a lease, and the solicitor who had made the slip at once wrote to the vendor with full particulars, and enclosed his cheque. But there is, no doubt, a certain tenderness on the part of the public towards solicitors as a class, and a disposition to attribute to them almost judicial functions and fairness, even without considering that they are paid to do the best they can for their client. And this opens a door to much of the terrible tales of wrong we have been considering. It is not uncommon among the lower middle-class for a defendant to go to the solicitor who has served him with a demand, and appeal to the agent, who is paid to get the most he can out of him, for consideration on (usually irrelevant) moral grounds. But the public, for some reason or other, does not grasp the fact that a solicitor, like every one else, wants to be looked after. Take, for instance, the case of the absconded Clerk to the Stonehouse Local Board, now some seven years ago. The man's *bonhomie*, pleasant ways, and lavish expenditure of money had made him friends everywhere, and the poorer classes were fleeced out of all proportion to any others. Rumours of difficulties, which had been in circulation for months, were refused credence as malevolent inventions, and only when the delinquent had

been missing for a week did any one believe the suspicions. Then, indeed, came a mighty revulsion,—and when his safes were broken open it turned out that the peculations amounted to £40,000, out of which some £15,000 was raised upon forged bonds of the Local Board; forged, that is to say, as to the signatures, but he had no need to counterfeit the seal, as it was not even kept under lock and key, but lay loose in the drawer of his desk!

Building Societies in Jersey had been especially sweet on this kind of security, of which they held £4,000; bonds were always issued when they wanted them, and the lenders raised no objection to interest and principal being paid in the solicitor's private cheques. Nay, more than this, when payments of this nature were months overdue, and letters of complaint were addressed to the parties and absolutely read at the Board meetings, the matter was laughed off and not seriously followed up. The whole thing reflected greatly on the carelessness of the municipal people, and an attempt was made, unsuccessfully however, to make some of them personally liable for losses sustained by innocent persons, terribly injured by want of proper supervision on the part of volunteer administrators. It looked, indeed, at one time, as if the defaulter would escape scot free, but Argentina had not then

become the paradise for Levanters it is just ceasing to be, let us hope. This peculiar specimen had somewhat more in his pocket than the regular three and sixpence halfpenny which is all the loose cash a great defaulter usually has by him, and he got away to Calcutta, where he took up his quarters in the Great Eastern Hotel. Now, not only is white clothing very cheap, but, like death and the race-course, it completely effaces all distinctions, and his discovery only came about by his being recognised by a youngster in the Bengal Pilot Service who hailed from Plymouth. The pilot-wallah wrote home that he had seen the much-wanted solicitor, and when the answering telegram from Scotland Yard reached Calcutta it was found that he was detained, by want of funds to go farther on; and so, at somebody or other's expense, he was escorted back to receive his five years' penal servitude.

It may be noted in conclusion that his safe, when broken open, contained his cheque-book for the previous year, which showed that £11,000 had gone in Stock Exchange differences alone.

The lavish hospitality, the yacht, the race-cups, accounted for a good deal, but Capel Court had sucked down the greatest part of it.

I once knew a man who complained that he always lost, whatever stock he operated on,

even when he had tossed up whether he should bull or bear it, eliciting from a bystander the rejoinder, "Ah, they must have let you win at the beginning." Most of the "cleaned out" have done well at the outset.

Electricity is a kind of "kittle cattle to shoe," and when it gets loose can do a powerful lot of mischief. This form of energy—which no one ever has seen, or probably ever will see, and which is produced no one knows how, and everywhere from (though by no means for,) nothing, but nevertheless is in such a hurry to get home to the place it came from, that it will either light up a city or wreck it in its onward course, without seeming in the least to mind which of the two it is—has a form of escape or leakage which may at any time plunge the aforesaid city into darkness. I at one time experienced a very peculiar form of it, which I have not heard spoken of by anybody else, and hence may be idiopathic. It occurred during the British Association Meeting at Sheffield, in 1879, at one of three public lectures delivered by Mr. Crookes, F.R.S. At that time there were in Sheffield, and no doubt exist still, for the purpose of the silver plating, some of the most powerful coils ever set up; and the good will of local manufacturers had enabled a join-up, or amalgamation, of these

to be made to such an extent that the lecturer frankly avowed the necessity of his handling the electrodes very gingerly indeed, and he was especially nervous about not completing the circuit through the medium of his own body. I happened to be sitting under a very large arc light when the full power of this combination was put on, and shortly after felt peculiar pains in the limbs, and such a terrible upset in the head, that nothing but the importance of the subject under consideration prevented my leaving. When the lecture was finished, I started out for a good walk to my quarters, and the cool, fresh breeze of the autumn night removed some of the malaise, as did a visit made to a clean and comfortable little public, where some Hollands and Seltzer were to be had. I attributed my discomfort to something connected with the great electric discharge beneath which I had sat, and on the second lecture took the same place—the identical symptoms recurring, but with more power, as if the system had been weakened by the first onset; in fact, I worked out the sensations as an access of typhoid fever, though the subsequent walk and whiskey totally removed them. Whether there was a sweating of the force just above my head, as is said to occur in electric railways during muggy London weather, or whether currents

upward had, as in the telephone, been induced by the tremendous force at work, it is not for me to determine, but I can only say I felt very uncomfortable at the time, and have found no one to explain to me how the disturbance was caused.

Once a year, I think about September 22nd, there is repeated in the "death" column of the *Times* a mournful advertisement. It gives the circumstances of a fatality which befell three apprentices in the Merchant Service, two of whom, brothers, hailed from the *Conway*, the Merchant Training College at Liverpool, the third from her sister-ship at Greenhithe, the *Worcester*.

Their ship was in the "roaring forties," where squalls come up at any moment, when suddenly a ship's boy fell from the yard into the sea. A boat was forthwith lowered, an able seaman and two apprentices at once jumped in and had pushed off, when the second *Conway* brother, determined to bear his part in the rescue of a shipmate, came up from below and leaped overboard. They directly pulled him in, and then the four oars were pulled towards the sinking boy, at that time well in sight. Almost as if by magic, a dark squall passed over the vessel; and when the blinding deluge of rain and sleet had gone by, the

boat was looked for, but was not to be seen. Not ten minutes had elapsed! What had become of her? The ship was thought not to have drifted far from the place where she had been hove to, and at once stood back to pick up her people. Vain search! though prosecuted for three days! Watch useless, though kept up! Of course the poor fellows were in their shirts and trousers, and had nothing to signal with from the boat, which was practically invisible in the trough of the sea. The ship came home with her sad story, which touched the hearts of all, and a Government vessel was sent out expressly to examine some rocks, to which, in the event of a combination of hardly conceivable chances, the boat and its occupants might have made their way and managed to live, even with no shelter, no food, no water. But nothing was ever found, and year by year the parents of the Liverpool boys, who had lost their all, record their grief for the outcome of as manly an act for the saving of others as is recorded in the annals of English heroism.

Not for them or those they mourn was the common, everyday philosophy of Mr. Lowten in "Pickwick": "Damn hurting yourself for anybody else—that won't do."

It is now some years since a story came out in the Bankruptcy Court which raised

much sympathy at the time, but which it was nobody's business to put right, and so it consequently remained wrong. It was the case of a really honest bankrupt—a freak of nature which does sometimes crop up, but which usually gets all the harder measure in consequence. He had started with nothing, like all the great fortune-makers, such as George Stephenson when he made the shoes for the public generally, in order to find money to send his son Robert to school—the said Robert coming to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and to be the occasion, for the first and only time, of a locomotive engine forming part of a stained-glass window in the great National Hero Rest.

With this class of man the steam is always at high pressure, and the difficulty of finding money sometimes apparently insuperable. Of course this at once develops the financing solicitor. Circumstances evolve him as naturally as bees make a new queen when the hive gets too full and a colony has to be sent off. A large local firm, whose business had, it was said, somewhat declined, were consulted, and at once took up the matter, finding the first few thousands without much difficulty. But as time went on, and a great labour strike was affecting trade, objections were raised to the largeness of the amounts, and a bonus of 25 per

cent. was demanded, which, in his utter strait the borrower was forced to accede to. But there came a time when, as the bankrupt openly stated in Court, it would pay better to wreck him than to carry him through; more money could be made as costs by disposing of the incumbered properties mortgaged by him. So, on one Friday evening, without any notice whatever, the usual wages cheque was refused unless a bill of sale upon all his property and plant was previously executed. To sign it was simple ruin. On the other hand, to leave the men's wages unpaid was to risk the wrecking of all the properties, for the force of local police available would be insufficient to cope with the angry passions of the strong-armed operatives wanting their "ha'pence." Bankruptcy followed, and the man lost his all. It is said that Cubitt was nearly at the same point, some seventy years back, when Belgrave Square hung fire in letting. But the old Marquis of Westminster, though he knew how to "screw," knew also when it was good policy to help.

These two phases of mind not infrequently co-exist. The late Prince Consort did disagreeably interfere with the then rule at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, that a wax candle once lighted was, ecclesiastically speaking, consumed; and only existed for return to the chandlers, who duly paid, in their private capa-

city, for it to the persons who had sent it back on their hands. But H.R.H. knew how to buy land at South Kensington, as the public will see if, and whenever, his will comes to light. And though he would buy pictures too cheap —and once, at least, got taken in—he could drive a hard bargain. I once saw a magnificent opal, kidney-shaped, for which he was willing to give the £500 asked for it, provided it would stand being placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer. Business was interrupted at that point!

Who, by the way, was the hard-hearted economist who stopped the issue of a bottle of the best Madeira every Sunday to the Chapel Royal at St. James'? The story going is that the officiating clergyman on one occasion felt faint, and asked for a glass of wine, with the result that a bottle of Madeira came round every week as regularly as a recurring decimal.

The son of a deceased Bishop of the Church of England was rarely without a capital story, especially when he cut for partners at what he termed "Afternoon Service"—that is, the Sunday rubber at his Club. The wit of all ecclesiastically minded persons (it by no means follows they are religious as well) consists in sailing as near as can be done, without crossing

the line, to what, to a lay mind, is very like blasphemy; the crisp contact in the two contradictory factors, at their sole point of junction, being that of the man and the idea. The one is supposed to be of the straitest sect of the Pharisees, the other outraging some, at least, of the moral restraints identified with that body. Scotch Meenister's "wut," when they are by themselves and the toddy brewed, especially carries out this position.

But it is with an Englishman we have now to deal, and he was wont to tell how

> "St. Peter sat by the Celestial Gate;
> His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
> For there'd not been much business of late,"

when the chief of the other division strolled across to have a chat about things in general.

It is wonderful how much private friendship exists between open and avowed enemies. Of course, at the Bar, it never does for two men to really quarrel; the all-powerful solicitor may possibly retain them both in the same case, and even when opposed, conferences occur in and out of Court which make dislikes and jealousies injurious to both parties and their clients. Hence, there is but one notorious feud known at the Bar, and this is between two judicial persons of the very highest rank, due to the quantity of cold, pellucid vitriol poured by the

now junior in rank upon his then junior in position when they were opposed in a celebrated trial many years ago. The now superior got a skinning that he could not answer at the time, so scathing was the onslaught; and report would have it that he has not got over it yet.

But we must come back to St. Peter and his antagonist. "Beastly times!" said the Dark One. "Fairly knocked up with takin' 'em in. My men using up pitchforks to a ruinous extent; and what's more, you keep such a bad look-out that men come over to me who are not eligible." "Eh," said St. Peter, "what's that? Send my people over to you? That won't do." "Well," said the Prince of Darkness, "there's the fellow who's got nowhere to go to; ask him." So the rejected by both was beckoned to, and appeared before the two. "Now then, my man, tell this gentleman with the key what you told me." "Well, zer, please, zer, my name's Jobberty, and I wor a varmor at Tor Bryan which is in Deavonshire, and I comed up to you, zer, which you was looking about yer, and I sez, 'Plaise, zer, I wants to com' in yeer.' 'Wer do ye come from?' sez you. 'Plaise, zer, I comes from Tor Bryan.' '*Wer's that?*' sez you. 'Davonzhire, zer.' 'Never heard o' that place,' sez yer. 'Must be some mistake. Whereabouts is it?' 'Plaise, zer, it's near Tippleden.' 'I think I've heard o' that

place,' sez yer; 'but we've never 'ad nobody in 'ere from theer; they all goes next door' ("And a precious bad lot they are too!" broke in the bystander), 'and I think you'd better go there too,' which accordingly, zer, I did; and this ere gintlemen wat's so pleasant-loike sent me back to you." "Just what I did, and I think you'd better take him over; you haven't got anything from that part of the country, you know."

This interlude passed, the Fallen One suddenly said, "Suppose we have a turn with the bones?" "Don't mind it. Don't mind if I do. You throw first." His Darkness produced the box and dice, and threw sixes. The guardian of the other place looked calmly on, sniffed, took up the box, and deliberately threw SEVENS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Bradshaw, not Bible—Lord Tennyson and the £600 charge—Chief Justice Bovill—"Take the lost time out of your speech"—"We're on our oaths the same as you are"—Lord Palmerston turned teetotaller—Diaconal troubles—George III. and his Prayer Book—The late Duke of Cambridge and the Decalogue—Sudden deaths of rich men—Shadowing of statesmen—High art suicide—Dean Stanley and the Hibbert Lectures—The Rev. Olympia Brown—Earl Percy sees my fall—Unfortunate upset to two clergymen—Ministers and their shadows—The Countess' return visit—Tischendorf and the Codex Sinaiticus—How he humbugged the Cardinal over the Vatican MS.—£300 for a sheet of paper—The harmless ghost—Chief Baron Kelly; once grocer in Oxford Street—The starting-place of the Pollocks—Huddersfield all Ramsden now—Lord Chancellor Westbury and his eldest son—Largest sum ever earned by a Junior—"One of 'em hit me or else both of 'em"—The Irish jurymen's proper place—The effect of colour on a criminal case—Safe escape from a train going two hundred miles an hour—Judges' and Counsellors' coloured trousers—How judges have sometimes been appointed—Huddleston as a French scholar—Judge tired of the Bench—Judge sick of a case—Counsel's change of front.

MUCH has been written upon the charm of the study of books, and lists have been made out of those of them which can convey the greatest amount of delight in the shortest time to appreciative and receptive

minds; but here, as everywhere else, there are exceptions. The present Bishop of Oxford was lately addressing eight hundred school children at Reading. He advised them to turn all their attention to books, as being the best guides on the path of life, the best supporters in its trials and chances, the best consolation in their frequent stumbles and falls; and then went on: "Alas! for me the study of books is at an end; all my time is taken up in going to and fro in my diocese, all my anxiety during the day is how to catch trains, all my reflections when the day is over as to how I came to miss them. To one book alone all my time and study is given,—I have time for no other,—it is never out of my hands, I carry it wherever I go. Children, can you tell me the name of that book? It begins with a 'B.'" All hands were held up, and from eight hundred voices in all manner of shrill squeaks came, "Please, sir, I know; the Bible, sir." The answer came sorrowfully, "No, indeed, children—it's Bradshaw."

Nor does the reading of books, even out loud for the benefit of others, always leave behind it soothing and restful recollections.

Many years ago a great Northern Peer was passing the autumn at his ancestral domain. He had invited sundry guests to visit him, but had been suddenly compelled to go away for three or four days. The establishment was

left in charge of his sister, who acted as housekeeper, and the other then members of the family consisted of his eldest son and his tutor —a friend of long standing looking in every day to render any help that might be required. One day this gentleman found the lady in tears; she had a visiting card in her hand on which was written the name—

"MR. ALFRED TENNYSON."

"Oh, Mr. Eelymann, *what* shall I do? My brother told me he had asked this horrid man and his wife to come here, and I was to take them in and make them comfortable, and let my brother know as quickly as possible. Now he's gone to Inverclatachin, and there's no telegraph there, and it will be a day before I can communicate with him—and whatever am I to do?" "Do, Lady Haweis? Send down for him, bring him here; I'll keep him company." "But he's got his wife with him." "Well, that will be company for you. I've always understood Mrs. Tennyson was a very nice person." "Oh, but, Mr. Eelymann, you don't know; that horrid man can't bear me." "Nonsense, why shouldn't he?" "Oh, but you don't know—you don't know all." "Then tell me all." "Well, you see, it's like this. I once went to Stafford House to hear him read something —something he'd written. It was some charge

of £600 they'd made him, and he was very angry about it, and made us very uncomfortable; for he kept shouting out 'Charged me six hundred,' and I got frightened and wanted to go out, and I had to pass him,—had to go very close to him, too, and I brushed against him, and then he broke out afresh:

> "'Jamming to right of me,
> Jamming to left of me,
> Charged me six hundred.'

Then he stopped short and looked at me—oh, such a look!—and nobody would open the door, and I felt as if I must sink into the ground with him glaring at me. I'm sure he never will forget it." "Oh, yes, Lady Haweis, he's forgotten all about that; at all events, there's your brother's orders, he must come here. I will go down and bring him up, and stop here until he goes away; so you'll only have his wife."

The scene changes to the head inn of the town close by, with Mr. Eelymann entering. "Oh, Mr. Tennyson, I've come down from the house to say that his lordship has been unexpectedly called away and can't be back for a day or so, but he's left orders for us to make you comfortable, and I've come down to fetch you up." "Let me introduce you to Mrs. Tennyson." "Oh, Lady Haweis will be so

grieved; she didn't know Mrs. Tennyson was here or she'd have come down herself." "The invitation *included* Mrs. Tennyson." "Lady Haweis will be so grieved; but here are the carriages, and the fourgon for your baggage. Pray let me take you up now." "*What* do you say? *what* is the lady's name?" "Lady Haweis, his lordship's eldest sister." "My dear, isn't *that* the woman who, when I was reading at Stafford House, got up and left the room, and brushed past me when I was reciting:

> "'Cannon to right of them,
> Cannon to left of them,
> Rode the six hundred,'

and she went out even though I looked at her?" "Well, my dear, perhaps the lady was ill; she couldn't have been frightened."

They reached the great house, and the guests were conducted to their rooms. It is a show place, and has ancient arms and trophies suspended in the corridors, so when they were going into dinner the poet observed to the *châtelaine*, who kept as far off from him as she could, "I suppose most of this came from Wardour Street!" The dinner passed off with more or less discomfort, and after the ladies had gone, the laureate said to his entertainer, "Where's my smoking-room?"

Now if there's one thing that the great Peer dislikes more than one of his sons it is tobacco! He won't let a whiff of it come nearer than the stables, and the difficulty had to be arranged by clearing out an upper chamber, wherein the poet and his entertainer kept it up till two o'clock in the morning, to the great discomfort of the latter, who was heartily glad when he could get away.

My personal acquaintance with Chief Justice Bovill was not an intimate one, though we were on speaking terms of a sort. It began in an action brought against the L. C. and D. Railway, then apparently in its last gasp, for consequential damages to property situate on a main road over which it had carried a bridge. The plaintiff had been handsomely paid for the property actually taken; in fact, he had taken a leaf out of the late Mr. Cooper Foster's book when the S. E. took his house in the Borough without paying for it—sent a lot of navvies into the house to resist any attempt to enter the premises until the bank-notes were forthcoming, as they very shortly were. And now he adduced much and costly evidence to make out that his property was absolutely ruined by noise, severance, restriction upon his powers of development, etc., etc. His counsel were Sir William Bovill and the present Chief Justice of

Calcutta, Sir Richard Garth. After waiting half an hour, as Bovill did not turn up, his junior opened the case quite as well as the leader could; and then ensued the usual ding-dong when it was abundantly clear that the injuries were all hypothetical (save perhaps the noise), while the benefit from having a station placed close by was great and immediate, and likely to increase. Some of us got some "fetching" questions in at this point, and Bovill had to deal with them in his reply. He commenced by apologising to the jury for his late arrival,—eliciting from me the remark, "Take the half hour out of your speech, then." Bovill glared in wrath, but dared not further put up the backs of a jury evidently not favourable to him. Our verdict was of course for the plaintiff; and as the Company made no offer, it carried costs, but the amount was a great come-down upon the sum claimed.

Our next meeting was some years later, when Bovill was Chief Justice. It was an action for breach of contract. Some German Jew had purchased five hundred bales of cotton, and in the interval between purchase and payment the North had captured Wilmington, and prices had dropped fourpence. This was the real cause of the breach. The ostensible one was a slight variation in the mark, that in the contract having a "d" inside a "Solomon

Seal," the goods a "d" outside it. Five out of the dozen in the box saw the whole thing at once; in fact, my neighbour whispered to me, "It's all about that fourpence." It had been a fatal fourpence to not a few. So the jury very early showed their hand, and Bovill showed his, which was for the quibble. The Judge checked the jury, the jury resented it, and things were sharpening up when all of a sudden it appeared that three of the counsel wanted to be elsewhere, and that only Mr. Lush, afterwards Lord Justice, had no engagements elsewhere which prevented his doing his duty to his client.

But Trade Union Law was too much for him; the case was remitted to the Court above with power to draw inferences from the evidence, and we jury were called upon to find a technical verdict "for the defendant," said the Judge. This was at once refused, we could only find for the plaintiff. The Judge was great in sneers. It was the only thing he was not little in, and he signalled me out for one. "Do you suppose, now, it really matters one scrap which way your verdict goes?" I replied, "We are on our oaths, my lord, the same as you are."

Mr. Lush was one of the men best liked both at the Bar and on the Bench. He was originally a solicitor's writing clerk, and in that

capacity acquired that marvellous knowledge of the practice of that day which finally led him to a seat in the Court of Appeal. His manner was peculiarly kindly, and had an old-fashioned fatherly way with it, arising probably from his simple character. Through all his successive rises in life he kept firmly to his Nonconformity, and preached as regularly at Avenue Road Chapel after he became Judge and Lord of Appeal as at the outset of his career. His religious tenets, at one time at least, stood in his way—he was passed over for a vacant judgeship, and a conundrum went round about it—"Why is it clear that Lord Palmerston has turned teetotaller?" "Because he has preferred Smith to Lush."

Keeping on the Chapel question, deacons are generally the great difficulty of Congregational ministers, and not a few of their pastors comprehend the reason why Mr. Spurgeon selected as text for the funeral service of an active but unpleasant one, the words, "It came to pass that the beggar died." In South London, however, there lately was a deacon who considered himself good at extempore prayer, whom the pastor, with internal satisfaction, noticed to be gradually getting short of breath. But appearances are deceptive; the deacon, after a pause, struck a fresh lode, and began

again,—"And now, Lord, I will tell Thee an anecdote."

Pity 'tis that, from the nature of things, there is no collection of Mr. Spurgeon's epilogues; they were not written, hence not epigrams. So there is a chance that there may be lost to the world many such pastoral guidances as that to a newly come supporter, who, after having accumulated a fortune by book-making, built for himself a good house, and asked the pastor what name he should give to it. "Dun Robin" was the reply.

When George III. died he was found to have altered the Prayer Book which he used in his few lucid intervals, the words in the Prayer for the King in the Communion Service, "Most Gracious and Religious Sovereign," being replaced by "A Miserable Sinner." One of his sons, the late Duke of Cambridge, had the same feeling of self-abasement during service, but expressed it verbally in the shape of an audible whisper, and most frequently during the reading of the Decalogue in the Ante-Communion Service. But the comments varied directly according to the commandment; thus the first and second would be responded to with "Dear, dear," the third "Oh, Lord," the fourth with a groan, the fifth with "D-e-a-r, d-e-a-r," again, the sixth came out with a hearty ring, "Never did

that, thank God!" (More than could be said for his brother the King of Hanover, who was reported to have killed one of his servants in that part of St. James's Palace now occupied by the present Duke of York, and who only escaped popular fury by leaving the country and by the rejoicings for the Battle of Salamanca.) The response to the seventh commandment was in a different key,—"Oh Lord, oh Lord," and the others received minor lamentations.

Not alone to rich Romanised Jews, living in purple and fine linen by the Lake of Galilee, in whose sunlit waters Eothen could recall the winning ways of an English lake, have the tremendous words "MÓRÉ! thou fool," gone out in the watches of the night.

Such an awful summons may have been served upon Chief Justice Ryder, who died in the night between the issue of his Patent of Peerage, for which he had intrigued for years, and the affixing to it of the Great Seal, without which it became wasted parchment. A sudden influx of wealth has repeatedly turned its possessor's brain, and a mattress and cold bath, with a master in the shape of a keeper, represented the solid outcome of dreams of luxury and enjoyment; but of one Alexander Hastie, M.P. for many years for Glasgow, the suggestion is appalling. He had built his soul a

lordly treasure house, he had planned its stately dome, it was built, fitted up and furnished, and the owner retired to rest in it. But in the morning there was a new owner there; in the stillness of the night there had come to its owner the Awful Shape, with that dread summons which, however, Mussulman theologists welcome as the Mercy of God.

And the forms of death seem to affect men of great wealth in striking ways. Take the case of Mr. Pilcher, run over by a waggon in Tooley Street close to his own door, with £60,000 in his pocket; or that of his son, who, in a boating expedition off Guernsey, fell overboard and was drowned, the body absolutely coming up to the Solent with the tide, unrecognisable save by the pin in his scarf. Or that of the great Liverpool merchant, who, in order to save a minute in catching a train, ducked under a rail at Cannon Street Station. The heart was put out of gear, and although they put him into the train alive, they took something else out at Blackfriars.

What a misfortune it is that things don't always fetch their cost. There is a bookcase in the Foreign Office which, if a different law obtained in Nature, would be a valuable piece of furniture. In it was placed, overlooked and forgotten, King Theodore's dispatch to Lord Russell; the mislaying of it there and the

demand for a fresh one was the cause of the Abyssinian war, which cost this country £5,000,000 of money.

There was a high-art form of suicide much availed of by medical students in Paris about the year 1842, which seems to have gone out of fashion,—perhaps because requiring a steady hand and some anatomical knowledge. But it reads easy enough, and certainly doesn't make a nasty mess. In fact, it was for some time in doubt how so many hospital students who were found lying on their backs with life extinct had brought about the grim transit. All the apparatus used was a penknife which had dropped from the right hand, its point stained with blood. It turned out eventually that the penknife had been passed up under the eyelid, thence to the base of the brain above the orbit, where it is no thicker than a sheet of paper, the contact causing immediate death.

A Dean of Westminster is his own visitor, and therefore a law unto himself. Fortunately few avail themselves of their liberty to any great extent. Perhaps Dean Stanley did so more than any of his predecessors, but his most original and perfectly novel exploit was the inauguration of the Hibbert Lecture in the Abbey chapter-house, at a time, too, when

Convocation was in session in the Jerusalem Chamber hard by, and members of that body could stroll round and obtain gratis a delightful little creepy cooling shiver on that hot May morning. For the Hibbert Lecture is the annual *résumé* on the study of religion as a science—Revelation, authority, antiquity, continuity, and all the rest of it to the contrary notwithstanding—and the first lecturer was Professor Max Müller, to whom dogma of every kind is no more sacred than things in general are to a French sapper. In this case, too, he rather rose up to the occasion, and aired his opinions very, or rather all the more, freely, for the place wherein he gave them utterance.

Here are a couple for instance. May I be pardoned for trying to reproduce the soft musical Anglo-German accents in which we heard them?

"All our knowlitch comes through two cātes, the cāte of our senses, and the cāte of reason, and whatĕvĕr will not pass through pōth cātes must either be rechected *in toto*, or poastpoaned until it can chustify its admeeshun.

"All relĭtchuns are alaike; they all contain a certain proportion of truth, and a certain quantity of falsehoot, and their only deeference is in the respective proportions of the admeexture."

Just one more to wind up with. "There is

not the slaightest evidence of any kaind worth a moament's considerashun of any direct revelashun from God to man."

Some of the convocationers listened as though they heard not, others fled outright; but a great joy beamed on the face of a somewhat stern-faced, faded lady, who sat next me on the raised stone circular bench whereon Westminster Benedictines, stripped to the buff, had received penitential public scourgings from their seniors, and seated on which the House of Commons for one hundred and fifty years had disturbed by their tumults the monks' devotions. This last was a great grievance and sorely complained about, although ordinary ecclesiastical boxing-matches were thought nothing of, as, for instance, when the Bishop of Hereford was knocked down by the Archbishop of York as a finale to a contention between them which came off in the chapel in the little cloister.

The lady after a time could not restrain herself, and she spoke :—

"Wāāl, now, it's very refreshin' to hear religion talked abaht prōper-like in a church, just like the way we have it in the States. It looks laike a saign of a change of a coming freer treatment of these sacred subjects than you've yet experienced on this saide of the Atlantic. You haven't as yet got the advantage, moreover, of female ministers; they deal

with these questions much better than men do. Ne-ow, I kim from Hartford, Connecticut, where I sit under a lady preacher, the Rev. Olympia Brown, and Mr. Müller there is giving out her exact idees on the subject of inspiration just as if he'd learned them sitting under her. What he's saying sounds quaïte natural laike to me to hear. It would do you good, ne-ow, to hear Rev. Olympia Brown."

She paused, and I humbly asked,—

"Pray, is there a Rev. Olympius Brown?"

"Wāāl, yes, there is; and he attends her ministrations sometimes. But, you see, it isn't *his* congregation, and we don't set any great value upon him; and he's got a kind of crowed-over look about him."

When the first series of lectures was finished, the Dean did not, however, invite Professor Max Müller's successor to continue them in the same place—although it is always a pleasure to hear the quiet humour with which Mr. Le Page Renouf imparts his great learning on the very dryest subject, managing to evoke a rippling smile among his hearers even when expounding before the Society of Biblical Archæology the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," in most hands as ghastly a subject as an undertaker's bill—or a solicitor's.

The Dean came out strongly in public

funerals, and thoroughly rollicked in them, doing his own part, for so small-sized a man, with great impressiveness. This was especially the case with Livingstone's funeral, which I saw; but he would have done the same had grim Death given him the chance of performing the funeral rites of any other notoriety, let us say General Tom Thumb or the Two-headed Nightingale, while the interment of the Siamese Twins would have called forth all his resources.

For only consider the points to be made upon them in the next Sunday's sermon. Two men inseparably linked for sixty years, yet utterly sick of each other, and bitterly hostile; day by day alternately master and servant, tyrant and slave; equal in physical strength, and always within striking distance of each other. An exaggerated type of human relationship, but without the blessed power the rest of us have of giving those we don't like a wide berth, each of them understanding the feelings of George IV. as to Queen Caroline, when a bungler broke to him the death of Napoleon:—

"Sir, your greatest enemy is no more!"

"Is *she*, by Jove!"

It would almost seem as if the space a man takes up in the world while living, has, for its complement, the quickness with which he and his works, suppose him to leave any, are

forgotten. The Dean we have spoken of is an instance; a man who by force of push and ever pressing to the front occupied much space in the world, but who made no more durable mark upon it than if he had splashed about in so much water. Much of his passion for notoriety came from his father, a whilom Bishop of Norwich, who had himself actually pulled up the spire of the cathedral there in an armchair, in order that the fact of his having got so high up might be recorded on a copper-plate in a spot where no one but a steeple Jack can ever see it. The Dean must have been a very miserable man, if only for the fact that he had neither smell nor taste, and hence could enjoy neither fish, fruit, nor flowers, though of course he had just this counterpoise, that if eau-de-Cologne gave him no pleasure Cologne stinks gave him no nausea; but the greatest irony of all lay in his death, when he was visited by the weak and ailing man for whose succession he had so long planned, and when, in the ever-shortening intervals between the fire-flashing swirlings of the fitful delirium which waits upon erysipelas, the face which bent kindly and sorrowfully over him was that of Archbishop Tait.

I was once unintentionally the cause of two ministers of religion indulging in unseemly

conduct in a public thoroughfare. When the Courts sat in Westminster at ten o'clock, I was going there at a fast walk, when I was accosted by two gentlemen, evidently Roman Catholic priests :—

"Pray, sorr, will you direct me to the Archbishop's house?"

"With pleasure. You take a certain turning, and then to the left, and you will find the Cardinal's residence. But when I last had to do with him he was Archdeacon Manning, and I always think of him as such."

"Sure, Tim, and it's an Archdaycon he was?"

"Yes, sir, and if that estimable woman only would have had him, he'd have been an Archdaycon still."

The joke burst internally, and had very unexpected results. To see two respectable, well-clad, shiny-hatted, stiff-collared clergymen pass in one gasp into raging lunatics, reeling back against the wooden hoarding, which at that time formed the roadside of Victoria Street, slapping their thighs and ejaculating between their shrieks :—

"Sure, Barney, and it's a pity that excillint woman didn't have him, and then we'd not have had our baccy stopped and our dhrop of whisky too, at all, at all."

"Och, Tim, and it's a bad day for us when she wouldn't!"

I got seriously alarmed, though few people were about, and by expostulations restored them to sobriety of conduct; there was no insobriety of any other kind—poor fellows—and they decorously thanked me and went off. But the paroxysm returned after a few paces, and my last glance was Tim, with his back against the hoarding, and Barney, with his arms round a lamp-post, shrieking like people possessed.

Ministers in Lord Palmerston's days had easier times than they have now. The "Joker," Lord Derby, said he had but two happy days in office—the day he entered it and the day he left it. But a friend of mine once played golf a whole day with Mr. Balfour, who is said, by the way, to be as enthusiastic a player as he is unlucky. But on these same links there stood, fifty yards in front of the statesman, a big, stout man with bulging pockets, and fifty yards behind another big, stout man with bulging pockets. These were detectives, and the pockets held revolvers. Beside this, the then Irish Secretary, in place of a cadie to carry his clubs, had his own groom, likewise heavily armed. My friend found the honour of playing with such an evidence a rather anxious one, as, in the event of all three firing at the same time, some of the balls might have gone his way.

I was one day going up the Duke of York's steps when I met Mr. Gladstone. It was in the days before his views had turned right round on the Irish question, and he was supposed to be shadowed, so I looked round to see what this process was like. Surely enough, a few paces behind, came a man dressed like a shabby gentleman's servant. I followed the pair long enough to be satisfied of their mutual relation, but the Protector kept his place admirably, and would even start off at acute angles occasionally, regaining his station by a quick diversion on the other tack as soon as he could do it without any notice from bystanders who were not on the look-out.

Some good stories were told of a late Countess of Jersey, before whom strong men have trembled, just as an eminent Hebrew solicitor of my acquaintance trembled before the late Mrs. Hope, whom he described as the only "man" he was ever afraid of. Lady Jersey's strongest paroxysm of wrath was said to have been on receiving a call from a former Countess of Ellenborough. Many years previous one of the Ladies Law had gone off with her brother's tutor, and Lady Jersey had forthwith called to condole with the afflicted parent. Now Society was sorely startled by the bolting of Lady Adela Villiers (not then

"out," but expected to make as brilliant a match as that of her eldest sister with Prince Esterhazy) with Captain Ibbetson of the Hussars, a gentleman in every way, but still the son of a Proctor in Doctors Commons. Lady Eldon and her daughter at once returned the visit of sympathy upon this misfortune. They got safely out of the house after it, but Jersey House was anything but a pleasant residence for a long time afterwards for all its inmates.

In a former volume I related a story as to how Tischendorf obtained the Codex Sinaiticus, which has been questioned by two correspondents, but which I have been unable to alter in any way. The story was current at the time in the Suez Bazaar, whither resorted the Cossacks from the Russian Consulate. After a time it was hushed by authority, owing, it is said, to a compensation of 200,000 francs, or £8,000, having been paid by Russia, which had likewise gently hinted that the monastery revenues in the Dobrudscha were not quite out of the reach of a Russian administrator. Tischendorf relates his own joy over his prize when he got into Cairo; he writes that it was impossible to get to sleep,—possibly due to the racking headache which Prince Regent (otherwise champagne and cherry-brandy in equal

proportions) leaves behind it. Even now, in 1894, the monks bear an unaccountable grudge against Tischendorf, call him a thief, and say he borrowed some of their books to show to the Czar, which he never returned. Moreover, this beneficent larcenist absolutely tried on a trick of the same kind some years after. The Papal authorities are very tenacious with regard to their Vatican MS. of the New Testament, especially as to the copying any part of it, since from time to time, in order to make a profit, they bring out so-called "editions" of it, which, being made by incompetent men, are hindrances to critics, in place of helps. In 1866 Tischendorf was admitted access to it for three hours on ten successive days, during which, by a direct breach of faith, he actually contrived to copy sixteen most important pages, and, moreover, got the copy he made clean out of the Pope-King's dominions. When this was discovered, the permission was withdrawn. However, the great German humbled himself before Vercellone, who was editing *his* edition (as unsatisfactory, by the way, as all preceding it), and the astute Italian, wishing to learn practical criticism at first hand, allowed him access for six days more, during which he stood over him like a terrier over a rat-hole. It is hardly possible to conceive such a thing as a practical joke in a beer-drinking German, but the great

man could develop even wit in order to carry out the object of his life; and his written criticisms thenceforth were so absurd and so ridiculous that when the Cardinal got the fruit of other men's labours in his hands, he found himself to have been cleanly and neatly humbugged.

The value of unique MSS. is untold; thus for an autograph letter written by the hapless Mary Queen of Scots, at 3 a.m. on the fatal day at Fotheringay, to her brother-in-law, the King of France, with its deeply affecting farewell, couched in a spirit of resignation hardly to be expected save in a mind from which all hope had fled,—one sheet of letter paper,—Mr. Charles Morrison, M.P., gave £300. It was shown at the Stewart Exhibition, but in a gallery upstairs and in bad light, and did not receive the notice it deserved. It has now, however, been facsimiled by its liberal and many-treasured donor.

I may here note that the "Théâtre des Martyres," a description of which I gave in a former book, has had its engravings mounted on cards, which can be seen in the print room of the British Museum, where it seems to be prized.

A man once dined with us in Hall who lived in a house where there was a well-known, easily-recognised, but perfectly harmless ghost.

It was in the country, with the ordinary sweep of road in front of it and offices behind. At uncertain times a man dressed like a tradesman —black coat, apron, etc.—would come from behind, go up to the house, look in at one of the windows (always the same), and then walk away down the drive to the high road, along which he continued until he came to the churchyard, at the sharp corner of which he would disappear. No one in the back offices saw such a person start, no person coming the other way had met or seen such a person coming round the sharp corner of the churchyard. The phenomenon occurred so often that no one thought much about it, and merely remarked, "There's that man again."

When, indeed, one considers the revelation effected in common white light by the interposition of a prism or a rain-shower, it is difficult to contest Lawrence Oliphant's suggestion as to the deep mysteries that surround us on all sides, and which pass us, unnoticed, in the absence of some simple and probably commonplace key, ready, it may be, to our hand, did we but know how to use it.

Lawyers often come from nothing. The late Chief Baron Kelly was a self-made man. Among the papers of a deceased wholesale grocer was found, carefully preserved, a letter

from a customer dated in 1828, and from Oxford Street. Its writer spoke of the upset to trade by Luddite riots, and of the ill-health of his wife (this would be his first), which had thrown him so far back that he could not meet his payments, but must ask his monthly account for groceries, some £8, to stand over till the next, in hope he might still save himself from ruin; and concluded, "By so doing, sir, you will earn the everlasting gratitude, esteem, respect, and devotion of your humble servant, Fitzroy Kelly." Fancy this from the testy old Chief Baron! The Bar comment upon his life was that at the last Great Assize, when his name was called, there would be added,—

"No other case taken to-day."

Has any one ever taken note of the house No. 54, Strand, opposite Duncannon Street? It now belongs to an antiquity dealer who had the courage to give £710 for a chalice of thirteenth-century work recently found in Wales. The story goes that it has been lately claimed by the Crown as treasure-trove. The shop before that had been an hereditary saddler's, its last tenant in that line being Mr. Archibald Hastie, formerly M.P. for Paisley, and one of the founders of the London Joint Stock Bank, who himself bid for immortality by bequeathing Burns' punch bowl to the British Museum.

But previous to this it had been occupied by another Scotch saddler, out of whose door used to run day by day four boys, two of whose names were to be written in the History of England. One was the avenger of England's disasters at Cabul, dying Field Marshal and Constable of the Tower, to find his grave in Westminster Abbey; another was to be Lord Chief Baron; the third merely got to be a Commissioner of Bankrupts. That Scotchman's name was Pollock.

Sir John Holker's advancement to the front rank of his profession as Solicitor-General occasioned some wonder, as he was practically unknown in London. His selection was due to the safe seat he then held at Preston under the late Lord Derby, though he thoroughly justified it afterwards. Some amusing stories go about of these great feudal lords who own everything about them; such as the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, of whom it is said that a fellow-traveller in the train once asked, "Whose land is this about here?" "Mine," repeating the same answer a quarter of an hour later.

Likewise of the late Sir John Ramsden, owner of all Huddersfield save one small tenement, and that a Quaker's, to whom said the great landlord, "Look here, Square Toes, if you will sell me those two pig-sties of yours I'll surround

them with sovereigns." The disciple of Fox twiddled his thumb, pursed up his lips, hummed, and answered, "Friend, how does thee propose to place thy sovereigns, flat or on their edges? because in this last case I may do business with thee." However, Sir John got them at last, and Huddersfield is all Ramsden's now.

We may note here that the highest sum ever supposed to have been earned in one year by a junior—that is, a man not Q.C.—is £11,000.

Lord Westbury, on good terms with nobody, was on especially bad ones with his eldest son, known as the "Honourable Dick," a dull man, without much harm in him, save a weakness for cards and high stakes, and absolute recklessness as to the means of getting money to pay his losses with. Compelled from this cause to resign a registrarship in bankruptcy, in May 1864 he accepted a sum of £1,500 for influencing his father to appoint the person from whom he got it to a bankruptcy registrarship in the Leeds court. The appointment made, the new official was sweated another £550, and after this the Honourable Dick lay low, maintaining himself meanwhile, till arrested for debt at Ascot by a sheriff's officer, by reproducing upon stamped paper the signature of another brother, already provided for by

paternal care as a clerk in the House of Lords.

The victim paid three of these imitations, but the fourth broke the camel's back. A trial followed, or trials rather, and the defendant was exonerated, the only serious argument against him being "use and wont," and that having been silently plundered three times, he ought to have got used to it like the eels.

A good story was current nearly thirty years ago, about father and son. Sir Richard Bethell sent for his heir, and thus addressed him, jingling his watch chain the while, as usual when something very nasty was coming.

"Richard, I have sent for you to say that Lord Campbell died last night, and that I have accepted the Marble Chair. I shall be, of course, made a peer, and at my decease that peerage must devolve upon you. I have sent for you to tell you this, and further, that when at my death that peerage does so devolve, it will pass to the greatest scoundrel in her Majesty's dominions."

After a pause came the reply,—

"Well, sir, *considering you'll be dead, very likely it will.*"

However, the son was to become the cause of the father's resignation and retirement into private life when these and other scandals came to light. Alluding to a different case

from his son's, Lord Westbury was popularly said to have gone to "Bury St. Edmunds."

In the old days Judges were very particular as to the dress in which Counsel appeared before them. Of course by Bar etiquette every Barrister is invisible to the judicial eye unless robed in gown, wig, and bands; but in the old days, unless the nether man was also in black, the Court would not see the wearer. So late as twenty years back, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn declined to hear Counsel because he wore grey pantaloons.

Occasionally some Judges got their appointments in very peculiar ways in the old days. Some men were always on the hunt for it; some, under the impression that they had it secure, returned their briefs, and their clerk had to go round to the solicitors to get them back again because it hadn't come off. There were some who gave a Minister no peace for weeks; others revived old claims of Parliamentary candidatures with a view to a seat on the English Bench. One is said to have received a Lord Chancellor's letter addressed by mistake to him, but really intended for some one else. The recipient stuck to it, however, even after the mistake had been explained to him over and over again. He was one of the worst failures. But these remarks apply solely to long-past occupants of the Bench.

The dignity and repose of the office alter considerably formerly acquired habits. The new Judge can no longer smoke his pipe down Oxford Street, still less travel third class; but there is one case on record in which access to a Barrister for the purpose of offering the judicial ermine has been denied, and the story is worth telling. The Chancellor sent the offer down by one of his suite; arrived at the chambers he asked to see its occupant, and was met by a counter demand as to what his business was. Of course this was the last thing he was at liberty to tell, and the clerk would not take his name in unless he did; so they went at it hammer and tongs until the Barrister put his head out to know what all the row was about.

When the Windbag Terror, whose bounce had crushed thousands, and whose assurance enabled him to demand and even obtain the Grand Cross of the Bath, for his lamentable collapse at the Geneva *Alabama* arbitration, before minds of only ordinary calibre (how would he have fared against Daniel Webster?) —when that short stumpy personality was put upon a shelf at Kensal Green, the remark was indeed made, "Well, he can't swear at anybody now!" and this, with the total omission of any feeling of loss after his decease, must be the epitaph of a man only remembered

when he was present by his perpetual push, and never thought of afterwards.

Of his co-temporary Chief Justice Bovill, the same may be said. Getting into notice by defending some patents of his father's, a millwright, pushed into Parliament and kept there by his wife's skilful and perpetual canvas of Guildford tradesmen, claiming his reluctantly granted Chiefship by virtue of being the then Solicitor-General, over the heads of countless better men, he made no mark in his life, and dropped out of it unnoticed.

It is not often that a dramatic incident occurs in the dull routine of quarter sessions, but a somewhat brilliant one was brought about by Mr. Richard Harris, now Q.C. at Birmingham.

It was a prosecution for common assault, and witness after witness swore positively to the identity of the prisoner, who had rough hair, dress, and manner; in fact, a kind of typical ruffian.

Mr. Harris was unable to shake the most important witness, and at last turned round and beckoned to the back of the Court, "Come here." On this there advanced the prisoner's exact double, even to the broken nose, black eye, the patched high-lows, the re-kneed corduroys. "Stand there at the dock, below the prisoner." With a slight squirm the new arrival took up that position. "Now, sir, is

not *that* the man you say assaulted you?" After the usual amount of badgering—"Well, it's one of them or both of them, I don't know which." Quickly as the jury made up their minds to hear no more of the case, there was some one else who had previously come to the same conclusion; that was the prisoner's double, who shot precipitately out of Court and his unpleasant position in it.

There are some people for whom the dock has a kind of attraction, like the Irish jury. They had been sent out of Court to consider their verdict, and returned while another case was being tried. The Judge would not stop it, but asked the new-comers—"Gentlemen, please take your usual places for a few moments." Five of them went into the dock.

The defence of a criminal is a matter for serious deliberation, but sometimes it has happened that a criminal will not be defended. A prisoner's friends had obtained for him a burly gentleman of tropical extraction, and of such utter unimpeachable darkness that charcoal would have marked white on him. The client evidently associated his counsel with the Prince of that same Darkness, for, as soon as the gentleman began to speak, the prisoner broke out, to the great astonishment of the mild-mannered Judge, "Look-e here, my lord, I'll

tell yer wot it is: I ain't a-goin' to let that beggar defend me. I'll plead guilty fust."

Verdict and sentence accordingly.

In the Lefroy trial, one of the questions much debated, though not actually raised, was, whether it was possible for Lefroy to have quitted the train without injury when it was going at fifty miles an hour. I was talking this over with an engineer officer, for many years inspector of railways on the Bombay side, and he told me of a case where a man *had* escaped with but slight hurt when the train was going at, not fifty, but two hundred miles an hour.

The Great Indian Peninsular Railway ascends the Ghauts from the seacoast to the great Indian tableland by inclines, with a reversing station at each end. In the case spoken of, it was a down train, and the guard forgot to see that the brakes had bit sufficiently before it was started. In less time than it takes to write it, it was plain that the driver had lost all control, and that the end was certain. So the guard tried to save himself. He remembered to have noticed on the side next the hill, as he had gone up, a heap of fresh earth thrown out of the jungle. On to this, as the train raced past it on its mad career to destruction, he jumped, escaping with

a broken collar-bone and a fractured rib or two, which kept him three weeks in an hospital. As for the train, it ran butt up against the stocks at the reversing end. The engine jumped them, the tender hinged over, and it crashed down the precipice. The tale of dead, which exceeded that of wounded, was in hundreds, for natives pack close.

I was present when the celebrated skit in *Punch*, which so much upset the late Mr. Baron Huddleston, came into existence. It was during the Belt case.

The Baron held up a letter to the jury and said, "Now, gentlemen, this is French, and as all of you may not be able to read it, I will translate it for you." He made four mistakes of the grossest kind, so angering a barrister near me that he said almost aloud, "Law, none —no one ever looked for it. Manners, none—he hasn't got it in him. Good taste—he's incapable of it. Decorum and decency—no more than a Hottentot. But *French*, he was once a private tutor, and he must have been a fraud even at that, for now he makes four common blunders; I will show him up." And so he did, as Mr. Baron Muddlesome.

Now a Judge is no happier in his lot than any of the rest of us. I met one of them the other day in Pall Mall going down to the

Athenæum after Court, who said he was both tired and bored. "Do you ever wish you were back again in Parliament?" "Well, yes, I sometimes do." "What, in these times?" "Yes, in these times."

It is very rare for a Judge to take any personal interest in a case before him; he considers it merely as a piece of routine work which has to be got through mechanically as part of his daily darg. But sometimes a case occurs in which the holder of the scales is quite as alive to the subject-matter as is a solicitor in doubt as to where his costs are to come from if it goes against him. This was a simple case, to look at.

A Milk Company had sold off a lot of old stock to a cake-maker, W.N. by E.S. part of London. It was a heavy lot of some 20,000 tins; but as some of them marked one shilling had been sold at a halfpenny, the amount was about £150, part of it taking the shape of an accepted bill—also forming part of the action. It was admitted that the milk had gone wrong in drying, had fermented and puffed out the tins, and was called "blown" milk; but it was said the defendant knew what it was.

The cake-maker, however, set up that they were absolutely poisonous, and produced the coroner's officer, with a bundle of verdicts held on the bodies of infant-school children poisoned

by his cakes. Not only this, but some of the tins had spontaneously burst, and the stench had set up an explosion of typhoid of so novel a form that it had brought down Dr. Ernest Hart and a host of specialists to study it; the possibility of a new microbe attracting long-haired, flaxen-bearded Teutons from Heidelberg and Wurzburg. Under these circumstances the cake-maker declined to pay, and an action was brought against him.

Under technical rules defendant's case was opened first, though his own evidence was kept back, with fatal result as it proved. However, the sanitary folk had a splendid innings, and they were not much scratched in cross-examination.

But as the case went on the Judge was more and more exercised. When the sanitary inspector was explaining the effect of the gas on his digestive organs, the scale-holder got quite irrelevant. "What on earth do they do with this stuff?" "Oh, my lord, make cakes of it; it doesn't taste when they make it into cakes." "But where do they sell their cakes,—Cromwell Road way?" "Oh dear no, my lord; they are used for out-of-the-way railway stations, school-treats, and excursions." Here the defendant, who had been keeping his courage up and spoke rather thick in consequence, broke in. "Norsh Schwinstead, my lord;

always sends 'em there, they loikes 'em, always wantsh mōōre, my lord." "Why, that's where we have our school-treat; I ate some of the cakes myself and liked them." "Quite rightsh, my lord, quite rightsh; capital cakes, my lord, beautiful cakes, my lord." The usher, "SILENCE!"

The Judge, who looks, what he is best fit for, a country squire, turned an olive green, shuddered, and rushed off the Bench to his private room, returning a few minutes later, breathing rather hard and wiping his mouth. Resuming his seat, he said feebly, "Well"—and the case went on. It fitted well together, and was hardly touched in cross-examination, as the company's Counsel didn't know how to bully the professional chemists, and came to terrible grief when he tried it on.

For he asked Professor Bumshus if he had ever studied the substance called

SULPHONYLIC DIAZOTIZED SESQUI OXIDE OF ALDEHYDE,

and had got in reply: "Repeatedly. It is analogous in diatomic composition to *Para sulpho benzine azode methyl aniline* in conjunction with phenekatoline."

At which he, the cheekiest of all the silks going, had given it up; and then the Court adjourned for the day, leaving the defendant

only to prove a few formal facts, which his Counsel, seeing his then state, thought he would do more successfully the first thing next morning.

His verdict seemed safe, but nothing is sure, especially in law. When the Court met next morning the defendant was not there, having collapsed to a sudden attack of illness; the real reason being said to be that he got so horribly drunk the night before that all efforts to awaken him had failed. So the Milk people got their verdict, but whether they got their money or their costs is doubtful.

A Midland Session story deals with similar mutation in a criminal case. It was but petty larceny, but the prisoner retained Mr. Harris, now Q.C., to defend him; and when the case came on that gentleman was engaged in another court, and adjournment for an hour made matters no better, so it had to go on with a "Devil" in Mr. Harris' place. The substitute opened his defence with a grave face, and said he felt great responsibility in the matter. While he was going on like this, Mr. Harris got free, and at the desire of all parties took up the running without the least idea of the lines on which his deputy had conducted it, having had no opportunity of consultation with him.

The jury were greatly puzzled when the new-

comer, who had thoroughly got the case up, pooh-poohed the whole affair, and called it a ridiculous and trumpery charge. The prisoner, till then looking as if he were going to be hanged, brightened up amazingly, so as to give a knowing wink and a touch of the nose to a female friend in the gallery. But the startling change of front had disorganised the jury; they naturally disagreed, and the prisoner's new trial stood over until the next day, when Mr. Harris, Q.C., had been compelled to return to town; failing his advocacy the prisoner got six months' hard.

CHAPTER IX.

"Furreners don't count"—Love your enemies, and even drink 'em—"Oceans o' moock"—The rise of W. H. Smith—His blackballing at the Reform—On pilling generally—The Charitable Society and their Chaplain—In what shape will the public be asked to pay the cost?—Braxy—Strange meeting—Indian cooks and their kitchens—D—d Turkey.

ONE of the most delightful incidents in the history of a country is the National Pride which its citizens, young and old, take in it. It may, however, be unduly exaggerated, so as to throw a distorted image on the screen; and this was the case with the Amŭrican boy whose Sunday School teacher asked "Who was the first man?" "George Washington" was the answer. "Oh no, my boy; consider, recollect." "George Washington." "No, no; don't you remember that it was Adam, who was created in the Garden of Eden?" "Ah, yes; but furreners don't count, ye see."

It does not do to press arguments too much home to the consciences of your hearers, as Father Dupuy, the head of the Roman Catholic Mission at Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake, found when remonstrating with his

penitent Saltatha upon his deplorable fondness for getting drunk. "My son, you must avoid it. It is your greatest enemy." "Oh, mon Père, do you not always tell us to love our enemies, and all the more when they injure us?"

That same Saltatha was not a bad layman, for he answered the missionary who was explaining to him the beauties of Heaven: "My father, you have spoken well. You have told me that Heaven is very beautiful—tell me now one thing more. Is it more beautiful than the country of the musk-ox in summer, when sometimes the mist blows over the lakes, and sometimes the water is blue and the whip-poor-will calls very often? That is beautiful, and if Heaven is more beautiful my heart will be glad. I shall be content to rest there until I am very old." Saltatha had a fellow-feeling with the farmer who told his people one morning that he had dreamed of Heaven, and, being asked what it was like, answered, "Oceans o' moock!"

A curious story prevails at Princetown, the capital city of Dartmoor Prison, as to the practice with respect to Cunningham, the dynamitard who blew up the Tower and the House of Commons. He is stated to be kept in such strict seclusion as to be absolutely

unapproachable, notwithstanding the numerous attempts to obtain an interview with him; these are said to be of all kinds, from the open and straightforward way through the American Ambassador, where everything is of course aboveboard, to the attempts to bribe warders, and even to work a new warder into the galleries. This last attempt, from its very audacity, was the very nearest, it is said, to success; the man had been at Portland or some other convict prison, had left with a good character, and his papers, which of course were forgeries as to the subsequent part of his life, were so beautifully executed that inquiry into them was deemed needless. Some little matter blew the gaff, but the candidate got to know of it somehow or other, and vanished with lightning speed. It was not, however, a plot to release the man; this (apart from the absolute certainty of recapture as soon as he got outside, the moormen keenly appreciating the £5 note paid for the recapture of a runaway) is no easy matter, the authorities holding that it is their duty to keep a man in, rather than to catch him when he is out. The real object of all the heavy expense was to obtain his signature to a legal document—in fact, a power of attorney. It appeared that Cunningham had enlisted on the Clan-na-Gael as a youngster; had continued a member, or

perhaps could not get out of it, during his mature life ; and that the lot only fell upon him when he had accumulated £3,000 a year in house property in Chicago. Of course he had to go when the summons fell upon him, but it seems odd that he made no arrangement for the conduct of his affairs while absent on such an errand. However, the story runs that he did not, and when the news reached the great city on the lake that his detention might be a long one, the tenants woke up to the fact that his written authority was a condition precedent to their paying their rents, and that, unless that written authority was produced to them, they ran imminent risk of having to pay over again—a practice repugnant to all the traditions of Texas, and every other land. Hence they required to see that document before paying up, and it had to be supplied. It was, of course, a matter of regret that a capital sentence had not been passed, and carried out in due course ; but this was a detail : hence the attempts to obtain his signature. Of course, behind all there lingered in the minds of Cunningham's family the dread of prescription, the twelve years' possession (varying in different States) when leasehold disappears by virtue of non-payment of rent during all those years, and is replaced by the charming, sweet simplicity of "catch-hold" or usucapion—where

the claimant cannot even begin an action without having proved that he was unable to take action through being under certain legal disabilities, of which number absence in a foreign country under sentence of penal servitude is not one.

Nor could the sympathy of any right-minded person, of whom there are many in the States, be attracted to the case of a man who had made clandestine war, not upon the armies and navies of the State, but upon harmless people who had gone to the Tower holiday-making bent, and the chief victim of whose malignity was a Bethnal Green slip of a girl, fourteen years old. In fact, public opinion sets against missiles and explosives of every kind, even to the throwing a gingerbread-nut by a bystander favourable to the movement in progress at the time.

The rise of the great firm of W. H. Smith & Son is said to have been due to two speculations, each on the death of George IV. One was that of buying up all the copies of the newspapers which announced that event, the other the purchasing of all the black gloves in the wholesale dealers' hands. Trade communications were very slow at that period, and it took a long time to get up stocks once cleared out; so the last transaction paid enormously,

Messrs. Dent & Co. not having foreseen the manœuvre. The first one raised the firm from an inferior station to a leading one.

There is a book in the Reform Club, open to the members thereof only, which raises one more of the endless studies as to "what might have been," if things had been different. It is the Candidates' Book, and therein appears, duly proposed and seconded under date . . . Smith, William Henry . . . proposed by . . . seconded by . . . with the remark "Not elected." There was *prima facie* no sufficient reason for this. The Club consisted pretty much then, as now, of very rich men sprung from small beginnings, anxious to crown their career of steady enterprise by the (uncomfortable even in those days) honour of a seat in Parliament. Such, for instance, as Archibald Hastie, once saddler in the Strand, who made his money by making himself a principal where he had been only agent, was one of the founders of the London Joint Stock Bank, and M.P. for Paisley; Mr. Bass, and many others of the same stamp, both here and in the Colonies; coal-owners employing thousands of hands, who had once wielded the pick and lighted the "Geordie" safety lamp; and great capitalists who had begun as clerks with twelve shillings a week, improved certain machinery, and were drawing their £100,000 a year or so out of it.

Capital members of the Club are they, great usually in the invaluable Club attribute of silence, and giving (as I am informed, having no practical experience in the matter) capital house dinners to their fellow-members, on every conceivable reason, or none. Why reject Mr. W. H. Smith, then a promising young Liberal in Westminster, and possessing the same simple, homely way of putting things—utterly apart from eloquence, but still like it, the Art of Persuasion? Perhaps they drew the line at "Papers"—a nickname, by the way, usually applied to Mr. Smith in the House. Perhaps it was the advertising that did it? It certainly is supposed to have unfavourably affected the "yes" side of the ballot-box in the case of a great Soapist (both innings), a great Winist, and a gentleman who was described as the owner of a stately dome of pleasure by the sad sea waves, but bearing the same name as the gentleman who had made a fortune by the extraction of sea-salt from the aforesaid foaming billows. It did not affect Mr. Smith very much; he simply and naturally changed his allegiance to the Tory side, between which and the Liberal party there was then but little distinction, and of both of which the common factor was, as told me by one extreme Radical now in the House, that there was not a man in the House but had

come there for what he could get. He would receive with good humour sly pokes at his former pilling. In fact, his *bonhomie* was his natural mind form, just as the late Mr. Robert Keeley's acting was the man comporting himself on the stage exactly as he did off it. Perhaps a word in defence of this same black-balling may be heard. I have seen a great deal of it, especially at the Society of Antiquaries, where six candidates have been put up at the same time, and none elected. I do not think personal malice has much part in it; either the man is too well known, or it is thought there are too many of his profession or occupation in the Club, or that he may use it for quasi-advertising purposes, or, most likely of all, because his friends will not take the trouble to come down on the day of ballot, vote themselves for him, and get others to do the same. Except in one case, and that justifiable in all its circumstances, I have never known a vote refused for any man, when asked for by one of the candidate's friends who took a little trouble about him, and came down for the purpose.

Some time back an amusing case came into court, wherein a philanthropic society was concerned, whose operations, though conducted for, and at the expense of, the charitable of this

country, were carried on upon the Continent. Now it is well known that when "good" people fall out they carry on the war quite as fiercely, if not more so, as people who don't go in for being saints, and quite forget that bridling of the tongue, which they themselves present to others as the preventative of most of the loose mischief usually on foot. It was so in this instance. The clergyman placed in local charge of the scene of operations said or did something to the prejudice of, and derogatory to, the Great Mesopotamian Mystery, which raised a storm of wrath; he was put through the inquisition usual in these matters, of mild expostulation in a heated way, argued with (a thing which the average clerical mind is not made to stand), then preached at by sundry females (also an outrage on sacerdotal feelings), and, being admittedly obdurate, was dismissed and ordered to quit the premises, which he promptly refused to do. Solicitors were called in on both sides, and the matter came before one of the coolest (both in intellect and religious fervour) of all the Judges, who at once suggested a reference to a third party, but, in any case, a settlement without evidence being openly gone into. This, however, was declined, one person interested having come some five thousand miles to be present; and at it they went, hammer and tongs. Imputations

of all kinds were in the pleadings already, but they were not to be left there, and a good deal of amusement for the auditors ensued. The placid man of the old school on the Bench did all he could to stop the wrangle, then resorted to the strong measure of ceasing to take notes at all, and finally, when he closed his book for lunch, once more begged that the half-hour of his absence might be made use of to agree upon terms which would stop the contention. This raised at least a hint that the Judge might consider both parties in the wrong, and give costs to neither, a contingency alarming to contemplate from a solicitor's point of view. So when the Judge returned, he was informed that the case was at an end—a certain sum of money was to be paid to the plaintiff, to include costs, to which sum the said costs would probably mount up, all imputations being withdrawn on both sides. All this, of course, is practically an everyday story, and would not be recorded here but for a remark dropped by the Counsel for the charity people —an amiable, conscientious man, who had thrown all his energy into the case. He said as he sat down, "The only way in which these damages can be provided is by subscriptions from the public." This amount might perhaps be £1,200; and one is curious to know under what heading the appeal will come before the

public, for the expenses of about as spitefully fought out an action as ever any of Bobby Burns' "unco guid" let their angry passions rise about.

It is the lot of few, if any, successful plaintiffs to be satisfied with the result of their suits, as, except in undefended actions, they rarely get the amount they think their due. When the action is undefended, the first difficulty is what to do with your judgment as soon as you've got it. The defendant may possibly be in your reach, but in that case a previously prepared bill of sale has protected all his movables, and to push him into the Bankruptcy Court only results in more expense to the pursuers, and the discharge, scot-free, of the pursued. But even where a verdict is entered up against a responsible man, it is wonderful what a lot of petty obstacles spring up! Not, perhaps, so frightful as the lights on either side of the forest which Miss Marsden used to notice in her noble expedition to relieve Siberian lepers, and which she took to be roadside dwellings, until, on her suggestion that they should halt at one of them, the driver told her they came from the eyes of wolves. (By the way, a Russian traveller over the same ground informed me that it was quite as probably "moonshine.")

In the practice of the Law, everything works in the interest of "Delay, great mother of Expense." Solicitors continually bring actions, and when they are not their own clients (in which case they come under the uniform consequence) pull off verdicts and get them paid somehow. I once asked a gentleman of this branch, who had won a somewhat costly case against a Hebrew defendant hailing from the Cape Colony, and whose appearance in the box was as eloquent an exemplification of destitution as his fervent appeals to Holy Moses were of the contents of his pockets, "Now, are you going to get anything out of him?" "Why, my dear sir, he's got a gold mine, and has come over here to sell it. A gold mine is worth money." And so it was; for by-and-by appeared the prospectus of "The Ananias and Sapphira Mine," with Chairman the Right Hon. the Earl of Temple-bar, and the holder of the judgment as Solicitor. Plaintiff and defendant had put their horses side by side, had got together as pretty a lot of samples as ever were picked out and borrowed from the agents of twenty more sets of claims, and had sweetly rigged the shilling Founders' Shares up to £50 apiece, at which price the judgment was covered; while the calls provided for the vendor handsomely, and the bills of costs made even that

most impassive of men, the Official Receiver in the case, purse his lips when they were carried in, in the winding-up. Such a goloptious result is not always open to Solicitors, but they usually have tolerable luck with their actions; they have in them no client who can be kept in the dark until the time comes when, the briefs having been delivered, the witnesses' proofs taken, and as much as possible made out of it, he can be told that a compromise is the best thing to be done for him, or, when an offer of money comes, "Wait a little to see if he won't spring." The Solicitor's client, when it happens to be himself, knows the value of nimbleness, and that any offer is better than none, so brings his bird down, while it is opposite to his gun. Still Solicitors, with all their advantages, are not fond of bringing actions, nor are their nominal superiors, the Barristers. For these last are the most unlucky of litigants—doubly so, if that be possible, when from any cause or other they act as their own advocates. More than one decision stands on the book of the House of Lords as settled law of the country, which turns out to be a decision where a Barrister has been his own advocate at the Bar. It hardly matters what the question is: the late Mr. Kennedy had certainly a *prima facie* case in a breach-of-contract action he brought, but it fell to pieces under the rigorous view which

the Judge took of it. The writer recalls to mind many instances in which it has almost seemed as if the Judge was afraid to give the Barrister common fairness, fearing lest he should be thought to favour the class of which he had himself been a member. Hence the timidity in giving any direct rulings in favour of the legal postulant, and the desire, at all hazards, to shunt or shorten a class of cases never very numerous at any time, and which bring out in strong relief that every man's judgment is more or less at fault where his own interest is concerned. An instance occurs to me, but on the Chancery side, where a Barrister had a contention with his neighbour as to the supply of water from certain springs. The case was fought out as desperately as all these set-to's in a village cockpit generally are, and the Barrister did not ruin his own case by appearing as his own advocate ; so he was held entitled to the ownership of his own springs at a cost of £700, for the Judge held that the litigants ought to have settled it out of Court, and would give no costs to either party—the victim's sole point of congratulation being that it had cost the other man £1,000.

Rogers, the banker and poet, is said once to have given himself a severe cold from imagining that the window behind his back was open, whereas it was proved to have been shut from

the night previous. But I once saw the power of imagination exercised over the gastric nerve quite as completely. It was at a little public-house half-way between Barmouth and Dolgelly, where I stopped for some lunch before making a cut across the mountains northward. It was a comfortable little place, and possessed a lodger in the shape of a London artist, who had fitted up his painting tent across the road on the river bank. The man, though without a spark of genius, had a good knowledge of technique—more indeed than he had of humour—and discussed in quite a friendly spirit my suggestion that he should put the name under it, so that the purchaser (at a big figure, of course) might know the place it was meant for. The man's vapouring over his picture got at last tiresome, and his dinner, which smelt appetising, took possession of all the interest I had in the matter, so on being summoned we sat down at table. The dish was "scouse," which is Welsh for "Irish stew"; but on cross-examining my memory as to the surrounding circumstances, I asked him not to wait for me, and took another walk around the premises. On returning, I declined to share in the dainty dish, and made a hearty lunch off bread and cheese and Dublin porter from the wood. My conduct made my companion very uneasy; he dropped hints, made remarks intended to be

unpleasant, and, when these produced no effect, asked what the deuce I meant by sitting down to dinner with a gentleman and "turning up my nose" "at the vittles." "Ain't it good enough for you, or do you think it poisoned?" This last speech of course laid him open to any kind of retort, courteous or not, so my answer was, "I can't say it is poisoned, but I shouldn't like to eat it." Indignation rose in virulent form, coupled with a slight greenish tinge of the face, and he made such a rumpus that it brought the landlord in to see what it was all about. While the angry one was re-arranging his ideas, I got a word in. "Landlord, have you got a raw sheepskin on the place?" "No; haven't killed a sheep for weeks." "Then," with a look at the landlord, "that mutton must have killed itself." There was a faint call for "Brandy, quick!" a rush to the outside, and sounds as of great disturbance of the digestive organs, during which I withdrew. That victim would never partake of Irish stew again; his only idea of "encore" would be the Scotchman's "Angcore, engcore; we'll hae nae mair o' it." His reminiscence of the dish would not be like that of the Army Chaplain stationed at Port Royal, and one of whose daily duties was to commit to the earth, and the land crabs, the bodies of the poor fellows who had got their passage ticket for the next world, during the

previous twenty-four hours, in the General Hospital close by the Garrison Mess-house. For convenience' sake, the hour for the ceremony was fixed for after lunch, and the Chaplain then fortified his system against the depressing influences which were in store for him. He was a sportsman, a good shot, and in Canada, where he had been previously stationed, had been introduced to a new food animal on whose praises he waxed eloquent, so much so that, when gently reminded that the corpse was waiting, many of the officers went with him to continue the discussion. Arrived at the cemetery, of course decorous silence bore sway, the Chaplain assumed his surplice, and the service proceeded, though the reader's attention seemed somewhat absorbed by other matters. At last, however, the orisons drew to an end, and at the words "Our dearly beloved brother now departed this life" the officiant closed the book, handed it to the sexton, turned to his messmates, and went on, "possessing, you see, all the juiciness of beef, but crisper, and with a slight gamy flavour." He had been thinking of elk all the time of the service, and it was of elk he spoke, when his voice was free to give his thoughts utterance.

Among the many advantages which our Middle Temple custom of "sit where you

please" gives us, is the occasional presence of members of the Indian and China Civil Service, who avail themselves of their furlough as time in which to be called to the Bar, and thus become available for local judgeships. As many of the lower Indian court officers have a similar ambition for their sons, and as the Middle Temple is the great Colonial Law School, curious meetings sometimes take place between the two classes. On one occasion we had at Mess an individual having the air of command, and cool, resolute, self-possessed bearing, which one associates at once with that of a Major of Irregular Cavalry stationed on the frontier. At the last moment the Inn butler brought up, to fill up the fourth seat, a native gentleman, who seemed as if he would rather go anywhere else if he could. Dinner proceeded, and at the appointed time the Captain handed round the ticket on which each Member has to sign his name, for entry in the Inn books. The native gentleman signed "Syud Abdullah," or some such name as that. Conversation went on, and the Indian was asked, in order to bring him into the circle of chat, from what part of India he came. He replied "Punch-ab," and gave the precise locality as Dustipore. "Why," said the Englishman, "that is where I come from; I'm Deputy Supt. of Police there. What's your father's name?" "Ahmed Hassan."

"My Police Havildar?" "Yes;" and then softly, "I knew you at first." After which the two proceeded to talk freely on local topics, thus losing to the Mess the spirited talk of the man of action. However, he dined with us on another occasion, and here is one of his anecdotes of life, told us, considerately, after the cloth had been removed:—

The number of places where the kitchen is on show is exceedingly small. The Reform Club, for instance, can be inspected by members and their friends during the day-time, as can doubtless other great and famous establishments of that kind. But, even there, a sense steals on you that it is as well not to go too far, and the visitors cast a hasty glance round and then retire, asking no questions for conscience' or any other sake. If this is the case in England, how much more is the fear of knowing too much a severe check to an inspection of the cook's dominions in India! In fact, the feeling is quite the other way, and ignorance is held to be bliss by even the most inquisitive ladies. They remember the Mauritius story how a young Scotch sugar-planter, newly arrived and greatly daring, started upon the investigation of his own kitchen. He returned saddened and silent, proceeding first to the cellarette for a glass of Glenlivat straight. His spirits did not revive, a sober melancholy settled upon

him, he withdrew himself from the society of his fellow-men, took to reading Dr. McGawke's sermons, and eventually died young. However, one lady disregarded the warning; she had engaged a Chinese cook, and vaunted him all over the station; and when a friend demurred to John's superiority over the local *Bobbachies*, it was agreed that a visit should be paid to her kitchen, and then to that where the Celestial ruled paramount. The Goanese arrangements, the half-dozen small fireplaces with their blackened copper pans, a chopper, two spoons, the stone slab with its roller, and finally the table, much chipped, hacked, and scarred, oiled, smoked, and stained with juices of many substances (wiped off on his pantaloons when accumulated), a table on which the cook minced meat, chopped onions, made his rolls and pastry, and *slept at night*, were passed under shuddering review; and then an adjournment was made to the challenger's bungalow, where the scene was delightfully different. The pots and pans glistened like silver, the table was cleanly washed, everything was in order, and in the midst sat the Chinaman himself, with a glare of satisfaction on his features, and *washing his feet in the soup tureen.* This man was conscientious—a rare thing in cooks; but there does exist one other instance of it in that of a cook to a Madras Missionary College, who

was preparing the breakfast bill of fare. The list presented its difficulties, for the principal dish was devilled turkey. Rama Samy considered thus: "Sahibs all Padres; devil very bad word: how can write?" So as a result the Principal, taking the bill of fare as soon as grace was said, saw before him the words "D——d Turkey!"

CHAPTER X.

Chief Baron Pollock and his nursemaid—Castor and Pollux—Can't have too many sons in the Exchequer—Two actions taken up to the House of Lords for sums under one shilling—Professor Holloway and the turn of the tide—The baby—Comments upon the Inn management—Is a Benchership worth its cost?—Conclusion.

THE late Lord Chief Baron Pollock had a very large family, in fact, three very large families, and his memory of what his offspring was like got so mixed that on one occasion an extraordinary contretemps took place. On several occasions, when entering or leaving Queen Square House, he had noticed a remarkably neat nursemaid, good-looking to boot, with a baby in her arms, the nuisance of perambulators not having then been invented. The stern, hard-featured man often noticed the damsel, not observing at the time that the tribe of elder children whom she had in tow scattered out at his approach, and effaced themselves as much as possible. The Chief Baron often stopped to admire the baby, and this investigation brought the parties so closely together, that Sir Frederick was

pondering snatching a kiss next time the heads so nearly approached each other over the infant, when something aroused the habit of question-asking inherent in a lawyer, and he inquired, "Whose baby is that?" "Yours, sir."

Yet the old Chief Baron had paternal sympathies, and very strong ones; as fast as the old officials of the Court of Exchequer died off, they were replaced by his own sons, till Christian names with understood surnames came to be quite a feature among the functionaries. Hence, when the fifth vacancy occurred, it was hoped that there would be a change of surname in the person appointed to fill it, but Baron Pigott, intending to make a nasty speech, destroyed any outsider's possible chance. "Don't yer think that if yer put that son o' yours into Jenkinson's place the Exchequer will be a regular family party?" "My dear fellow, so it would; just the very thing for all of us, eh? I'll do it at once."

He was not a witty man, and the sneer glanced off him as did that other joke made by Chief Justice Cockburn after a Mansion House dinner to the Judges, when somebody had "made hay" with the hats and coats. "That's my Castor; no, damn it, it's Pollux."

The smallest sums for which actions are

said to have been brought, both had their origin with the Great Western Railway. One was for the excess fare of one penny; they gained the penny after taking it up to the House of Lords, but without costs. The second was to decide if a passenger could include a gallon jar of whisky in his luggage, and that they won, and got their costs—probably £1,000 out of the passenger's pocket.

Over forty years ago I knew the late Professor Holloway, a singularly meek and almost shamefaced man, under whose by no means unamiable outside lay a pluck and determination which were in time to meet their reward.

It was at the outset of his career; he had expended all his money in sowing the seeds of advertisements, and the crop had not yet come up; in fact, his scheme was so gigantic that the wheel took a long time to work round. Bankruptcy supervened (let me hasten to add that, when better times came, the creditors were all paid off with interest). His wife and he were living in Clare Market, cold, hungry, and without a penny. It was a dark winter's night, when there came a knock at the closed door. "Was this the Pill Shop? and did the ointment assist them in their healing task?" Then the 2*s.* 3*d.* changed hands, and was expended on a half-hundredweight of

coals, bread, steak, and potatoes—not much of the three last. The tide had turned, and a career which, after benefiting countless charities by thousand-pound notes, paid anonymously into their bankers, ultimately led him to the Royal Holloway College at Egham, had begun. The man himself never changed with fortune, and I remember the accents of gratitude with which his name was mentioned by a person who had done a great thing, and, like so many others, had received his reward too late. His name was T. T. Cooper, and he had crossed China up to the very frontier of Burmah, before he was stopped and turned back. For political reasons, the Government had to look coldly on him when he returned to England. He was come to all but actual distress, when Holloway sought him out and employed him to write advertisements and paragraphs to introduce his pills into China, and likewise draw up handbills. Holloway paid him so liberally that poor Cooper came to the Geographical Society with tears in his eyes. It was a turn in *his* career as well; for the Burmese pretenders, with whom he had unwarily allied himself, returned home; and after a decent interval Cooper was rewarded with a consulship in the Golden Chersonese which he knew so well.

His usefulness, however, was not for long.

One of his own guard took too much bhang, ran amuck, and the consul was the first of his victims.

One of these little outbreaks took place at Galle in my time. The man came running down the street, knife in hand, stabbing at everybody, till he reached the guard-house. The guard, all Malays of the now disbanded Ceylon Rifle Regiment, to which the madman himself belonged, turned out with their bayonets at the level, caught the murderer on the points, turned him over, and added his life to that of the three quiet harmless folk whom he had just sent to their long account.

Amongst our most genial comrades at Mess is Mr. Macdona, M.P., in years past Rector of Cheadle, which seems to be a place for quiet "wut," almost of the Scotch kind. A meek and mild curate was taking the girls' class in the Sunday School there, when the spirit of mischief put it into his "guileless mind" to ask this question: "Children, what is that inward, but invisible, monitor, which always tells you when you have been doing wrong?"

Of course he meant conscience, but the question went down and was left unanswered by all the big girls, until a small scrub at the bottom held up her hand.

"Please, sir, I know; the *baby*, sir!"

It was not the first awkward answer that Susan had given. Once before she had been asked by the curate, "Who was Moses the son of?" "Please, sir, Pharaoh's daughter, sir." "No, no, Susan; you know better than that. It was Pharaoh's daughter who found him in the bulrushes."

"Ah! (sniff) she said so."

Our space, though not our matter, draws to a close. A few words may be said as to the exceedingly unsatisfactory system under which, in usual English slipshod fashion, this great Inn is managed. The Benchers are elected by a co-optation among themselves; and while the silk-gownsmen, of whom two come in a kind of rotation, are elected, as against one of the ordinary stuff wearers, this last class is selected upon grounds which are wholly inexplicable. Benchers select their sons or the sons of their predecessors. Their relatives seem to stand also well forward in the list for promotion, if such it be; and, save where they happen to be Judges, the great majority of the governing body are unknown, both by person and by name, to the great number of their fellow-members. The fees on admission to the Bench were at one time £300, in return for which the payer received a set of chambers for

life, which he could, and did, re-let for his own benefit. The late "Father of the Temple," Mr. Anderson, Q.C., told me that he let his chambers at £140 per year. As his Benchership had lasted from 1852 to 1890, he must have received £5,460 for his first outlay of £300—not by any means a bad return. The present admission fee is said to be one hundred guineas, but no free chambers are now given, and it is a question whether it is worth the money, apart from the supposed honour of it. With the exception of such profits as those made by Mr. Anderson, and which Benchers admitted on the £300 entrance fee continue to enjoy, it is not supposed that much pecuniary benefit accrues to the newer admissions. But inasmuch as H.R.H. the Prince of Wales devoted his fees when Treasurer to the purchase of a handsome loving cup, which certainly could not have cost less than one hundred guineas, it is clear some money payment is received by the Treasurer of each year. In the Inner Temple, where the fees are £200, that honour has been repeatedly declined, and it is reported that, in that Inn at all events, the person thought of is always now previously approached in order to know whether it will be accepted.

The Inns are not supposed to work harmoniously, and the feeling is said to spread down among the servants. There is a story of our

late head-porter Bye, which goes to that extent. The Church is divided longitudinally between the Middle and Inner Temples, the former having the north, the latter the south, portion. Service was proceeding, Bye was standing by his mace guarding it, when there was a commotion over the way. A Bencher of the Inner Temple had been seized with a fit. Bye was beckoned to go over and assist; he indignantly shook his head and said out loud, "Nothing whatever to do with the other side of the Church."

The Common Room has lately become a dirty and uncomfortable place, and its contrast with the bright, club-like comfort of that at Lincoln's Inn is a matter which the Benchers might profitably consider.

And the audit of the accounts has been entrusted to two gentlemen, whose knowledge of law can be safely relied on, but as to whose acquaintance with accounts, and how to deal with the difficult questions that naturally spring up in their darkness, there is not such confidence. Can they have, by the way, been at all troublesome? They have not been asked to dine as guests on Grand Night lately!—in company with the Under Treasurer. Why the alteration?

But, audited or not audited, the affairs of the Inn require looking into, and great and growing dissatisfaction is felt with them. Secrecy is a

sure sign of something wrong, and an amusing piece of evidence, both as to the fear, and, consequently, need, of publicity, has cropped up in my own case.

I wished to look at the accounts for 1602, to ascertain to whom the payment for the production of *Twelfth Night* was made, and applied to the Treasurer for leave to personally inspect them—a request usually freely granted to a Member of twenty years standing, F.S.A., and historical student in a small way.

After much beating about the bush, I was informed that I must give definite information as to the subject-matter of my investigation. To do this would have made my secret, such as it was, public property, and I declined to do it. It is the more annoying as the records are said to have been indexed, and hence could have been put before me with as little trouble as at the Record Office, where a man walks in out of the street, and has the choicest MS. placed on the desk at once.

But how nervous must the Benchers be as to the present accounts, when they so carefully bar the door on those three centuries old!

We know there are some good things still left! Lords Truro and Romilly, both holders of very "jammy" places, are but just dead!

So with our Inn accounts. Can there still be corn in Egypt? True, the old system of free

benchal chambers, under which Mr. Anderson, Q.C., pocketed some 50 per cent. on his outlay for forty years, is said to be defunct; although many old Benchers must still be enjoying a good return for their money. But can some substitute for it still exist?

What becomes of the chamber rents, and fees from Students, Benchers, and Readers? How are they applied? and what becomes of the surplus? for surplus there must be sometimes, or the concern would have gone bankrupt long since.

There are plenty of Gladstonian Parliament men whose one burning desire is that every village with more than two hundred inhabitants should manage the village finances, and tax others to pay for them. Here is a constituency of thousands, to which they themselves belong! Why is it to know nothing of its affairs?

To name only those who are Benchers, will not Lord Coleridge, Messrs. Hopwood, Shiress Will, and Warmington give the same "local control" to their educated equals that they are now forcing upon farm-labourers? If they do not, then certainly injustice will be done to a class which stands up for the rights of its clients, but has not pluck enough to demand its own.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR. The Spirit of Change

is in the air; not only the fringe, such as the wig and gown, but the whole process of qualification for the law is being passed in review. It may well be that the old form of close corporation, which has now so long existed in the Inns of Court, may be replaced by some looser formation, that in appearance, at all events, will better serve the end; but it is hard to conceive that, even should Commons perish, and the bodily presence thereat of candidates for the study of jurisprudence be replaced by some such alteration as the signing a book on certain days at a certain hour, the *esprit de corps* of the British Bar will utterly perish.

Should such a calamity occur, my time will not have been lost if I have placed on record some memories of a harmony and a sociality which may, perhaps, have been equalled, but which never can be excelled; all the more worthy of note because peculiar to one of the Inns alone, and that as an outcome of an occurrence nearly six centuries back in the ages—the suppression of the Knights Templars.

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